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ART. I. — *Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. London: Bogue. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1853.

2. *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems.* By A. London: Fellowes. 1852.

3. *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems.* By A. London: Fellowes. 1849.

4. *The Poetical Remains of* WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by the REV. J. MOULTRIE, Rector of Rugby. London: J. W. Parker. 1852.

5. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.

POEMS by Alexander Smith, a volume recently published in London, and by this time reprinted in Boston, deserve attention. They have obtained in England a good deal more notice than is usually accorded there to first volumes of verse; nor is this by any means to be ascribed to the mere fact that the writer is, as we are told, a mechanic; though undoubtedly that does add to their external interest, and perhaps also enhances their intrinsic merit. It is to this, perhaps, that they owe a force of purpose and character which makes them a grateful contrast to the ordinary languid collectanea published by young men of literary habits; and which, on the whole, may be accepted as more than compensation for many imperfections of style and taste.

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The models, whom this young poet has followed, have been, it would appear, predominantly, if not exclusively, the writers of his own immediate time, *plus* Shakspeare. The antecedents of the Life-Drama, the one long poem which occupies almost the whole of his volume, are to be found in the Princess, in parts of Mrs. Browning, in the love of Keats, and the *habit* of Shakspeare. There is no Pope, or Dryden,* or even Milton; no Wordsworth, Scott, or even Byron to speak of. We have before us, we may say, the latest disciple of the school of Keats, who was indeed no well of English undefiled, though doubtless the fountain-head of a true poetic stream. Alexander Smith is young enough to free himself from his present manner, which does not seem his simple and natural own. He has given us, so to say, his Endymion; it is certainly as imperfect, and as mere a promise of something wholly different as was that of the master he has followed.

We are not sorry, in the mean time, that this Endymion is not upon Mount Latmos. The natural man does pant within us after *flumina silvasque;* yet really, and truth to tell, is it not, upon the whole, an easy matter to sit under a green tree by a purling brook, and indite pleasing stanzas on the beauties of Nature and fresh air? Or is it, we incline to ask, so very great an exploit to wander out into the pleasant field of Greek or Latin mythology, and reproduce, with more or less of modern adaptation,—

> the shadows
> Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the Nymphs, and the Graces?

Studies of the literature of any distant age, or country; all the imitations and *quasi*-translations which help to bring together into a single focus, the scattered rays of human intelligence; poems after classical models, poems from Oriental sources, and the like, have undoubtedly a great literary value. Yet there is no question, it is plain and patent enough, that people much prefer Vanity Fair and Bleak House. Why so? Is it simply because we have grown prudent and prosaic, and should not welcome, as our fathers did, the

* The word *spoom*, which Dryden uses as the verb of the substantive *spume*, occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher. Has Keats employed it? It seems hardly to deserve re-impatriation.

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Marmions and the Rokebys, the Childe Harolds, and the Corsairs? Or is it, that to be widely popular, to gain the ear of multitudes, to shake the hearts of men, poetry should deal more than at present it usually does, with general wants, ordinary feelings, the obvious rather than the rare facts of human nature? Could it not attempt to convert into beauty and thankfulness, or at least into some form and shape, some feeling, at any rate, of content — the actual, palpable things with which our every-day life is concerned; introduce into business and weary task-work a character and a soul of purpose and reality; intimate to us relations which, in our unchosen, peremptorily-appointed posts, in our grievously narrow and limited spheres of action, we still, in and through all, retain to some central, celestial fact? Could it not console us with a sense of significance, if not of dignity, in that often dirty, or at least dingy, work which it is the lot of so many of us to have to do, and which some one or other, after all, must do? Might it not divinely condescend to all infirmities; be in all points tempted as we are; exclude nothing, least of all guilt and distress, from its wide fraternization; not content itself merely with talking of what may be better elsewhere, but seek also to deal with what *is* here? We could each one of us, alas, be so much that somehow we find we are not; we have all of us fallen away from so much that we still long to call ours. Cannot the Divine Song in some way indicate to us our unity, though from a great way off, with those happier things; inform us, and prove to us, that though we are what we are, we may yet, in some way, even in our abasement, even by and through our daily work, be related to the purer existence.

The modern novel is preferred to the modern poem, because we do here feel an attempt to include these indispensable latest addenda — these phenomena which, if we forget on Sunday, we must remember on Monday — these positive matters of fact, which people, who are not verse-writers, are obliged to have to do with.

> Et fortasse cupressum
> Scis simulare; quid hoc, si fractis enatat expes
> Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur?

The novelist does try to build us a real house to be lived in;

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and this common builder, with no notion of the orders, is more to our purpose than the student of ancient art who proposes to lodge us under an Ionic portico. We are, unhappily, not gods, nor even marble statues. While the poets, like the architects, are — a good thing enough in its way — studying ancient art, comparing, thinking, theorizing, the common novelist tells a plain tale, often trivial enough, about this, that, and the other, and obtains one reading at any rate; is thrown away indeed to-morrow, but is devoured to-day.

We do not at all mean to prepare the reader for finding the great poetic desideratum in this present Life-Drama. But it has at least the advantage, such as it is, of not showing much of the *litterateur* or connoisseur, or indeed the student; nor is it, as we have said, mere pastoral sweet piping from the country. These poems were not written among books and busts, nor yet

> By shallow rivers, to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals.

They have something substantive and lifelike, immediate and first-hand, about them. There is a charm, for example, in finding, as we do, continual images drawn from the busy seats of industry; it seems to satisfy a want that we have long been conscious of, when we see the black streams that welter out of factories, the dreary lengths of urban and suburban dustiness,

> the squares and streets,
> And the faces that one meets,

irradiated with a gleam of divine purity. There are moods when one is prone to believe that, in these last days, no longer by "clear spring or shady grove," no more upon any Pindus or Parnassus, or by the side of any Castaly, are the true and lawful haunts of the poetic powers: but, we could believe it, if anywhere, in the blank and desolate streets, and upon the solitary bridges of the midnight city, where Guilt is, and wild Temptation, and the dire Compulsion of what has once been done — there, with these tragic sisters around him, and with Pity also, and pure Compassion, and pale Hope, that looks like Despair, and Faith in the garb of Doubt, there walks the discrowned Apollo, with unstrung lyre; nay, and

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could he sound it, those mournful Muses would scarcely be able as of old, to respond and "sing in turn with their beautiful voices."

To such moods, and in such states of feeling, this Life-Drama will be an acceptable poem. Under the guise of a different story, a story unskilful enough in its construction, we have seemed continually to recognize the ingenuous, yet passionate, youthful spirit, struggling after something like right and purity amidst the unnumbered difficulties, contradictions, and corruptions of the heated and crowded, busy, vicious, and inhuman town. Eager for action, incapable of action without some support, yet knowing not on what arm to dare to lean; not untainted; hard-pressed; in some sort, at times, overcome, — still we seem to see the young combatant, half combatant, half martyr, resolute to fight it out, and not to quit this for some easier field of battle, — one way or other to make something of it.

The story, such as we have it, is inartificial enough. Walter, a boy of poetic temperament and endowment, has, it appears, in the society of a poet friend now deceased, grown up with the ambition of achieving something great in the highest form of human speech. Unable to find or make a way, he is diverted from his lofty purposes by a romantic love-adventure, obscurely told, with a "Lady" who finds him asleep, Endymion-like, under a tree. The fervor and force of youth wastes itself here in vain; a quick disappointment, — for the lady is betrothed to another, — sends him back enfeebled, exhausted, and embittered, to essay once again his task. Disappointed affections, and baffled ambition, contending henceforward in unequal strife with the temptations of scepticism, indifference, apathetic submission, base indulgence, and the like; — the sickened, and defeated, yet only too strong, too powerful man, turning desperately off, and recklessly at last plunging in mid-unbelief into joys to which only belief and moral purpose can give reality; — out of horror-stricken guilt, the new birth of clearer and surer, though humbler, conviction, trust, resolution; — these happy changes met, perhaps a little prematurely and almost more than half-way, by success in the aims of a purified ambition, and

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crowned too, at last, by the blessings of a regenerate affection, — such is the argument of the latter half of the poem; and there is something of a current and tide, so to say, of poetic intention in it, which carries on the reader, (after the first few scenes,) perforce, in spite of criticism and himself, through faulty imagery, turgid periods, occasional bad versification and even grammar, to the close. Certainly, there is something of a real flesh-and-blood heart and soul in the case, or this could not be so.

Of the first four or five scenes, perhaps the less said the better. There are frequent fine lines, occasional beautiful passages; but the tenor of the narrative is impeded and obstructed to the last degree, not only by accumulations of imagery, but by episode, and episode within episode, of the most embarrassing form. It is really discouraging to turn page upon page, while Walter is quoting the poems of his lost friend, and wooing the unknown lady of the wood with a story of another lady and an Indian page. We could almost recommend the reader to begin with the close of scene IV., where the hero's first love-disappointment is decided, and the lady quits her young poet.

> "I must go,
> Nay, nay, I go alone! Yet one word more.
> Strive for the Poet's crown, but ne'er forget,
> How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits:
> That gold and crimson mornings, though more bright
> Than soft blue days, are scarcely half their worth.
> Walter 'farewell,' the world shall hear of thee.
> [*She still lingers.*
> "I have a strange sweet thought. I do believe
> I shall be dead in spring, and that the soul
> Which animates and doth inform these limbs,
> Will pass into the daisies of my grave:
> If memory shall ever lead thee there,
> Through daisies I'll look up into thy face,
> And feel a dim sweet joy; and if they move
> As in a little wind, thou 'lt know 'tis I."

The ensuing scene, between Walter and a Peasant, is also obscurely and indecisively given; and before Part VI., it would

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have been well, we think, to place some mark of the lapse of time. The second division of the poem here commences. We are reintroduced to the hero in a room in London, reading a poetical manuscript. Edward, a friend, enters and interrupts. We quote from a speech of Walter's.

> "Thou mock'st at much;
> And he who sneers at any living hope,
> Or aspiration of a human heart,
> Is just so many stages less than God,
> That universal and all-sided Love.
> I'm wretched, Edward, to the very heart:
> I see an unreached heaven of young desire
> Shine through my hopeless tears. My drooping sails
> Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
> I rot upon the waters, when my prow
> Should grate the golden isles.
> *Edward.* What wouldst thou do?
> Thy train did teem with vapors wild and vast.
> *Walter.* But since my younger and my hotter days,
> (As nebula condenses to an orb,)
> These vapors gathered to one shining hope
> Sole hanging in my sky.
> *Edward.* What hope is that?
> *Walter.* To set this age to music — the great work
> Before the poet now — I do believe
> When it is fully sung, its great complaint,
> Its hope, its yearning, told to earth and heaven,
> Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day
> That leaves the west all crimson with the promise
> Of the diviner morrow, which even then
> Is hurrying up the great world's side with light."

Two scenes of conversation are given between Walter and this friend, Edward, cold, clear-sighted, a little cynical, but patient, calm, resigned, and moral. He, as it happens, is going on the morrow to Bedfordshire, to visit

> "Old Mr. Wilmott, nothing in himself,
> But rich as ocean. He has in his hand
> Sea-marge and moor, and miles of stream and grove,

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Dull flats, scream-startled, as the exulting train
Streams like a meteor through the frighted night,
Wind-billowed plains of wheat, and marshy fens,
Unto whose reeds on midnights blue and cold,
Long strings of geese come clanging from the stars,
Yet wealthier in one child than all of these."

Thither Walter accompanies him. We subjoin part of a dialogue between him and the "one child," in whom, more than in all his land, old Mr. Wilmott was blest. Walter had been describing his own story under the name of another person.

"*Violet.* Did you know well that youth of whom you spake?
Walter. Know him! Oh yes; I knew him as myself, —
Two passions dwelt at once within his soul,
. . . . . .
The dead was Love, the living, Poetry.
Violet. Alas! if Love rose never from the dead.
Walter. Between him and the lady of his love
There stood a wrinkled worldling.
. . . . . .
And when she died,
The rivers of his heart ran all to waste;
They found no ocean; dry sands sucked them up.
Lady! he was a fool, a pitiful fool!
She said she loved him, would be dead in spring —
She asked him but to stand beside her grave —
She said she would be daisies — and she thought
'T would give her joy to feel that he was near.
She died, like music; and would you believe it?
He kept her foolish words within his heart,
As ceremonious as a chapel keeps
A relic of a saint. And in the spring
The doting idiot went.
Violet. What found he there?
Walter. Laugh till your sides ache! oh, he went, poor fool,
But he found nothing, save red-trampled clay,
And a dull, sobbing rain. Do you not laugh?
Amid the comfortless rain he stood and wept;
Bareheaded in the mocking, pelting rain.
He might have known 't was ever so on earth.
Violet. You cannot laugh yourself, sir, nor can I.
Her unpolluted corse doth sleep in earth

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Like a pure thought within a sinful soul.
Dearer is Earth to God for her sweet sake.

The issue and catastrophe of a new love-adventure here, in this unhappy and distempered period of baffled and disappointed ambition, and power struggling vainly for a vent, may be conjectured from the commencement of a scene, which perhaps might be more distinctly marked as the opening of the third part.

[*A bridge in a City. Midnight. Walter alone.*]

"Adam lost Paradise — eternal tale,
Repeated in the lives of all his sons.
I had a shining orb of happiness, —
God gave it me, but sin passed over it
As smallpox passes o'er a lovely face,
Leaving it hideous. I have lost for ever
The paradise of young and happy thoughts,
And now stand in the middle of my life
Looking back through my tears, ne'er to return.
I've a stern tryst with death, and must go on,
Though with slow steps and oft-reverted eyes.
'T is a thick, rich-hazed, sumptuous autumn night;
The moon grows like a white flower in the sky;
The stars are dim. The tired year rests content
Among her sheaves, as a fond mother rests
Among her children — all her work is done,
There is a weight of peace upon the world;
It sleeps; God's blessing on it. Not on me.
. . . . .
Good men have said,
That sometimes God leaves sinners to their sin, —
He has left me to mine, and I am changed;
My worst part is insurgent, and my will
Is weak and powerless as a trembling king
When millions rise up hungry. Woe is me!
My soul breeds sins as a dead body worms, —
They swarm and feed upon me.

Three years appear to have gone by, when Walter, like a stag sore-hunted, returns to the home of his childhood.

"'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
From the great heavings, hopes and fears of man,

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As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.
Gone my pure heart, and with it happy days;
No manna falls around me from on high,
Barely from off the desert of my life
I gather patience and severe content.
God is a worker. He has thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur. God is Love;
He yet shall wipe away creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in his smile.
Why work I not. The veriest mote that sports
Its one-day life within the sunny beam,
Has its stern duties. Wherefore have I none?
I will throw off this dead and useless past,
As a strong runner, straining for his life,
Unclasps a mantle to the hungry winds.
A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As ghostlike from the dim and trembling sea
Starts the completed moon.

Here, in this determination, he writes his poem, — attains in this spirit the object which had formerly been his ambition. And here, in the last scene, we find him happy, or peaceful at least, with Violet.

"*Violet.* I always pictured you in such a place
Writing your book, and hurrying on, as if
You had a long and wondrous tale to tell,
And felt Death's cold hand closing round your heart.
Walter. Have you read my book?
Violet. I have.
Walter. It is enough.
The book was only written for two souls,
And they are thine and mine.
Violet. For many weeks,
When I was dwelling by the moaning sea,
Your name was blown to me on every wind,
And I was glad; for by that sign I knew
You had fulfilled your heart, and hoped you would
Put off the robes of sorrow, and put on
The singing crown of Fame." . . .

Again, below, she resumes, —

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"Walter! dost thou believe
Love will redeem all errors? Oh, my friend,
This gospel saves you! doubt it, you are lost.
Deep in the mists of sorrow long I lay,
Hopeless and still, when suddenly this truth
Like a slant sunbeam quivered through the mist,
And turned it into radiance. In the light
I wrote these words, while you were far away,
Fighting with shadows. Oh, Walter, in one boat
We floated o'er the smooth, moon-silvered sea;
The sky was smiling with its orbs of bliss;
And while we lived within each other's eyes,
We struck and split, and all the world was lost
In one wild whirl of horror darkening down.
At last I gained a deep and silent isle,
Moaned on by a dim sea, and wandered round,
Week after week, the happy-mournful shore,
Wondering if you had 'scaped.
Walter. Thou noble soul,
Teach me, if thou art nearer God than I!
My life was one long dream; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays, and wandered back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death. Lift, lift me up
By thy sweet inspiration, as the tide
Lifts up a stranded boat upon the beach.
I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
But in the armor of a pure intent.
Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.
I've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels,
Which men call Fame. Our night is past;
We stand in precious sunrise; and beyond,
A long day stretches to the very end."

So be it, O young Poet; Poet, perhaps it is early to affirm; but so be it, at any rate, O young man. While you go forth in that "armor of pure intent," the hearts of some readers, be assured, will go with you.

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Empedocles on Etna and other Poems, with its earlier companion volume, The Strayed Reveller and other Poems, are, it would seem, the productions (as is, or was, the English phrase) of a scholar and a gentleman; a man who has received a refined education, seen refined "society," and been more, we dare say, in the world, which is called the world, than in all likelihood has a Glasgow mechanic. More refined, therefore, and more highly educated sensibilities, — too delicate, are they, for common service? — a calmer judgment also, a more poised and steady intellect, the *siccum lumen* of the soul; a finer and rarer aim perhaps, and certainly a keener sense of difficulty, in life; — these are the characteristics of him whom we are to call "A." Empedocles, the sublime Sicilian philosopher, the fragments of whose moral and philosophic poems testify to his genius and character, — Empedocles, in the Poem before us, weary of misdirected effort, weary of imperfect thought, impatient of a life which appears to him a miserable failure, and incapable, as he conceives, of doing any thing that shall be true to that proper interior self,

"Being one with which we are one with the whole world,"

wandering forth, with no determined purpose, into the mountain solitudes, followed for a while by Pausanias, the eager and laborious physician, and at a distance by Callicles, the boy-musician, flings himself at last, upon a sudden impulse and apparent inspiration of the intellect, into the boiling crater of Etna; rejoins there the elements. "Slave of sense," he was saying, pondering near the verge,

> "Slave of sense
> I have in no wise been: but slave of thought?
> And who can say, he has been always free,
> Lived ever in the light of his own soul?
> I cannot: —
> . . . . .
> But I have not grown easy in these bonds,
> But I have not denied what bonds these were.
> Yea, I take myself to witness
> That I have loved no darkness,
> Sophisticated no truth,
> Nursed no delusion,
> Allowed no fear.

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And therefore, O ye Elements, I know —
Ye know it too — it hath been granted me,
Not to die wholly, not to be all enslaved.
I feel it in this hour. The numbing cloud
Mounts off my soul: I feel it, I breathe free.

Is it but for a moment?
Ah, boil up, ye vapors!
Leap and roar, thou sea of Fire!
My soul glows to meet you.
Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me! save me!
[*He plunges into the crater.*]

The music of the boy Callicles, to which he chants his happy mythic stories, somewhat frigidly perhaps, relieves, as it sounds in the distance, the gloomy catastrophe.

Tristram and Iseult (these names form the title of the next and only other considerable poem) are, in the old romantic cycle of North-France and Germany, the hero and the heroine of a mournful tale. Tristram of Lyonness, the famed companion of King Arthur, received in youth a commission to bring from across the sea the Princess Iseult of Ireland, the destined bride of the King of Cornwall. The mother of the beautiful princess gave her, as a parting gift, a cup of a magic wine, which she and her royal husband should drink together on their marriage-day in their palace at Tyntagil; so they should love each other perfectly and forever. But on the voyage it befell —

The calm sea shines, loose hang the vessel's sails,
Before us are the sweet green fields of Wales,
And overhead the cloudless sky of May.
'Ah, would I were' —

(saith Iseult)

'Ah, would I were in those green fields at play,
Not pent on shipboard this delicious day.
Tristram, I pray thee of thy courtesy,
Reach me my golden cup that stands by thee,
And pledge me in it first for courtesy.'

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On the dreamy seas it so befell, that Iseult and Tristram drank together of the golden cup. Tristram, therefore, and Iseult should love each other perfectly and for ever. Yet nothing the less for this must Iseult be wedded to the King of Cornwall; and Tristram, vainly lingering, fly and go forth upon his way.

But it so chanced that, after long and weary years of passion vainly contended with, years of travel and hard fighting, Tristram, lying wounded in Brittany, was tended by another, a youthful, innocent Iseult, in whose face he seemed to see the look of that Iseult of the past, that was, and yet could not be, his. Weary, and in his sad despondency, Tristram wedded Iseult of Brittany, whose heart, in his stately deep distress, he had moved to a sweet and tender affection. The modern poem opens with the wedded knight come home again, after other long years, and other wars, in which he had fought at King Arthur's side with the Roman emperor, and subdued the heathen Saxons on the Rhine, lying once more sick and sad at heart, upon what ere long he feels shall be his death-bed. Ere he die, he would see, once yet again, her with whom in his youth he drank of that fatal cup.

Tristram. Is she not come? the messenger was sure.
Prop me upon the pillows once again —
Raise me, my page: this cannot long endure.
Christ! what a night! how the sleet whips the pane!
What lights will those out to the northward be?
The Page. The lanterns of the fishing-boats at sea.

And so through the whole Part I. of our poem, lies the sick and weary knight upon his bed, reviewing sadly, while sadly near him stands his timid and loving younger Iseult, reviewing, half sleeping, half awake, those old times, that hapless voyage, and all that thence ensued; and still in all his thought recurring to the proud Cornish Queen, who, it seems, will let him die unsolaced. He speaks again, now broad awake.

Is my page here? Come turn me to the fire.
Upon the window panes the moon shines bright;
The wind is down; but she 'll not come to-night.

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Ah no, — she is asleep in Tyntagil ——

. . . . .

My princess, art thou there? Sweet, 't is too late.
To bed and sleep; my fever is gone by;
To-night my page shall keep me company.
Where do the children sleep? kiss them for me.
Poor child, thou art almost as pale as I;
This comes of nursing long and watching late.
To bed — good night.

And so, (our poet passing without notice from Tristram's semi-dramatic musings and talkings, to his own not more coherent narrative) —

She left the gleam-lit fireplace,
She came to the bed-side;
She took his hands in hers; her tears
Down on her slender fingers rained.
She raised her eyes upon his face —
Not with a look of wounded pride —
A look as if the heart complained; —
Her look was like a sad embrace;
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathize.
Sweet flower, thy children's eyes
Are not more innocent than thine.

Sleeping with her little ones, and, it may be, dreaming too, though less happily than they, lies Iseult of Brittany. And now —

What voices are those on the clear night air?
What lights in the courts? what steps on the stair?

PART II.

Tristram. Raise the light, my page, that I may see her.
— Thou art come at last, then, haughty Queen!
Long I 've waited, long have fought my fever,
Late thou comest, cruel thou hast been.
Iseult. Blame me not, poor sufferer, that I tarried.
I was bound; I could not break the band,
Chide not with the past, but feel the present;
I am here — we meet — I hold thy hand.

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Yes, the Queen Iseult of Cornwall, Iseult that was of Ireland, Iseult of the ship upon the dreamy seas long since, has crossed these stormy seas to-night, is here, holds his hand. And so proceeds, through some six or seven pages of Part II., the fine colloquy of the two sad, world-worn, late-reunited lovers. When we open upon Part III.,

> A year had flown, and in the chapel old
> Lay Tristram and Queen Iseult dead and cold.

Beautiful, simple, old mediæval story! We have followed it, led on as much by its own intrinsic charm as by the form and coloring — beautiful too, but indistinct — which our modern poet has given it. He is obscure at times, and hesitates and falters in it; the knights and dames, we fear, of old North-France and Western Germany would have been grievously put to it to make him out. Only upon a fourth re-reading, and by the grace of a happy moment, did we satisfy our critical conscience that, when the two lovers have sunk together in death, the knight on his pillows, and Queen Iseult kneeling at his side, the poet, after passing to the Cornish court where she was yesternight, returns to address himself to a hunter with his dogs, worked in the tapestry of the chamber here, whom he conceives to be pausing in the pictured chase, and staring, with eyes of wonder, on the real scene of the pale knight on the pillows and the kneeling lady fair. But

> Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
> O hunter! and without a fear
> Thy golden-tasselled bugle blow,
> And through the glade thy pastime take!
> For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here,
> For these thou seest are unmoved;
> Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
> A thousand years ago."

Fortunately, indeed, with the commencement of Part III., the most matter-of-fact quarterly conscience may feel itself pretty well set at ease by the unusually explicit statements that

> A year had fled; and in the chapel old
> Lay Tristram and Queen Iseult dead and cold.

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> The young surviving Iseult, one bright day
> Had wandered forth; her children were at play
> In a green circular hollow in the heath
> Which borders the sea shore; a country path
> Creeps over it from the tilled fields behind.

Yet anon, again and thicker now perhaps than ever, the mist of more than poetic dubiousness closes over and around us. And as he sings to us about the widowed lady Iseult, sitting upon the sea-banks of Brittany, watching her bright-eyed children, talking with them and telling them old Breton stories, while still, in all her talk and her story, her own dreamy memories of the past, and perplexed thought of the present, mournfully mingle, it is really all but impossible to ascertain her, or rather his, real meanings. We listen, indeed, not quite unpleased, to a sort of faint musical mumble, conveying at times a kind of subdued half-sense, or intimating, perhaps, a three-quarters-implied question; Is any thing real? — is love any thing? — what is any thing? — is there substance enough even in sorrow to mark the lapse of time? — is not passion a diseased unrest? — did not the fairy Vivian, when the wise Merlin forgot his craft to fall in love with her, wave her wimple over her sleeping adorer?

> Nine times she waved the fluttering wimple round,
> And made a little plot of magic ground;
> And in that daisied circle, as men say,
> Is Merlin prisoner to the judgment day,
> But she herself whither she will can rove,
> For she was passing weary of his love.

Why or wherefore, or with what purport, who will venture exactly to say? — but such, however, was the tale which, while Tristram and his first Iseult lay in their graves, the second Iseult, on the sea-banks of Brittany, told her little ones.

And yet, dim and faint as is the sound of it, we still prefer this dreamy patience, the soft submissive endurance of the Breton lady, and the human passions and sorrows of the Knight and the Queen, to the high, and shall we say, pseudo-Greek inflation of the philosopher musing above the crater, and the boy Callicles, singing myths upon the mountain.

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Does the reader require morals and meanings to these stories? What shall they be, then? — the deceitfulness of knowledge, and the illusiveness of the affections, the hardness and roughness and contrariousness of the world, the difficulty of living at all, the impossibility of doing any thing, — *voilà tout?* A charitable and patient reader, we believe, (such as is the present reviewer,) will find in the minor poems that accompany these pieces, intimations — what more can reader or reviewer ask? — of some better and further thing than these; some approximations to a kind of confidence, some incipiences of a degree of hope, some roots, retaining some vitality, of conviction and moral purpose.

> And though we wear out life, alas,
> Distracted as a homeless wind,
> In beating where we must not pass,
> And seeking what we shall not find,
>
> Yet shall we one day gain, life past,
> Clear prospect o'er our being's whole,
> Shall see ourselves, and learn at last
> Our true affinities of soul.
>
> We shall not then deny a course
> To every thought the mass ignore,
> We shall not then call hardness force,
> Nor lightness wisdom any more.

In the future, it seems, there is something for us; and for the present also, which is more germane to our matter, we have discovered some precepts about "hope, light, and *persistence*," which we intend to make the most of. Meantime, it is one promising point in our author of the initial, that his second is certainly on the whole an improvement upon his first volume. There is less obvious study of effect; upon the whole, a plainer and simpler and less factitious manner and method of treatment. This, he may be sure, is the only safe course. Not by turning and twisting his eyes, in the hope of seeing things as Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, or Milton saw them; but by seeing them, by accepting them as he sees them, and faithfully depicting accordingly, will he attain the object he desires.

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In the earlier volume, one of the most generally admired pieces was "The Forsaken Merman."

> Come, dear children, let us away
> Down, and away below,

says the Merman, standing upon the sea-shore, whither he and his children came up to call back the human Margaret, their mother, who had left them to go, for one day — for Easter-day — to say her prayers with her kinsfolk in the little gray church on the shore:

> 'T will be Easter-time in the world — ah me,
> And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'

And when she staid, and staid on, and it seemed a long while, and the little ones began to moan, at last, up went the Merman with the little ones to the shore, and so on into the town, and to the little gray church, and there looked in through the small leaded panes of the window. There she sits in the aisle; but she does not look up, her eyes are fixed upon the holy page; it is in vain we try to catch her attention.

> Come away, children, call no more,
> Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down to the depths of the sea. She will live up there and be happy, among the things she had known before. Yet sometimes a thought will come across her; there will be times when she will

> Steal to the window and look at the sand;
> And over the sand at the sea;
> And anon there breaks a sigh,
> And anon there drops a tear,
> From a sorrow-clouded eye,
> And a heart sorrow-laden,
> A long, long sigh,
> For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,
> And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, children, come down. We will be happy in our bright home under the sea — happy, though the cruel one

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leaves us lonely for ever. Yet we too, sometimes at midnight, when winds blow softly, and the moonlight falls clear,

> Up the still glistening beaches,
> Up the creeks we will hie,
> Over banks of bright sea-weed
> The ebb-tide leaves dry.
> We will gaze from the sand hills
> At the white sleeping town,
> At the church on the hill side;
> And then come back down, —
> Singing, 'there dwells a loved one,
> But cruel is she,
> She left lonely for ever
> The Kings of the Sea.'

It is a beautiful poem, certainly; and deserves to have been given at full length. "The Strayed Reveller" itself is more ambitious, perhaps a little strained. It is a pleasing and significant imagination, however, to present to us Circe and Ulysses in colloquy with a stray youth from the train of Bacchus, who drinks eagerly the cup of the enchantress, not as did the sailors of the Ithacan king, for gross pleasure, but for the sake of the glorious and superhuman vision and knowledge it imparts.

> 'But I, Ulysses,
> Sitting on the warm steps,
> Looking over the valley,
> All day long have seen,
> Without pain, without labor,
> Sometimes a wild-haired mænad,
> Sometimes a Faun with torches.'

But now, we are fain to ask, where are we, and whither are we unconsciously come? Were we not going forth to battle in the armor of a righteous purpose, with our first friend, with Alexander Smith? How is it we find ourselves here, reflecting, pondering, hesitating, musing, complaining, with "A." As the wanderer at night, standing under a stormy sky, listening to the wild harmonies of winds, and watching the wild movements of the clouds, the tree-tops, or possibly the waves, may,

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with a few steps, very likely, pass into a lighted sitting-room, and a family circle, with pictures and books, and literary leisure, and ornaments, and elegant small employments, — a scene how dissimilar to that other, and yet how entirely natural also; — so it often happens too with books. You have been reading Burns, and you take up Cowper. You feel at home, how strangely! in both of them. Can both be the true thing? and if so, in what new form can we express the relation, the harmony, between them? Such a discrepancy there certainly does exist between the two books that have been before us here. We close the one and open the other, and feel ourselves moving to and fro between two totally different, repugnant, and hostile theories of life. Are we to try and reconcile them, or judge between them?

May we escape from all the difficulty by a mere quotation, and pronounce with the shepherd of Virgil,

> "Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites
> Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic."

Or will the reader be content to bow down with us in this place, and acknowledge the presence of that highest object of worship among the modern Germans, an *antinomy*. (That is, O unlearned reader, ignorant, not impossibly, of Kant and the modern German religion, — in brief, a contradiction in terms, the ordinary *phenomenal* form of a *noumenal* Verity; as, for example, *the world must have had a beginning*, and, *the world cannot have had a beginning*, in the transcendental fusion or confusion of which consists the Intelligible or unintelligible truth.) Will you be content, O reader, to plod in German manner over miles of a straight road, that seems to lead somewhere, with the prospect of arriving at last at some point where it will divide at equal angles, and lead equally in two opposite directions, where you may therefore safely pause, and thankfully set up your rest, and adore in sacred doubt the Supreme Bifurcation? Or do you hold, with Voltaire, who said (*apropos* of the question then debated among the French wits, whether there were or were not a God) that "after all, one must take a side"?

With all respect for the Antinomies and Germans, and "most distinguished consideration" for Voltaire and Parisian persiflage, still, it may not be quite necessary for us, on the pre-

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sent occasion, either to stand still in transcendental doubt, or toss up, as it were, for our side. Individuals differ in character, capacity, and positions; and, according to their circumstances, will combine, in every possible variety of degree, the two elements of thoughtful discriminating selection and rejection, and frank and bold acceptance of what lies around them. Between the extremes of ascetic and timid self-culture, and of unquestioning, unhesitating confidence, we may consent to see and tolerate every kind and gradation of intermixture. Nevertheless, upon the whole, for the present age, the lessons of reflectiveness and the maxims of caution do not appear to be more needful or more appropriate than exhortations to steady courage and calls to action. There is something certainly of an over-educated weakness of purpose in Western Europe — not in Germany only, or France, but also in more busy England. There is a disposition to press too far the finer and subtler intellectual and moral susceptibilities; to insist upon following out, as they say, to their logical consequences, the notices of some single organ of the spiritual nature; a proceeding which perhaps is hardly more sensible in the grown man than it would be in the infant to refuse to correct the sensations of sight by those of the touch. Upon the whole, we are disposed to follow out, if we must follow out at all, the analogy of the bodily senses; we are inclined to accept rather than investigate; and to put our confidence less in arithmetic and antinomies, than in

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules.

Let us remark also in the minor Poems, which accompany Empedocles, a disposition, perhaps, to assign too high a place to what is called Nature. It may indeed be true, as the astronomers say, though after all it is no very great piece of knowledge, that the heavenly bodies describe ellipses; and go on, from and to all the ages, performing that self-repeating, unattaining curve. But does it, therefore, of necessity follow that human souls do something analogous in the spiritual spaces? Number is a wonderful thing, and the laws of nature sublime; nevertheless, have we not a sort of intuition of the existence, even in our own poor human selves, of something akin to a Power superior to, and transcending, all manifestations of Nature, all intelligible forms

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of Number and Law. We quote one set of verses, in which our author does appear to have escaped for once from the dismal cycle of his rehabilitated Hindoo-Greek theosophy —

MORALITY.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides; —
  But tasks, in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.
  Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost look in Nature's eye,
Ask how *she* viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggling tasked morality —
  Nature whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wert afraid to seek, —
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek.
  'Ah child,' she cries, 'that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

'There is no effort on my brow —
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep, —
  Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once, but where?

'I knew not yet the gauge of Time,
Nor wore the manacles of space, —

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I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'T was when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.'

It is wonderful what stores of really valuable thought may lie neglected in a book, simply because they are not put in that form which serves our present occasions. But if we have been inclined to yield to a preference for the picture of simple, strong, and certain, rather than of subtle, shifting, and dubious feelings, and in point of tone and matter to go along with the young mechanic, in point of diction and manner, we must certainly assign the palm to "A," in spite of a straining after the rounded Greek form, such as, to some extent, vitiates even the style of Milton. Alexander Smith lies open to much graver critical carping. He writes, it would almost seem, under the impression that the one business of the poet is to coin metaphors and similes. He tells them out as a clerk might sovereigns at the Bank of England. So many comparisons, so much poetry; it is the sterling currency of the realm. Yet he is most pleased, perhaps, when he can double or treble a similitude; speaking of A, he will call it a B, which is, as it were, the C of a D. By some maturer effort we may expect to be thus conducted even to Z. But simile within simile, after the manner of Chinese boxes, are more curious than beautiful; nor is it the true aim of the poet, as of the Italian boy in the street, to poise upon his head, for public exhibition, a board crowded as thick as they can stand with images, big and little, black and white, of anybody and everybody, in any possible order of disorder, as they happen to pack. *Tanquam scopulum, insolens verbum*, says the precept of ancient taste, which our author seems to accept freely, with the modern comment of —

In youth from rock to rock I went
With pleasure high and turbulent, —
Most pleased, when most uneasy.

The movement of his poem is indeed rapid enough; there is a sufficient impetus to carry us over a good deal of rough and "rocky" ground; there is a real continuity of poetic purpose; — but it is so perpetually presumed upon; the attention,

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which the reader desires to devote to the pursuit of the main drift of what calls itself a single poem, *simplex et unum*, is so incessantly called off to look at this and look at that; when, for example, we would fain follow the thought and feeling of Violet and of Walter, we are with such peremptory and frequent eagerness summoned to observe how like the sky is to x and the stars are to y, that on the whole, though there *is* a real continuity of purpose, we cannot be surprised that the critic of the London Examiner failed to detect it. Keats and Shelley, and Coleridge, perhaps, before them, with their extravagant love for Elizabethan phraseology, have led to this mischief. Has not Tennyson followed a little too much in their train? Coleridge, we suppose, would have maintained it to be an excellence in the "myriad-minded" dramatist, that he so often diverts us from the natural course of thought, feeling, and narrative, to see how curiously two trifles resemble each other, or that, in a passage of deep pathos, he still finds time to apprise us of a paronomasia. But faults which disfigure Shakspeare are not beauties in a modern volume.

> I rot upon the waters when my prow
> Should *grate* the golden isles

may be a very Elizabethan, but is certainly rather a vicious expression. Force and condensation are good, but it is possible to combine them with purity of phrase. One of the most successful delineations in the whole poem is contained in the following passage, which introduces scene VII.

> [*A balcony overlooking the sea.*]
> The lark is singing in the blinding sky,—
> Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
> Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
> And in the fulness of his marriage joy,
> He decorates her tawny front with shells—
> Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
> Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair,—
> All glad, from grass to sun. Yet more I love
> Than this, the shrinking day that sometimes comes
> In winter's front, so fair 'mongst its dark peers,
> It seems a straggler from the files of June,

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Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty, and when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears —
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers; — I love and pity it.

It may be the fault of our point of view; but certainly we do not find even here that happy, unimpeded sequence which is the charm of really good writers. Is there not something incongruous in the effect of the immediate juxtaposition of these two images? We have lost, it may be, that impetuosity, that *élan*, which lifts the young reader over hedge and ditch at flying leaps, across country, — or we should not perhaps entertain any offence, or even surprise, at being transferred *per saltum* from the one field to the other. But we could almost ask, was the passage, so beautiful, though perhaps a little prolonged, about the June day in November, written consecutively, and in one flow, with the previous, and also beautiful one about ocean and his bride. We dare say it was; but it does not read, somehow, in the same straight line with it, —

Tantum series juncturaque pollet.

We venture, too, to record a perhaps hypercritical objection to "the *blinding* sky" in this particular collocation. Perhaps in the first line of a scene, while the reader has not yet warmed to his duty, simplicity should be especially observed; — a single image, without any repeated reflection, so to speak, in a second mirror, should suffice. The following, which open scene XI., are better.

"Summer hath murmured with her leafy lips
Around my home, and I have heard her not;
I've missed the process of three several years
From shaking wind flowers to the tarnished gold
That rustles sere on Autumn's aged limbs."

Except the two last lines. Our author will not keep his eye steady upon the thing before him; he goes off, and distracts us, and breaks the impression he had begun to succeed in giving, by bidding us look now at something else. Some

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simpler epithets than *shaking*, and some plainer language than *tarnished gold* or *aged limbs*, would have done the work better. We are quite prepared to believe that these faults and these *disagreeables* have personally been necessities to the writer, are awkwardnesses of growth, of which the full stature may show no trace. He should be assured, however, that though the rude vigor of the style of his Life-Drama may attract upon the first reading, yet in any case, it is not the sort of writing which people recur to with pleasure and fall back upon with satisfaction. It may be a groundless fancy, yet we do fancy, that there is a whole hemisphere, so to say, of the English language which he has left unvisited. His diction feels to us, as if between Milton and Burns he had not read, and between Shakspeare and Keats had seldom admired. Certainly there is but little inspiration in the compositions of the last century; yet English was really best and most naturally written, when there was, perhaps, least to write about. To obtain a real command of the language, some familiarity with the prose writers, at any rate, of that period, is almost essential; and to write out, as a mere daily task, passages, for example, of Goldsmith, would do a verse-composer of the nineteenth century as much good, we believe, as the study of Beaumont and Fletcher.

If our readers wish to view real timidity, real shrinking from actual things, real fear of living, let them open the little volume of Sidney Walker's Poetical Remains. The school-fellow and college friend of Praed, marked from his earliest youth by his poetic temper and faculty, he passed fifty-one years, mostly in isolation and poverty, shivering upon the brink, trembling and hesitating upon the threshold of life. Fearful to affirm any thing, lest it haply might be false; to do any thing, because so probably it might be sin; to speak, lest he should lie; almost, we might say, to feel, lest it should be a deception, — so he sat, crouching and cowering, in the dismal London back-street lodging, over the embers of a wasting and dying fire, the true image of his own vitality. "I am vext," is his weak complaining cry,

> With many thoughts, the kindly spirit of hope
> Is sick within me; fretting care and strife

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With my own heart, have ta'en from solitude
Its natural calm, while in the intercourse
Of daily life, and by the household hearth,
The silence of the unapproving eye
Falls on my heart; censure and disbelief,
And pitying smiles, and prophecies of ill
From friendly lips, like ever dropping dews,
Chilling the inward spirit of resolve,
Weigh me to earth.
Come, therefore! like the Moon,
When she, with white and silent steps, doth climb
O'er the vext sea; shine on me once again,
Serene remembrance!

. . . . . .

They go, and I remain. Their steps are free
To tread the halls and groves, in thought alone
To me accessible, my home erewhile
Heart-loved, and in their summer quiet still
As beautiful, as when of old, returned
From London's never-ebbing multitude
And everlasting cataract of sound,
Midst the broad silent courts of Trinity
I stood and paused; so strange, and strangely sweet
The night-like stillness of that noontide scene
Sank on my startled ear.
Those days are past;
And like a homeless school-boy left behind,
When all his mates are free to sport their fill,
Through the long midsummer, I sit and strive
To cheat my hope-sick heart with memory.

. . . . . .

'T is utter night; over all Nature's works
Silence and rest are spread; yet still the tramp
Of busy feet, the roll of wheels, the hum
Of passing tongues — one endless din confused
Of sounds that have no meaning for the heart,
Marring the beauty of the tranquil hour,
Press on my sleepless ear. Sole genial voice,
The restless flame that flickers on the hearth,
Heard indistinctly through the tumult, soothes
My soul with its companionable sound,
And tales of other days. Thither I turn

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My weary sense for refuge; as a child
In a strange home, with unaccustomed sights
Perplexed, and unknown voices, if it spy
Some well-remembered face, with eager joy
Flies to the sure protection, and clings close
Round the beloved knees.

Except some translations, — of which one from the Persæ of Æschylus, describing the morning of Salamis, and three of the three finest fragments of Ennius, may be recommended, — there is hardly any thing that is not of this sad personal kind: —

Ah, woe is me, that I am forced to wrong
With my vain griefs and moans importunate
The beauty of fair silence! all too long
Has this sad strife endured, this wild debate
'Twixt feeble will and adamantine fate:
When will it end? what new and vital power
Forth walking midst the spirit's desolate
And ruined places, there shall plant the flower
Of hope and natural joy, and build for peace a bower.

Vagitus et ingens, Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. Amongst these it is not well to linger long. The flowers of hope and natural joy and simple feeling, the reader will find growing abundantly in the pages of William Allingham, a young Irish poet, whose vein of poetic thought and pure felicitous diction has won him the praise of good judges in England. We have already, we believe, overstepped the limits which can be allowed to the levities of verse; otherwise we would gladly quote from his charming tale of "The Music Master." The volume, however, is already not unknown in America. It would have been better, certainly, for more perfect elaboration of several of the minor pieces, and perhaps for the entire omission of a considerable number.

The "Serenade" begins well,

Oh! hearing sleep, and sleeping hear,
The while we dare to call thee dear,

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So may thy dreams be good, although
The loving power thou canst not know; —

but it is not sustained. We will quote the following description.

By the shore a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round
Buttressed with a grassy mound;
  Where day and night and day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted breeze,
  Day and night and day go by
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
  And day and night and day go by,
Here the silence is most deep.

The chapel-ruins lapsed again
Into nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain,
  As day and night and day go by,
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed,
And now, the graves themselves are dead,
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
  While day and night and day go by,
And stars move calmly overhead.

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ART. II. — *Political Philosophy.* By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F. R. S. Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. London. 1846. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was intended to effect a revolution in the moral and social condition of Great Britain. It was composed of men of spirit and ability, and we believe they might claim the originality, or at least the original application, of the idea that knowledge, if rendered easy, attractive, and general, would prove a panacea for the evils of society. That they have not succeeded entirely according to their expectations, is owing to a difficulty which they did not take sufficiently into account, but which has troubled others in the execution of the same project, and was never more pithily stated than in a criticism of their proceedings. When, in the commencement of this enterprise, with all its glories thick upon it, Lord Brougham expressed a belief that, through the agency of this Society, the day would come when every peasant in England would read and enjoy Bacon,— Cobbett replied, that the time must first come when every peasant could *eat bacon*, and that it would be well if his Lordship should set himself toward bringing it about. Though we admit the correctness of the criticism, there are few to whom the application of it would not be more pertinent than to Lord Brougham; the good time would be far nearer, if each one of us were half as ardent and faithful a laborer in *one* sphere of action as he has been in *many*.

As political science is not only one of the most important and serviceable branches of knowledge, but also one which those who get an opportunity have always shown the greatest alacrity in dispensing, it was clearly within the Society's province to provide for its diffusion, and Lord Brougham was naturally selected to prepare the means. Of course, he was ready. The work before us is in three large volumes, and claims not only to be "the only work now in existence, in which the principles of government are systematically expounded," but also "to comprehend a full account of all the

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constitutions in ancient and modern times." We are also told that "the discussion is kept quite free from all party and all national bias." These are bold words to be spoken of a book which bears on its face the evidence that the only part of it which possesses any vitality, that which treats of the modern, mixed and democratic governments, was written by an Englishman and a Whig, and could have been written by nobody else, — not to say, only by Lord Brougham. The general correctness and faithfulness of the historical portion are beyond question; and we would particularly commend the practical and business-like character of the account of the Roman constitution, which is made to appear like a system that might really go into operation at the present time, and is evidently the work of an experienced statesman.

But to be truthful and correct in regard to the structure of the Roman or Athenian commonwealth, although extremely desirable, is no surprising merit, when the means of information exist, together with the ability to use them; because, in this case, there is little temptation to be otherwise. Exactness is purchased by indifference. On the other hand, for a partisan and an actor in questions yet undecided, instantly and at will to stop the current of fifty years' feeling, and out of an eager combatant to make himself at once an impartial observer, is an undertaking so difficult that it may as well be set down as impossible. In that part of the work which relates to English affairs there are, certainly, no remarkable signs of its accomplishment. A green and vigorous old age has not yet so cooled the fire of Lord Brougham's blood; and we are not desirous that it should. We do not know that anybody would be the gainer by the change, and we are sure that something would be lost which is well worth the having. For the rest, as the work goes over all the ground, from the earliest history to the latest births of time, and from Eastern despotisms to Western republics, it certainly contains the result of a vast amount of reading and reflection, and many wholesome truths and materials valuable for reference. But they are, in general, too vague to satisfy a genuine spirit of inquiry, for which the minutiæ and practical workings of political systems are indispensable aids to their comprehension.

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An eager and patient seeker of knowledge might think that the matter is prepared too exclusively with an eye to its diffusion. For, after all the explanations that can be made, there are some things which refuse to be made plain, and others to which some difficulty of access gives a peculiar zest. Books written for one purpose are not likely to be very serviceable for another. Lawyers' briefs are poor materials for Judges' decisions; and authors who are writing specially for the diffusion of knowledge are quite as much interested in making their productions attractive and pleasant, as serious and valuable.

But the germ of the work, and in many respects the best of its fruit, is the Preliminary Discourse, in which the object and design are set forth in the style of those essays for which Lord Brougham is so famous, and which he has written so well, — elegant, copious, and plausible, even when not convincing, — distinguished for an easy handling of the subject, and for variety of remark and illustration. It is on the advantage of political science, and is devoted to the proof and illustration of the importance of knowledge as a political element in society, setting forth the benefit of some sort of provision for its extension among the great body of the people who are to profit by it, and exposing the evils which they are said to suffer on account of their ignorance of affairs of state. The pleasant picture which it presents of the future, when the miseries of war, the folly of bad measures, the violence of party, the injustice of prejudice, and even the narrowness of patriotism, are all to be cured by the prevalence of political knowledge and by the habit of political action, it would be impossible to exhibit so effectively as it appears in this discourse. As we hardly feel called upon to reproduce the whole essay, we will only refer to it as containing the brightest and best stored magazine of implements for those who have occasion for that line of argument. One part, however, we cannot bear to pass over, in which the common propensity to indulge in political speculation is considered, and a multitude of advantages deduced from the practice. In the first place, the science of politics is represented as capable of being one of the most certain of sciences, — which is contrary, we confess,

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to the prevalent opinion, — and, as a natural consequence, the conclusions of the philosophers may be expected to be of the greatest use in the construction and working of governments. Various objections, such as that of the danger of weakening the attachment of the people for existing institutions, arising out of the contemplation of conflicting forms of polity, and of thus unsettling the foundations of government, are gently, but decidedly, put aside; and knowledge, particularly political knowledge, is exalted as the palladium of the State. An extraordinary and particular enjoyment is attributed to the pursuit of political speculations, quite sufficient to satisfy any of those practical utilitarian American skeptics, who might be inclined to push their inquiries too far as to the value of such lucubrations, even including those with which we propose to edify our readers. We only hope that the pleasure extends to the reading, as well as to the making, of such reflections; in that case, the advantage on which Lord Brougham dwells will not fail to be recognized.

In one respect, the importance of knowledge as a political element is not only not exaggerated, but not even fully appreciated; we mean that knowledge of the opinions of others, and that general and mutual action and reaction of one mind upon another, which results in and accompanies the formation of Public Opinion. The division of governments into aristocracies, monarchies, and republics was well enough once; but in modern times, the only classification of any consequence is that relating to the nature, the existence, or the possibility of a Public Opinion in communities, and its means of making itself known. Differences in this respect are those which appear to travellers and spectators as practically the most vital and important in the condition of different countries. They shape the policy of governments, and determine the means by which political action is carried on; for these means, when Public Opinion exists and is free to manifest itself, are substantially the same. Whatever the form of the government, this is its essence. Whether it is a government of the few or the many, depends upon the extent to which a Public Opinion is established in any community, and known to exist by those who entertain it. Ideas always become more intense

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by being shared by many minds; and especially in politics, it is all important that it be known that ideas are backed by numbers. Oppression is easily exercised over multitudes, so long as the resistance it excites is confined to the individual; but as soon as the feeling of each one is known to all, it becomes impossible. That a Public Opinion, worthy of the name, exists at all in a nation, that is, that the whole or a large portion are disciplined into harmony of feeling, is a sure sign of a high state of civilization; and it proves the existence of good government. Such a union, and the knowledge of it, are the most powerful of all political instruments in the hands of government or people. But the union which is predominant in politics is a union of interests, and of interests alone; for the nature of political association represents nothing more. Very little instruction is needed to give men a knowledge of their own interests. Whether this union of opinion is wise or foolish, based on knowledge or ignorance, truth or falsehood, whether its objects are just or unjust, provided it exists and is known to exist, it must prevail in politics, for there is nothing but itself to control or to reform it.

To judge correctly belongs to other departments of education and action. But farther than the mere knowledge, we think it very doubtful whether that information which can be acquired by any process of education is, or ever can be made, an element of such first-rate importance in politics as it is very generally supposed to be. The love of knowledge is indeed one of the most ardent and generous feelings that takes possession of individual minds. It is ordinarily favorable to the growth of virtue, and prompts occasionally to great sacrifices. But it is not a general passion, or one which stimulates enthusiasm and union in action; and without one or the other of these, political consequence is impossible. Then, again, education and the possession of knowledge are usually distributed upon a certain scale, as it were, through the ranks of society. If one part is advanced, the rest are apt to be advanced likewise, so that much the same proportion of power is preserved between the different parts. If greater skill, greater information, greater wisdom, are demanded in the government of a well-informed people, there are also better means of obtaining

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them, and we see no reason why they should not be supplied. We do not see that there is, in fact, any insufficiency in the statesmen of modern times in relation to the people. The Websters, Peels, Guizots of our time, are as much in advance of the Walpoles and Cobbetts, as we are of the people whom they governed. To represent knowledge as the only source of political power, is to take it for granted that it is only necessary for men to know their best interests in order to induce them to pursue these interests. How far this is from the truth, those who have had most experience of mankind can best determine. Knowledge is a power which is capable of being turned to the worst, as well as the best, uses; and the roused passions of governments or people care little for the instruction that is offered to them, except as it adds fuel to their flame, or furnishes the means of their gratification. It is no denial of the doctrine of progress to suggest that the progress takes place principally outside of the operation of government, which, within its own sphere, remains always substantially the same. That sphere may be enlarged or narrowed by external causes. The means of applying principles, and the modes of exercising power, change with the course of time and increase of knowledge. Special measures pursued in our age are outgrown in the next; and in this way, great improvements are made in government. But the new measures were not neglected so long because nobody knew of them before; nor are they introduced solely because they have been found out by a great number. When interest is opposed to knowledge, the latter finds no better foothold now than formerly. We do not hear that the moralists are grown better satisfied with the doings of politicians; their standing quarrel still remains.

There has been an evident advance in general knowledge among civilized nations during the last century. Has there been any corresponding moral change in the nature and objects of their governments? This is a question which we hardly dare ask, because we are aware how prevalent the opinion is, that a great change has come over the spirit of power, and a new era of peace and good-will commenced on earth. It is indeed a time of peace and dearly bought exhaustion; a time in which all kinds of moralists, philosophers,

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and reformers are at liberty to occupy the public stage, while it is vacant of other performers. As against them, the daring, active, and worldly spirits who touch the springs and hold the traditional authority of government keep their own secret because they are confident of their strength. They know that whenever they please, whenever the time of that success arrives which justifies crime and silences remorse, they can blow away these public delusions at a breath. In every society, as in every heart of man, there is a hell that can be unloosed. The time of little wars and aimless battles is past; but great systems of war and empire, in harmony with the enlarged scale of moral enterprises, and vast enough to bewilder the imagination and affect the interests of the world, are possible still. Is not Europe a camp of hostile armies? Does England attach less importance than formerly to her empire of the seas? Is France kept down by moral suasion? Are not the United States plainly striding towards the dominion of this continent? And what hand can save us from the fate of greatness and power? After more than half a century of the largest political education, under the most favorable constitution that was ever enjoyed by any nation; after having our political life developed and intensified certainly to an extraordinary preponderance among our social interests, and, in the opinion of many, so as to threaten to absorb and extinguish every other liberal inclination; after having produced so many great men, and placed them in situations of influence and honor, from which their spirit and instructions have descended upon the whole body of the people by means of the widest circulating press which the most unlimited freedom and universal popular education that ever existed together have been able to create, — how much nearer are we to that happy condition which is presented in this Discourse as the natural result of the diffusion of useful knowledge? And although our knowledge and cultivation increase daily, it is by no means the general impression that our politics are improving, either in the details of practice, or in the scope and character of their objects.

The effect of such arguments as those of this Discourse, when applied to real life, is the same as when one undertakes

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to convince us of the beauty of virtue and the desirability of perfection. It is better that men should be virtuous and nations just; but when we have learned this, we have not learned how to make them so. No philosophy has yet invented the method to prevent force from governing, or to establish government on any other foundation than force. It is called by many other names, and attempted to be disguised, both by governors and governed; but they all amount to the same thing in the end. Whether known as paternal authority, or as existing by consent of the people, government without power is nothing; and power, whether recognized or not, is the government. This does not refer to brute force alone, or to the mere visible machinery of government; for these are only a part of the means by which those governments which are most dependent on them are supported; but we include all those tendencies and elements of combination and influence existing in every society. These, although they do not always affect its political complexion, are still its moral and intellectual law, and determine its spiritual condition and direction. The more unconscious they are in their operation, the more effective they frequently are; and although this is only another way of saying that, in politics also, persuasion is better than force, we venture to repeat the lesson, because, under any form of government, however often repeated, it is still oftener forgotten. The forces upon which the march of communities depends have their own life, and subsist by their own strength, and are amenable to no judgment but that of reality. How they succeed and supplant each other, how one is developed from obscurity and another falls from power, is the problem of society and the secret of history. As they do not originate in human calculation, they continually stretch beyond its reach. For politics is not philosophy, and although Mr. Burke is against us, we believe politicians have something else to do than to reduce philosophy to practice. Among these political elements, we are afraid that ignorance holds as high a place as knowledge, and that it is as capable of maintaining its ancient rank, and as much disposed to do it. It is far too important a power to be suffered to die out of politics. Rather than that such a fate should befall them, ignorance and dul-

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ness may call in aid from the highest quarters of intelligence. For so far as knowledge is a political instrument, it is taken hold of and employed, like other such instruments, for political purposes. It is not strong enough to defend itself, nor can any thing else protect it, as long as courage, will, and energy bear sway in human affairs. These are the qualities which finally determine the position of individuals and nations. Power is their birthright, and it is the burden of history, that neither private knowledge nor public opinion has been able to extend or allowed to flourish, when opposed to their domination. If not able to prevent the spread of knowledge and the existence of public opinion, these are inevitably moulded to their purposes.

The political education of a people is always in the interest of its most powerful element — always tends to the strengthening of the strongest. Emancipation is impossible. The well of political truth is never undefiled. No despotism is so hopeless and unrelenting as the despotism of intelligence; and it is only through the operation of secret and unfathomable instincts of humanity, leading mysteriously towards freedom and light, that mankind are ever able to break loose from this formidable oppression. There are periods when the destiny of nations seems to hang in suspense, and the wheels of their progress to stop. Lord Bolingbroke quotes from Davila the maxim that, in order to insure the duration of governments, it is necessary for them, from time to time, to return to the original principles of their constitution. He does not, indeed, tell us how it is to be done; and although this is an omission, we should not think of finding fault with Lord Bolingbroke for so small a matter. But we refer to it to show that it has been observed that, at intervals, the fate of nations seems to be deliberately submitted to their own choice. The present seems to be one of those occasions with us. The dogs of party are hushed for the moment, apparently because they are so completely at fault that none dare open the mouth for fear they will be found baying at the wrong quarry; and the time is favorable to the expression of some ideas which, we hope, are applicable to the present state of our affairs, and which, at least, have been excited by them.

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In the region where we expect to maintain ourselves, we have no fear that the first one of our flights will be impeded by party network or popular breezes. The study of politics, which Lord Brougham represents as so attractive, is, in this country deprived of half its legitimate interest, and even of its natural field of inquiry, because there is among us no question of the fundamental principles of government. We are so imbued with the liberty of republicanism, and so much accustomed to its operation, that it has come to be regarded as an element of human nature, like liberty of thought or conscience. Our institutions are so firmly fixed in the traditions, habits, and opinions of the whole nation, that any other form of government seems like a violation of our social instincts, and as the necessary accompaniment of force and fear.

Because these institutions exhibit only one fundamental political idea in operation, we are in haste to conclude that there is no foundation in reason for any other, and no field for its exercise. In this our happy condition, not only our annals are likely to be tiresome, but our politics are certainly so. There is neither temptation nor opportunity to diversify them by the study of different forms or principles of government, when only one is possible. The most important measures are considered in regard to their consequences, more or less immediate, and hardly at all in relation to the principles of government which they indicate, or in which they originated. In Europe it is all different; there, all political principles are in conflict; there is as much variety in their development and application, and the question of superiority between them is still as vital and undecided, as among the towns of Greece, when Aristotle described their hundred constitutions. It is impossible to withhold the imagination from the contemplation of remote and original principles of society and government, when they are constantly appealed to in support or attack of political measures, and when they are sufficiently alive to preside over the composition of parties.

All the necessary elements of any of the principal forms of government exist in society, and a favorable chance may, at any moment, set either of them in operation. There is none of them which is not particularly adapted to make head

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against some of the evils that oppress European society. Aristocracy is insolent and defiant; but it is energetic and compact, and is still a power over the people. Democracy is encroaching and dangerous; but it is strong in numbers, and it has abuses to assail which deserve no quarter; while despotism is a still harbor of retreat, which offers a shelter not unacceptable to many from the storms of life. When all these elements are fermenting, political speculation becomes interesting, vigorous, and profound; but its most devoted admirer would hardly think it worth paying such a price. It is vain to suppose that our country is to be forever out of the reach of vicissitude, and the experience of the rest of the world without any application to ourselves. When the impending alteration of our foreign policy has brought us into close connection with other nations, it will be necessary for us to know something about their condition, and upon what elements their governments repose, and what sort of opposition they have to contend with; as we act upon them, they will be sure to react upon us. The human heart, which has been hitherto so variable, has not exhausted all its variety. As long as government, at the best, is so imperfect an instrument for the establishment of the *right*, which is the ultimate object of human effort, it is to be expected that changes will be made in it and experiments tried. The business of government, however carried on, does not satisfy our best impulses and affections, or fulfil the destiny of the highest order of minds. These desire neither to govern nor to be governed. Their spirit demands unlimited expansion; and although the field which government opens to the exercise of their powers is wide, it cannot fill the place in the soul of God, duty, or art. They are never entirely at peace with government, because they continually struggle and rebel against its limitations; nor can the society in which they are disquieted, be ever at peace. On the other hand, the first desire of the people is for justice between man and man. While this is secured to them, they are satisfied with the form of government through which it is administrated; as justice is a gift of that character which can be accepted from any hand. Popular caprice or oppression is not a whit more palatable than royal. It is proper for us to

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remember, that, as long as the Institutes and the Code remain not only monuments of imperial power, but also the highest expression of practical morality which mankind has been found capable of producing, there is an argument in favor of that constitution of government and society out of which they arose, and evidence of its adaptation to indestructible elements of human nature. And the establishment, among a population taken from our own bosom, of the oldest forgotten form of absolutism — the sacerdotal — as among the Mormons at the Salt Lake, and its eminent success in promoting at least their material prosperity, and in a situation which promises the experiment a full trial — ought to make us aware of capacities not provided for in our government, and tendencies which it cannot satisfy. It appears to us to indicate the possibility of future changes in our political condition not usually contemplated.

Our first difficulty, however, proceeds from an opposite tendency. The unrestricted influence of the single political idea of representative democracy naturally exposes it to exaggeration; and we apprehend that a confusion is gaining ground among us in regard to the true relations of government and people. That government is instituted for the sake of the people, that it is responsible to them, and that they exercise a rightful control over it, are the cardinal points of our system. But it is a step further to suppose that the distinction between them can be obliterated, and their parts and characters interchanged or blended into one. Yet something like this appears to be the drift of the popular theories and the tendency of opinion. We are mistaken if the constitutions of some of the States of this Union have not been remodelled under the idea that the more immediately the whole body of the people can be admitted into the administration of the government, the better will be the provision, and the greater the certainty, that it is to be conducted to the general advantage. With this view, offices are multiplied, and the terms are shortened; means are taken to make them be regarded more and more as sources of livelihood or profit, and less and less in the light of duty or honor; and, generally, the business of government is put on a level, as far as possible,

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with all ordinary avocations. As to the term of office, we shall have more to say in the sequel; but the idea that government is to be absorbed and lost in the body of the people, and merged in the common pursuits of industry and trade, we believe to be fraught with mischief, and shall undertake to expose it. It is less an idea, we are aware, than a tendency, which we have to oppose; because the principle which we rely on in our opposition is so plain that, whenever expressed, there is no inclination to question it. But since the disposition we refer to works unsuspected beneath its protection, we shall express our views at some length.

Our principle is this; — that under any form of government, in all circumstances, the action and functions of the government and the people are universally, invariably, and necessarily distinct and different. At any moment of time, there is always a government and a people; and however rapidly the persons composing the government are changed, or in whatever manner appointed, as long as it exists in their hands, they are invested with a certain authority over the people inherent in the nature of the office. Whether the power is forcibly assumed or voluntarily conferred, it is parted with by the people. The formalities under which it is exercised, however important with respect to the objects which a government is capable of accomplishing, do not affect this inherent quality any more than they do the extent of the power exerted; and it is evident that all degrees of slavery and freedom may exist under all sorts of constitutions. All government is a public corporation, formed by all, or submitted to by all, for the accomplishment of objects in which all are more or less interested. The objects vary, it is true; but they vary according to the means and powers which the government has at its disposal. It is a favorite fancy of ours, that government, which is now so fragmentary and disjointed all over the world, one thing here and another there, was everywhere, in the beginning, as it is still in communities which have continued in the stage of infancy, the evidence and the first exertion of the social instinct of mankind, and included, as yet undistinguishable, all the elements of power and influence which men possess in and over each other; and that it was sustained by all

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the means that could be made to affect the feelings of a common nature. The spirit and form of religion, the exigencies of morality and custom, music and poetry, and all the offshoots of the infant imagination, were within the province, and the legitimate instruments, of the only apparent system of connection among men. Influence of every sort was called by the same name, and great natures ruled by divine authority. Government has been gradually despoiled of portions of its power, as different associations and relations have grown up in the progress of civilization; and it has been found that many subjects, originally grouped together under the ægis of governmental authority, are better provided for, if left to the operation of voluntary and moral combinations and motives. Indeed, it would almost seem as if the extent to which this process has been carried is a measure of the progress of civilization and the advancement of a people, and that that is the ideal of a government, which, if not the most restricted in its functions, still allows the greatest latitude of moral and voluntary coöperation in relation to subjects which fall within such influences. The independence of nations upon their political organization, in regard to these subjects, is very various, and does not practically appear to depend very much upon its forms. And for our part, we do not see how a government, which finds itself in possession of power over them, is called upon to resign it or can help exercising it.

But there is one system of means by which the power of all governments is exerted, — by physical pains and penalties; and there is one object which these are calculated to accomplish, — the protection of persons and property. Whatever other business a government may have to do, this one object, therefore, is common to them all. And although our own government is by no means destitute of moral authority beyond this, yet the machinery by which it acts peculiarly confirms and adapts it to this single purpose, for which it is found to be singularly efficient. But is not its action the same in kind and substance, so far as this matter is concerned, as that of the governments which are called by another name? Is the effect different, so far as the object is obtained, in both, upon either that class of the community which is protected in

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the rights which the government recognizes, or that class which is restrained or punished for violating them? The nature of the rights established by the law has no immediate connection with the method of enforcing them within the sphere in which it acts; the same course of proceedings may end in justice or injustice, in tyranny or the suppression of tyranny. Opposite laws are enforced, and with the same effect, by the same system, and even by the same persons. The hand that to-day collects taxes, may to-morrow be set to distribute alms; the officer who commits a prisoner, may be ordered to discharge him; or he who has set over property to one party, to transfer it to another. These changes in the laws take place under all forms of government, and without affecting those forms. There is no question of the existence of a government over the people in the case of other constitutions, and it is hard to see, in one case, why the fact of the same thing being done in the same way, does not prove the existence of the same cause. The thief who is sent to prison, is just as effectually punished, whether he ever had an opportunity of voting for the magistrate who commits him, or not. It makes little difference to him whether the officer who hales him along is called constable or *gensdarme*, or, if he escapes, whether he is retaken by the New Police, or the ancient *posse comitatus*. It undoubtedly appears to him that the *people* have nothing to do with it either way. Nor, we confess, are our eyes sharp enough to see their share in the transaction. That the real actors, the ministers of the law, claim only to act by the authority of a delegated trust, is proof that the power has really been committed into their hands. That precautions are taken against its abuse, and that they are held to a strict accountability for its exercise, is likewise an acknowledgment that, while it exists, it is administered within its proper sphere; it is not to be controlled nor interfered with by those from whom it proceeded.

We are disposed to be the more particular in expressing our views upon this topic, because we are aware that we are in danger of trenching upon some of the formulæ under which this government is carried on. It is said to be a government of the people — the people are said to govern themselves. Now, so far as these expressions are used as convenient rhetor-

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ical figures — so far, indeed, as they express the *truth* in drawing the distinction between our government and almost all others, which distinction appears, and is naturally expressed, differently, according to the quarter from which it is approached, or so far as they are employed for political purposes, we have nothing to say against them. Indeed, he ought to be sufficiently warned, who sees how powerful an instrument such by-words have been made in the course of our history. But if they are meant as the literal expression of a fact, or for a philosophical generalization, we insist that they are not correct. We know they have been employed by great men, and are sanctioned by long usage; but we are persuaded that, if those who invented these forms of speech, and who have continued to use them, had been less honored by the confidence of the people — if they had been more in opposition and less in office — they would have seen more clearly a difference between those who carry on the government, and those for whose sake it is carried on. It would be too much to expect that such things should be very plain as long as one unites the functions of representative and constituent in his own person. He is too much occupied in keeping his place to spend time in defining its character. There is as much elation, in this country, in feeling ourself to be the people, as, in some countries, in feeling ourself to be above the people; and it amounts to the same thing. The people have undoubtedly great influence upon the government; and so they have in all countries where they have influence over each other. Acknowledge the government to be the representative of the people, no matter how perfect, and that it faithfully reflects their views and fulfils their wishes, it is still none the less an instrument set apart and specially appointed to that end. But it is safe to say that, at no time, is the government in exact accordance with the feeling of the country; and sometimes they are widely asunder. Even under our forms, it is sometimes a matter of time and trouble for an immense majority to accomplish their will, and there are some things which we never can accomplish. To say that this is a government of the people only, or that the people govern themselves, is, taken literally, to deny the existence of any government

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over us; — a state of things which, whether desirable or not, is very far from the fact. The word government, applied to our system, is not in vain; it means something. If every one of us will examine what share he really has in its administration, he will readily allow that, in his case, there is a government over him ready and able to regulate his conduct; and that which is over each is over all. Under our forms, the part of the people which is the most important of all is not in the administration, but in the foundation and direction of the government; they prescribe the purposes towards which it shall generally be directed, but the execution of them they are obliged to confide, and have confided, to appointed hands. The history of the Mexican war, the acquisition of California, and subsequent events, all of which took place without consulting the people, or an opportunity for them to form or express an opinion, ought to satisfy all men that we have a government, and that, if necessary, it can stand alone.

Monarchical governments generally claim to exercise their authority by divine appointment. In abrogating this form, it was natural that we should extend our revolt against the principle in which it pretends to have its origin, and which it uses as an instrument of its support. Making the people the starting-point and foundation of government, we have had no occasion, in our theories against monarchy, to make the distinction between the action of the people in establishing the government, and the action of the government after it is established. In the question between us, the matter is sufficiently put in issue upon either point. But for our own part, we are unwilling to grant the advocates of other forms of government even a claim of advantage derived from any such difference in either their origin or their operation. If any constitution of society is of divine authority, ours is; for it reveals the unity of human convictions, which is, at any rate, the divinity of politics. Those instincts and sentiments which form society and are the basis of government, and which exist in every human being, are the only vehicle for divine manifestations upon such things; and according as they are concentrated, divinity is with them. Politics is an experimental science, and the best government is therefore the most

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sacred. According to our view, there is no foundation for an argument in favor of other forms of government, growing out of the necessity or the existence of an authority above the people; for, in reality and in theory, it exists in one case as well as in the other.

The spirit of this tendency of our politics, which we have spoken of as existing in some quarters, would be to make every one an office-holder and partner in the administration of the government. The idea held out is, that, in that case, each would be in a situation to take the best care of his own interest, which would be consistent with providing for the interest of all. Since the officers of the government, and the government itself, promote the general interest, they are a species of property in which the people have invested, and of which they ought to divide the emoluments. If there is any profit in the business, why not share it among all concerned? Now, in our opinion, offices are not, and cannot be made, property in the hands of the people, or of any portion of them. Property is a possession, something subjected, belonging to one, for which he is accountable to no other. So far as it is to be accounted for, it is not property, but a trust. Such are offices; sometimes an honor, sometimes a duty, always a trust. Nobody has an absolute right to get a living by governing others, nor has anybody such a right to confer. And nobody can get a living by governing themselves, neither the people nor anybody else. They receive their share of the emoluments of office, in the benefits which the discharge of its duties produces; if the office does not produce them, it ought not to exist. In the matter of government, there are certain things to be done; the people require that they should be done efficiently and cheaply, and that certain other things should not be done. They appoint some to do the things which they desire to have done, and they retain in their own hands the security against the perpetration of such as they wish to avoid. They do not require to do any thing themselves. They have provided against it. They have taken care that the bounds of each separate authority, each office, shall be accurately defined, and that they shall not be outstepped. Does any one suppose that a government formed upon the

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plan of a universal partnership could answer the purpose, or would exist for a single day? Such a government would be a sentence of barbarism. Society could not make a step in advance under such a constitution. What is everybody's business is nobody's; and the nearer it comes to being anybody's business, the less is the chance of its being well done. And whatever the share assigned by the theory of the constitution to the people, government is not here, more than elsewhere, a mere matter of convention and agreement; but it has deep foundations in reality and necessity. Special education and experience, talent, energy, and decision, and natural superiority take up the business of government, and sustain it; and whoever desires it, it is impossible to dislodge them from their post. But the people love to avail themselves of such qualities, for this is the natural order of things. But their own life is elsewhere. Governing each other is a very small part of the business of mankind upon earth. We have all of us objects far dearer to our hearts; and political liberty is valuable only as the means of accomplishing other things in the existence of individuals and nations — their moral elevation, the spread of civilization, the diffusion of comfort and content, and the maintenance of national honor. To obtain such results, perhaps no amount of political labor is too great; but when it is dignified by no such objects, and sweetened by no such enjoyments, it is hard to find a way of life more hollow and unprofitable than political excitement. It is emphatically a barren sceptre, and its apples are of ashes; no heart is so cold, no mind so insensible to all that adorns and beautifies human nature and human life, as his who runs after the embraces of this cloudy goddess. Whenever the political element is developed to such an excess in a nation as to absorb its whole disposable activity, instead of being a blessing, it becomes an intolerable burden. The nation no longer makes any advances in those things which the consciousness of each individual declares are only truly desirable, and life among them loses not only its happiness, but its strength. Where there is nothing worth having, there is nothing worth laboring or fighting for. Such a people is not only preparing itself to fall under a master, but it invariably welcomes the hand

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which relieves it of the unnatural labor of governing itself. There are countries, at this moment, in Europe, so exhausted with the conflict of parties, so weary of political warfare, as to be equally incapable of forming a solid government, or of resisting the first faction that catches the reins of power. But whatever attention politics have attracted among us, we are far from such a state. Indeed, the real life of this people is as much apart from the affairs of the government as that of any people under heaven. In no other country is there such an exuberance of animation in all other departments of thought and activity, away from official encouragement or control. It is not the government which has made our roads, our mills, our cities — which has felled the forest and extended the area of civilization, whatever it may have done for that of freedom. These things are the results of the spirit and energy of the people, and they are what really occupy their hearts. No doubt, this unexampled activity has been stimulated by our political institutions; but it is because politics have been kept in their place. They have been, and are, for the great body of the nation, an instrument and not an object, and are used as means to an end. The separation is carried so far, that our great men of business, the characteristic production and personification of the American system of culture and society, are in the habit of looking down upon politics and its concerns as beneath their attention, and scornfully abandon them to an inferior order of men. We are sorry for it; for if, in consequence of this abandonment, the political direction should ever be brought into conflict with our industrial interests, we should be in a situation like that of France before the late events which brought on an imperial constitution.

If there is a class in the community whose interests, and whose alone, are promoted by the dissemination of the idea that the people and the government are the same thing, there can be no great risk in charging it upon them; particularly if they are powerful enough to put it in vogue, and if their influence is known to be excited in this general direction. There is such a class — the class of *candidates* for office — a class both numerous and powerful. Forced to carry on an

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incessant warfare against enemies above and below, the instinct of discipline has drilled them into order and prescribed for them a plan of operations. For the interests of the *holders* of office are not their interests, and as for those of the people, they enter not into their counsel. The offices are few, but candidates many. Some ability, some merit, or at least good luck, are necessary to obtain office; but candidatures are open to everybody. Great are the labors of canvassing, and greater the uncertainty of success. In such circumstances, it is according to the best mercantile principles and practice to contrive some way to equalize the gains for the sake of escaping the losses. Good business men insure; cunning gamblers hedge their bets; few of us put trust enough in fortune to risk our all upon the hazard of a single die. Acting in the spirit of these sound calculations, the joint-stock company of office-seekers has gone into operation, whose object is, by shortening the terms of office, by making those who have held office practically ineligible for a second term, and establishing a course of succession by turns, to multiply the chances of success and reduce those of failure for each member. It is true, the success is not so great when it comes; but it is sure to come in time. A small certainty is obtained in place of a great possibility; and those are the safest lotteries which offer the most prizes. Besides, the calculations do not extend to the highest places in politics; to hold these requires different stuff from what office-seekers are made of. The situation is too airy, too hard for them to climb to or to keep. The storms and whirlwinds of passion which play about those elevated regions are not precisely to their taste or their capacity. Some quiet, sheltered nook, or fruitful spot, is the mark of their aim and the summit of their low ambition. And not even the fear of disturbing the security of their own places can prevent them from pursuing their object with all the means which cunning can lend to selfishness. Being naturally shortsighted, they never imagine that he who is strong enough to get, may find himself unable to keep; and for all the rest of the world, it is only

> "Sport to have the engineer
> Hoist with his own petar."

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It is not the fashion to be sparing of epithets when office-seekers are in question. On all hands, they are called a hungry, impudent, conscienceless set. We scorn them, we abuse them, we laugh at them, but we let them carry their point, and elect them. The only way we know of to have good government, is to resist and prevent bad; and if the people do not do it, there is nobody else who can. The natural tendency of power is to corruption, and the people are the only remedy. That is their business. According to the provisions of our constitutions, they have the entire revision and ultimate control of the government; and if they neglect their part, who is to supply the omission? We have no doubt that the office-seekers have as good a right to rule as any other privileged class, and that power is as respectable in their hands as in those of a more magnificent aristocracy. If the people of this country are so benumbed and powerless as to submit to their ascendency, — if these are really the steel-clad barons of this age, whom we cannot resist, and the character developed among them is the one fitted to obtain authority over us, we may expect to fall into tutelage, and we ought to know it.

We do not wish to exaggerate the extent of this influence; we are well aware that there are depths of impulse and instinctive forms in the great parties in our country, which are not to be reached by the earth-born spirit of sordid interest. But it is matter of common consent that it has usurped a control over the machinery of party and the manufacture of public opinion. It is powerful enough to make its action everywhere felt, and its voice is the first, the loudest, and the last to be heard. There is a jugglery by which it is able to persuade the people, that, to turn one person out of office simply for the sake of putting in another — a course of action of which they reap the whole advantage — is taking their rightful share in the government, and such an awful apparition of sovereign power as cannot fail to frighten their executive servants into propriety. And whatever produces an impression on the public mind is already an element in the government; for even the laws and constitution are nothing more than a public understanding. Written laws are a

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record of the state of parties and opinion at the time when they were made; however faithful and just, they cast no spell over the encroachments of time and the laws of political gravitation. The real constitution of a free country is continually changing under the hand of parties formed upon the questions in which its life is concentrated, and whose solution determines its character and progress. Dead forms of government will not long resist the living spirit of the parties into whose power it falls to administer them; and to correct the spirit of parties, it is necessary to arouse these feelings in the bosom of the people against which its predominant influence is arrayed, and which it has already lulled to sleep. They are the original sources of that virtue, which, according to Montesquieu, is the condition of republican constitutions, and the parties are the conduits by which it is conducted to the gushing fountain of government. Office-seeking represents, in public affairs, a sphere into which ought not to be allowed to enter that pursuit of private interest which has been fostered among us by the circumstances of a new country, and which, among private citizens, is justifiable and conducive to the public good. But the best system for the management of our own concerns, where the object is our own advantage, is not applicable to affairs of honor and trust, when we are called to look after the interests of others. Although the evil is already great, we do not despair; for if it were ten times greater, we know that there is a principle in the human heart which, once brought into exercise, is able to overthrow it.

Good government is not to be expected unless it is established on good principles. The principle on which this system relies, and the only one it admits, and which, we are sorry to say, is the only one not often appealed to in our current political philosophies, is that of fear, disguised under the name of responsibility. But responsibility is a virtue in governments which fails exactly when there is most need of it; it punishes the peccadilloes of weakness, but is only an empty sound when directed against the abuses of power. Besides, although extremely useful among the minor motives, it is incompetent to awaken profound emotions or ideas, or to excite those great resolutions or actions, on which the fate of nations

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sometimes depends, and whose effect endures for ages. Excellent as a regulator, it is good for nothing as a motive power. It suffices for the routine of administration, and for dependent minds.

But what we require is a principle to be present with the greatest characters, in the moment of high resolve, to enkindle all their faculties, to animate them to lay out all their strength for the common good, and, descending from them, to propel the whole machinery of government. Such a principle is the principle of *honor*. It coöperates with all minor safeguards; and, continuing its influence beyond the point where they cease to operate on the will, it is equal to all the exigencies of good government. The essence of government is a distinction between men; some govern and some are governed. The attribute of government is by nature an *honorable* distinction. To the meanest of men is given a power over the most exalted, which may be quickened into the supreme motive, because, in giving or withholding his approval or applause, he gives or withholds one of the keenest sensations of which we are capable. With a fair field of display, the love of honor is at the same time the strongest in the individual, and the most universal with the mass, of human motives. No demand is too great for its resources, particularly when it appears on the public stage of government. It can make the extremest effort the rule, and the greatest sacrifices courted. Properly touched, it is the only chord that ever need be touched in order to build up the strongest of all governments — that in which the numbers are impelled to their duty by the strongest incentive. The danger is not the lack, but the excess, of strength in its operation; the point of honor is always unmanageable. Associated with any employment, men will always be found to spend or lose their lives, and every thing that is dear to them, in its pursuit. For its sake, armies are proud of slavery, and hunt after death in a thousand forms. The elevation it inspires, raising those who are possessed with the sentiment above the ordinary level of humanity, is the chief cause which gathers power into the hands of the few; and no government can exist if it has against it the full strength of a sentiment which has overturned, and can over-

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turn, all opposition. We have only to enlist it in the service of a government whose object is not the supremacy of a class, but the good of the whole, and the problem of politics is solved. A government is formed which can be no further perfected.

It is useless to say that this is not the highest class of motives which can be applied to the conduct of public affairs, or which mankind can be brought to. The highest motives of our nature do not belong to politics, but to morals and religion. We now speak of the motives which have their particular place in government, and which make men active and self-denying in the things of this world. It is necessary that government should be powerful, and honor is a principal element of power. And when provision is made for the maintenance of honor, all the other blessings of government flow naturally forth from this reservoir. Wherever there are gradations of rank, if promotion is to be had by merit, merit will be sure to be forthcoming. But wherever the process is inverted, and men attempt to found government upon merit in the first place — upon what ought to be, instead of upon what is, upon motives inaccessible to those who are to be acted on by them — the phantom is soon displaced by reality.

It is unnecessary to show that the system we have been commenting on is at variance with the principles of honor. They are different in their origin, their operation, their objects and results. The rise of one is the destruction of the other. Now the love of honor, although capable of becoming the most imperious passion of the soul, is also the most sensitive and delicate, and requires the most tender treatment. The fairest opportunities are necessary for its healthy development, and its noble returns are obtained only at the price of continual encouragement. We are arrived at such a pass that there is no danger of exciting too keen a rivalry of honor, or of applying too powerful a stimulant to our dormant sensibilities. On the contrary, we need to avail ourselves of every resource within our reach to revive that antique spirit which once flourished among us, and shone in the front of our government. Since it is the studied purpose of the policy which we have to contend with, to abuse and degrade these

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sentiments in regard to the distribution of public office, we ought to make office a point of honor. And the first thing to be done, to take the office-seeking interest out of the control of the great parties, is to restore universal eligibility to office, and to take efficient care that the liberty which we possess in theory is not lost to us in fact.

It makes no real difference whether the exclusion of a particular class is written in the laws, or impressed upon the ideas and habits of the people; it equally proscribes those against whom it is levelled, and is equally profitable to those who supplant them. Republican equality before the law is flagrantly violated in either case, when both a privileged and an incapable class are created in the name of the people. The offices of government might as well be distributed by lot; they are really so distributed when apportioned according to the favorite rotation of second-rate politicians, to one locality after another, to each person in turn, generally preferring the location to the man, and the fact of success at any time disqualifying the recipient for its continuance. All idea of merit or honor is banished from such an arrangement; and the rapid depreciation of our politics, under its influence, painfully shows that those who possess the one, or are influenced by the other, have been in haste to follow. But, whether in office or out of office, the people have a right to the advantage of the highest attainable capacity; and there cannot be a doubt that the greatest capacity is attracted into office when the most unlimited competition makes its attainment the highest honor. 'The course open to talent' was the motto under which Napoleon called forth his prodigies. The most astonishing results, in the moral elevation of the French armies, followed the opening of the higher grades for the admission of soldiers from the ranks. The standard of performance is instantly raised as soon as emulation is awakened, and as far as it extends. To hold office by prescription, after it has ceased to be maintained by desert, is evidently contrary to the public interests; but to place one in a worse position for holding office, on account of having once performed its duties, is not only contrary to republican principle, but a wound upon the idea of justice and the sense of honor. Notwithstanding the reproach of ingratitude, addressed to po-

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pular governments, the noblest spirits love to trust them and throw themselves into their service. There is no comparison between the honors which flow from royal favor and those which are the gift of a free people, in respect either to the avidity with which they are sought, or the value and extent of the services with which they are gladly purchased. Nothing is wanted to make office attractive, and even more honorable among us, but the liberty of untrammelled appeal to the popular heart, by which conscious greatness trusts to make itself felt, and by whose decision even patriotism is willing to abide. Even for those who obtain the prizes of public life, the flatteries and illusions of hope are as necessary as for their less fortunate competitors; for the disappointments of power are no match for the allurements of ambition.

But however confident and aspiring the pride of individual merit, it withers and retires, as things are now, before the power of organization, even though it is only organized mediocrity. There must be something peculiarly fatal in a system which is throwing the best talent of the country away from the service of the government at a moment when the nation is so rapidly expanding, and the most magnificent field of action in the world is opening before it. Nothing can be so dangerous to the integrity and security of our institutions as to separate the sentiments of the people — that love, honor, and reverence which they cannot help feeling for great personal endowments — from the administration of the government; and this has been done in many respects besides the one we have been commenting on. It is impossible that so artificial and unnatural a system should endure — we certainly think it is not desirable that it should. Character and capacity are not mere illusions; they are a power created by nature herself, whose hold upon the human heart is not to be thrown off by arrangements purely conventional. If deprived of their natural place in government, they will find a sphere of action elsewhere. They have already found one in party. Although it has become almost certain, that those who direct the policy of the great parties of the country are to have no immediate part in carrying out their own designs, the posts of command in them are objects of a far more generous and intense ambi-

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tion than those inferior places in the service of government, whose occupants are paid for the sweat of their brow. For the power of the parties, and the relative situation of the members, are founded upon the imagination and the feelings; and the contest in their behalf admits a wider scope of agencies to be brought into play, and under no other limitations than those which each individual genius lays down for itself as being the fittest for its ends. Such a contest is attractive for the nobler class of minds; and they feel no disappointment when, after the summit of their hope is reached, they find it has to be defended by unflagging effort and attention; for it thus becomes an indisputable proof of supremacy, and is the reality of that dominion over human thought, which is the last possible aim of ambition, and of which government itself is only the external emblem. It is true that interest is the natural, perhaps the sole, bond of party; but upon the mass in its entirety, it operates blindly and unconsciously. Unless some higher motive of action can be substituted in the individual mind, out of which to draw at least an occasional support, it is never lifted into the region of heroism. Between government and party, when all the great motives are on one side, and all the little ones on the other, there can be no fair comparison or contest. Their functions are not precisely the same; but we hope and believe, that a government may be so constituted and so administered, as to be served with some part of the zeal and devotion which are now spent in the service of party.

Thus far we have been obliged to use our liberty of fault-finding. That our views may present a proper critical balance, we propose to subjoin a short confession of faith. We fully believe that the government of this country is the best government on the face of the earth, by which any large community is held together. We believe that it best provides for the best purposes which government can accomplish, and for which it ought to be instituted; that is to say, to give protection to the people according to the laws and their natural sense of justice, and an opportunity for their moral elevation. We believe that its freedom promotes manliness of character and expansion of intellect in all ranks of society, in the only way

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in which these qualities can be encouraged and educated, by constant exercise and comparison. We believe that the manner in which the business of our government is carried on is such as to give a better chance for reason to prevail than under any other. If the discipline of party is sometimes an obstacle, the discipline of an army is worse; if it is sometimes hard to carry a just measure through legislatures, it is harder still to push it through courts. We believe that our government allows the greatest liberty of thought, expression, and action to the individual, together with the greatest facility of combination in the prosecution of matters of public and private concern; that it adapts itself most readily to the changes of time and the necessities of national existence; that it hangs with least weight upon the movements of society, and lends itself most perfectly to the expression of its natural disposition; so that, after having astonished mankind in the first stage of our national career by marvels of labor which it has enabled the people to perform, it is equally fitted, as in Athens and Florence, for the display, hereafter, of equally unexampled magnificence and refinement. At the same time, we believe it is so much the strongest government in the world, that only one, the English, is worthy to be named in comparison; and that is next to it, because it possesses most of the same popular elements of strength. Our government has a method of dealing with traitors and putting down rebellions, which might be the despair of absolute sovereigns, and is as much beyond their reach as their comprehension. It extinguishes them utterly, leaving not even the seed of discontent; while despotism, in spite of armies and police, is never out of danger from thousands of visible and invisible enemies. Compare the disposable forces of this government with that of countries in which one half of the population is employed in keeping down the other half, — which are rent with factions, benumbed with jealousies of rank and caste, and demoralized with hostile pretensions in government, morals, religion, social life, and every subject out of which suffering and injustice can breed madness and despair, — and we shall make out of the immensity of their preparation of fleets and armies, the true signs of weakness rather than of strength. That our institu-

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tions are supple and strong enough to endure forever, would be too much to predict; but we are persuaded that such a fate as the future ensures for us has never yet been written or acted out elsewhere; and that, as our existence has been thus far, it is destined to be still more emphatically, a new chapter in the history of mankind.

ART. III.—*The Eclipse of Faith; or, A Visit to a Religious Skeptic.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. xvi. 452.

THIS book is confessedly the work of Mr. Henry Rogers, a frequent and favorite contributor to the Edinburgh Review. It is a discussion of the Evidences of Christianity, with special reference to the forms and grounds of the skepticism and infidelity of the present day. In our last number, we expressed our conviction that a prominent place among the existing causes of religious unbelief is to be assigned to the overcrowding of the general mind with material interests and pursuits, to such a degree as to render inquiry irksome, and to give a vantage-ground to doubts, and scoffs, and sneers, as assented to with less trouble than it costs to refute them. In this state of things, the writing of a sound book, if dull, would have been of little or no service. Mr. Rogers has wisely made his book attractive and amusing. It is pervaded by a thread of personal narrative; and the skeptic *par eminence;* the hero of the story, — has a history and a character, that enlist the reader's strong sympathy, while the interlocutors are sketched with a bold and skilful pencil. The successive chapters are, for the most part, a series of brisk and earnest conversations, some of them dialogues in the Socratic vein, — others, close and keen discussions, enlivened by brilliant repartee, and by the sharp encounter of wit, banter, and ridicule. But this easy, dashing style, so far from being made the vehicle of superficial or second-hand reasonings, covers thorough analysis, profound thought, weighty argument, and searchingly

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solemn appeal. Thus the attempt is made to conciliate classes of readers that would be repelled by the grave aspect of a set treatise on the Christian evidences.

The body of the work is a journal, by F. B., a person of mature Christian belief and experience, in which he records the incidents and conversations of a visit to his nephew Harrington, a young man, who has returned from a three years' residence on the continent of Europe, a professed skeptic as to all religious systems and dogmas. Harrington is, at the same time, visited by a swarm of free-thinkers, of the various schools of Newman, Parker, Gregg, Strauss, *et id omne genus*. Against these, successively, he turns the weapons of his skepticism, and triumphantly vindicates the simple Christianity of the Gospels as beset by fewer difficulties, objections, and doubts, than any of the ostensibly half-way systems that coquette with the name, and reject the essence, of Christianity. In the essays of intellectual gladiatorship into which he is drawn by his misbelieving friends, he gradually changes his own ground. He becomes suspicious of his doubts, skeptical as to his unbelief, weary of negations. He gravitates more and more toward a positive faith in Christ and the Scriptures, as involving the theory, which, of all possible theories, makes the lowest demand upon credulity, accounts for the greatest number of facts and phenomena, and leaves the fewest unaccounted for.

The book is unique in its kind. To compare it with any other, would be to point out not so much specific resemblances as generic differences. Its aim is identical with that of Butler's Analogy, namely, to demonstrate that positive Christianity is the least improbable hypothesis concerning the facts which it covers. But Butler's alternative was between Deism and Christian orthodoxy; Mr. Rogers is between the latter and utter non-belief on the one hand, and various forms of pseudo-Christianity on the other. Butler's work is fitly characterized by that so sadly cockneyized epithet "immortal;" for it is designed to rebut the simple phasis of unbelief, which must perpetually recur until the far-off age of universal faith, and can hardly be of less validity and worth a thousand years

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hence than now. "The Eclipse of Faith," on the other hand, must soon be obsolescent; for the modes of misbelief, with which it grapples, are in their very essence ephemeral, are composed of elements that, like some of the metallic bases in chemistry, vanish so soon as they see the light, and are dissolved in the very process of development. Then, too, the contrast in point of style is the widest possible. "The Eclipse of Faith" yields not one whit to the "Analogy" in keen and vigorous logic; but the latter is thoroughly scientific in its form, while the former is vividly dramatic, and barbs its arguments with innuendo, invective, and sarcasm. The "Analogy" marshals the heaviest artillery, and brings all its guns to bear with faultless aim, against a fortress whose defenders must surrender at discretion when they can stand to their arms no longer; the "Eclipse of Faith" wages a guerilla warfare against enemies in ambush, under covert, perpetually on the wing, or hurling missiles from road-side thickets or momentary lurking places.

The air of levity, in the work before us, may offend some of its more staid and solemn readers, especially those who are not familiar with the so-called theological literature of the modern schools of infidelity. But our author might plead, in his justification, the precept of the Hebrew sage, "Answer a fool according to his folly." It is impossible to offset gibes by homilies, jests by formal stately argument, sneers and scoffs by pious saintly apophthegms. The aim, in many quarters, is not to show Christianity to be irrational, but to render it ridiculous. The challenging party have made their choice of weapons. To decline the weapons is to evade the conflict. To accept them is to demonstrate that religion can stand the test of ridicule, as it has for ages sustained that of reasoning. But while Mr. Rogers has enriched the Christian armory with the implements of the least dignified style of warfare, we cannot detect an instance in which he has suffered them to recoil upon the sacred cause in whose behalf he wields them. He preserves inviolate the sanctity of holy things; and there are abundant tokens of his profound personal interest in the doctrines, consolations, and hopes of the Gospel. Indeed, for

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ourselves, we have derived from the book deeply serious impressions; and we never should have dreamed of objections to it on that score, had they not been offered more than once in our hearing by persons whose judgment seemed worthy of respect.

It may be alleged against this book, with more plausible show of truth, that it reaches only indirectly the actual source and seat of infidelity, namely, a moral nature alienated from the spirit of Christianity. It may be asked, of what avail is it to convince the intellect, while the heart is spellbound in self-sufficiency, or distracted by the tumultuous rush of secular affairs, or committed to anti-christian maxims as regards all the great practical issues of the life? We feel the full force of this objection; nor do we imagine that mere logomachy can ever christianize a human soul. Yet in numerous instances, the heart is sounder than the head. The spiritual nature often craves a positiveness of conviction, yearns for an assured repose of faith and trust, when the mind has been bewildered by sophistry and deluded by the impostures of pretended erudition. And where mind and heart have strayed together, definite intellectual convictions are an essential prerequisite to the restoration of the emotional nature and the active powers. Pantheism offers the soul no Father, and the moonshiny travesties of Revealed Religion hold forth but vague and faint promise of the openness of his welcome and the bread of his house; yet without full assurance that God is, and is always our Father, whence shall spring the resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father?" There is a twofold work to be done, and it may not unfittingly be performed through separate instrumentalities. Mr. Rogers has not pretended to enter on the department of parenetic theology; but without the basis which he has endeavored to lay for it, its whole apparatus resolves itself into mawkish sentimentality and paltry rhetorical artifice.

We agree with our author in the fundamental idea of his work, namely, that enlightened skepticism, so far from cherishing infidelity, naturally resolves itself into Christian faith, and that the charge of excessive credulity rests emphatically on those who rejoice to term themselves skeptics. Skepti-

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cism, strictly speaking, is the attribute of a sound and noble mind. It denotes wariness in the investigation and admission of evidence — the disposition to survey the whole ground before acquiescing in definite convictions. It has its legitimate scope on all subjects beyond the range of mathematical science. It is in pure mathematics alone that we can have positive demonstration. In every other department, belief results from the balancing of opposing argument and testimony, — in fine, from the balancing of probabilities, or rather of improbabilities. A skeptical habit of mind by no means necessitates perpetual doubt or vacillation, but simply assent in every case to the alternative, which is attended with the fewest and the least improbabilities. Every alleged fact is either true or false. Every proposition in morals, economics, and theology is true, or else its converse is true. And skepticism tends to a belief apportioned in each case to the excess of the improbabilities against any given fact or proposition over the improbabilities against its negative or its converse; while credulity disregards this proportion, and believes at haphazard. Infidelity has numbered among its standard-bearers not a few of the most credulous men that ever lived. Voltaire and Rousseau claim a foremost place on this list; for the veriest tyro could detect the incoherency and absurdity of their theories of education and government. The author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" has carried credulity to its climax, in accounting for the order and beauty of the Cosmos by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, and in tracing man, with his marvellously wrought body, and his soul of boundless capacities and longings, to a primitive ancestry of ambitious animalcules and aspiring tadpoles. Strauss merits a similar distinction for his theory of the Gospels, the composition of which he makes a more stupendous miracle, a wider departure from the natural and experienced order of events, than the walking upon the sea, the transmutation of water into wine, or the recall of Lazarus from the sepulchre. Very many of the disciples of Newman, Gregg, and Parker are enrolling themselves on the same catalogue of the omniverously credulous; for none are so ready to believe in the latest and most absurd forms of necromancy, in the

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ready response of beatified spirits to the incantations of itinerant lecturers and monomaniac maidens, as those whose purged spiritual instincts reluct from the sublime and significant marvels, which affixed the seal of omnipotence to the world-redeeming energy and love of the Saviour. Never have words of Scripture been more literally and amply prophetical than these, (as applied to our own times,) — "Because they received not the love of the truth, ... for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:" — we forbear to finish the quotation.

On the other hand, the Christian camp numbers among its defenders not a few of the most eminent skeptics of modern times. Such was the character of Bacon, Locke, Newton, Milton, Boyle, Pascal. They had no respect for time-hallowed opinions, as such, and yielded to no merely human authority. They cast ancient systems of mechanics, astronomy, metaphysics, morals, and government, into the crucible of torturing investigation, and unearthed foundations on which the belief of mankind had reposed for centuries. They were all Christians, because they were skeptics. They were not credulous enough to admit the incongruities and absurdities involved in the rejection of Revealed Religion. They were no strangers to the doubts and difficulties in the way of its reception; but found an immeasurably larger array of doubts and difficulties in the way of the opposite hypothesis.

We can best illustrate the legitimate workings of enlightened skepticism by an example; and we will take, for this purpose, the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead — a subject on which it is hardly possible that we should not repeat much that may have been often and better said, yet on which, because it is a common theme of discussion, we can all the more clearly illustrate our proposed line of argument.

In the first place, we admit a strong array of improbabilities in the way of this doctrine. There is the absence of any confirmatory fact within our own or recent observation. There is the destruction of the body by death, and the passage of its material elements into new combinations, undoubtedly, in many instances, into other human bodies. There

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is the unanswerable question,—"How are the dead raised, and in what bodies do they come?" There is the intangible, inconceivable nature of the vital principle, which no chemistry can analyze, no philosophy expound.

But, on the other side of the question, we might first allege, that the difference between man and other animals is such as to render his annihilation by death improbable. Other animals evidently do their work and complete their destiny in this world. A summer's life of the insect, two years with the bird, a little longer period for the quadruped of larger growth, has carried him through the whole cycle of his earthly experience, has given him all the knowledge that he will ever attain, has brought his nature to perfection. A dog at two years of age knows as much as at ten. The robin builds her first nest as skilfully, rears her first brood as carefully, as if she had been many times a builder and a mother. Age adds nothing to the resources of bird or beast, whether for shelter, defence, or sustenance. There are no marks of growing wisdom with growing years, no decline of juvenility till enforced by physical decay. Man, on the other hand, improves, or may improve, so long as he lives. His domain of being, thought, intelligence, enlarges; till a late old age, he may go on adding to his treasures of intellectual wisdom; and when the senses and the apprehensive powers become blunted by the decline of the bodily frame, the moral nature may still gain strength, the virtues may be refined and mellowed, the spiritual vision may grow more vivid and penetrating. But on this career, how many fall midway or at the starting point! Humanly speaking, what an immense waste is there of undeveloped capacity, of unused power of progress, of improvable elements that hardly begin to grow! Over how much of promise unfulfilled is the grave continually closing! How incomplete and fragmentary is the condition of man, considered as an earthly being! How much is there, even in the longest and best occupied life, which looks less like living than like laying up materials for living! Especially does this seem the case, when we consider that curiosity grows by what it feeds on, that aspiration is the invariable consequence of attainment, and that, of wisdom and goodness, it is those who have the

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most, that most feel the need of more. Here is the point at which the distinction between man and the lower orders of animated being is most sharply drawn. Other animals spend little time in acquiring, acquire only what is to be immediately used, and put whatever they acquire into full and constant use; while acquisition, without reference to immediate or earthly use, seems an innate tendency in man. It is enough for him if his mind and heart are growing richer and better, though of his inward wealth the larger part may be such as he cannot coin into current utilities, such as can in no earthly sense be made manifest or available, so that he seems to be nourishing a hidden life, feeding an under current of being which, in this world, never rises to the surface. Now, what becomes of this under current, — this hidden life, — this noblest portion of man's acquisition and experience? Is it sucked up by the sands, in the desert of his pilgrimage; or does it keep its own separate flow across the river of death, to spring up beyond into immortal life? Is not all this waste, this fruitless attainment, this laying up treasure for the grave, in the highest degree improbable? Has the unbeliever any mode of accounting for it? It was a difficulty strongly felt by many of the philosophers of classic antiquity, who, because there was so much in man that looked not like undressing for the grave, but like making ready for another life, came to the conclusion that he must needs live again. We deem this difficulty incomparably greater than any which rests on the theory of immortality, when the divine omnipotence is taken into the account.

We find equal improbability in the death of the human affections. When we mark the fondness of birds and beasts for their young, and see that, after a few weeks or months, they no longer recognize their own offspring, we perceive that the care of the defenceless is the only and sufficient end of the instinctive love that they cherish. But in man, when dependence ceases, attachment survives and grows stronger. It is the testimony of those who know, that, severe as is the sorrow when little children are called away, those who die in their maturity carry with them a still larger portion of the parent's heart. The affections grow with the growth of cha-

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racter, and are never more intense and active than on the near approach of death, when every cherished name of the living and the departed mounts to the lips, and the last strength of dissolving nature is expended in words of love and consolation for those that are to survive. If these affections are to slumber forever in the grave, why are they suffered thus to grow through life and to live in death? We receive their permanence as a pledge of immortality. If not, what else does it mean? how else is it to be accounted for? why this distinguishing attribute of human love in contrast with all else that bears the semblance of love?

All the phenomena of disease and dissolution present insuperable difficulties, unless man be immortal. If that which thinks and loves is part and parcel of the bodily frame, why does it live in undiminished and growing vigor with the mutilation and decay of that frame? How can the tongue, the hand, the foot be palsied, and the mind unimpaired? How can the body waste to the shadow of its former self, and the soul that tenants it seem more luminous and majestic than when its tabernacle was entire and sound? If the soul has not a separate life of its own, how can it be so clear and bright, so self-collected and earnest, so keen of apprehension, so rapid in action, as it often is up to the very moment of dissolution? Why is it that the process which Christians call disembodiment frequently enhances, to an amazing degree, the quantity of mental and spiritual life, so that the feeble grow strong, the timid bold, the slow of tongue eloquent, the lame of counsel wise, the dull of fancy rich in lofty and gorgeous imaginings? These things look not like the death of the soul. If it dies with the body, they are mysterious, incomprehensible, and constitute a most serious difficulty, for which the unbeliever in immortality is bound to give account. They attach an intense improbability to the death of the soul, far greater than can belong, under the government of omnipotence, to its resurrection and renewed life.

There are also grave difficulties, connected with the New Testament, in the way of annihilation at death. That the first Christian preachers of immortality suffered every form of loss, ignominy, and torture, that most of them encountered

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an agonizing death as felons, in attestation of what they taught, is an undoubted historical fact. And what they taught was not mere theory, in which they might have been deluded, but events of which they professed to be eye-witnesses. That they knew the person of the living Jesus, and that they were fully aware of his crucifixion, death, and burial, there can be no question; and equally little, that they professed to have seen the same Jesus alive again, to have examined the wound-marks of the nails and the spear, to have had repeated and familiar interviews with him, and to have witnessed his ascent to heaven from the last of those interviews. It is equally certain that they professed to have known persons, whom his word or touch recalled alive from the death-bed, the bier, and the sepulchre, and that they connected with these narratives, and reported, as attested by them, the confident assurance of the same Jesus that all men should live after death and forever. That they told these things, that they knew whether they were true, there can be no doubt. They were not facts that admitted of being falsely imposed upon their credence. Delusion is out of the question; for they said that they not only saw Lazarus come out of the tomb, but were at table with him afterwards — that they not only met Jesus near his sepulchre, in the dim morning twilight, but talked with him, walked with him, eat with him. If they knew these things to be false, and yet suffered and died in attestation of them, their conduct presents a series of miracles far more stupendous than those which they asserted to have been wrought by the omnipotence of God. Their imposture stands alone in the history of humanity, as its most improbable and unaccountable chapter; and the unbeliever in immortality is bound to suggest some rational method of accounting for it, before he lays any stress on the improbability of a life beyond the grave.

Now, in view of these multiplied improbabilities, the inconceivableness of the *mode* in which life is to be renewed after the dissolution of the body constitutes no valid objection. All the processes of creation and of life are similarly obscure as to their theory and mechanism. Birth is as mysterious as immortality — the formation of the visible world as the organ-

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ization of the spiritual universe. But in what is patent to our observation, we see power adequate to the production of any imaginable result, wisdom inexhaustibly fertile in the adaptation of means to ends, love unbounded and unwearied in the diffusion of gladness and happiness, — power, wisdom, and love, amply competent to detach the vital principle from its present tenement, to keep it unscathed by the touch of death, unchilled by the damps of the grave, and to clothe it again in whatever form may best suit its renewed life in another realm of being. God is the word that makes all things possible. With omnipotence outrayed in the whole creation, why need we question what can be, or how? Except through our annual experience of nature, it would seem impossible that the decomposed seed-corn should reappear in the harvest sheaf, and that the verdure that once passes from field and forest should ever clothe it again. We know not how; but God gives the seed its resurrection body, he renews the face of the year, he wakes the slumbering germs of grass and flowers from their winter's grave. Then, "why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?"

Our author, in the person of F. B., virtually carries his skeptical hero over the ground which we have thus surveyed, and brings out his skepticism as an antagonist force to his religious unbelief. But through the greater part of the volume, Harrington is balancing improbabilities between Christianity and the most recent forms of pseudo-Christianity, and renders it manifest that all the latter demand more of the skeptic than the former, so that he who would escape the charge of excessive credulity, can find no resting place between the utter denial of all religion and the assent to a positive revelation miraculously attested and transmitted through authentic scriptures. He first assails the Newman and Parker school. One salient error of the speculators of this school is, that they mistake the spontaneous consent of the human mind to the leading truths of Christianity for the native power to discover those truths. The doctrines of the divine paternity, human brotherhood, immortality, and a righteous retribution, as also the ethical code of the New Testament, commend themselves to the intuitive reason and the moral taste

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of cultivated and virtuous men of the nineteenth century, who have derived their descent through a long line of Christian ancestry. Therefore (and there is no middle term to bridge over the logical hiatus) these doctrines and precepts are not dependent on communication or tradition, but form a part of the mental and moral heritage given to every human soul by its Creator, and it is competent for any and every pure and truth-loving mind to arrive at them by the unaided action of its own powers. The following would be a strictly parallel inference. The last results of modern science command the assent of every man of ordinary intelligence; and the arts which contribute to the comfort and ornament of life are admirably adapted to the needs and the progress of society. Therefore it is within the power of any mind, that will put its faculties into vigorous exercise, to frame for itself the scientific systems, and to work out for itself the mechanical and economical improvements, which it has cost the labor of centuries to bring to perfection. Did not this reasoning refute itself, it has its ample refutation in one simple historical fact. Man had existed complete in all his capacities for some thousands of years before Christ, and yet had made only the feeblest approximations to the religious and ethical doctrines of the Gospel. It is impossible to trace any process of ante-Christian development. The age immediately preceding the Christian era gave not the faintest promise of it, unless it be that the darkest hour of night is the hour before day-dawn. Researches into rabbinical literature, so far from revealing the sources of Christianity, only convince us that, if its Founder were illiterate, he stood nearer the fountain of truth than if he had been imbued with the best Jewish literature of his age. Most aptly is the Messiah termed by the prophet "a root out of a dry ground."

Another sophistry of this school is in the use which they make of the term "absolute religion." It is announced as a marvellous discovery, that "Christianity is as old as the creation." In a most important sense we believe this, else we should not be Christians. The fundamental principles of the Gospel are not contingent, but absolute truth. They did not begin to be true at any epoch of time, but are coeternal with

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the Almighty. Christ did not help to make them true; but they would have been equally true, had he never lived. We can trace back the workings of these principles in the entire history of paganism, and can assure ourselves that the whole administration of human affairs has been guided and governed by them. The true question is, not whether Christianity was old or new when promulgated by him whose name it bears, but whether the discovery of its truths was made to man at a definite epoch and through supernatural agency. The law of gravitation presided when the universe emerged from chaos, and its workings had been before the eyes of men from Adam downward, yet was undiscovered until Newton detected, analyzed, and proclaimed it; and the plea against the claims of Christ on the score of the "absoluteness" of his doctrines, is just as rational as would be the denial of Newton's title to be regarded as the discoverer of universal gravitation, on the ground that it is a fundamental law of the material creation. In the use of the word "revelation," we imply the prior and independent validity of the truths revealed; for *revelation* means unveiling, uncovering, bringing to light what previously existed, not the creation or origination of new truth.

The alleged impossibility of revelation, except to the soul of each individual, is a prominent point in the teaching of the writers under discussion; and it is their special aim to pour contempt on the very idea of a book-revelation. Yet their own conduct is an explicit denial of this postulate. They profess to have received from the Almighty superior measures of light on the great themes of religion and morality; and with the most zealous propagandism they are endeavoring to diffuse the light that is in them — to transmit the revelation that has been made to them, and they depend for their success on imparting to other minds alleged truths which God has not revealed directly to those other minds. They reveal to the world, in ponderous volumes, the impossibility of a book revelation. Their assumption, in plain terms, as comprehensively stated by Mr. Rogers, is, — "That may be possible with man, which is impossible with God." We quote the following passage from the argument on this head. Harrington is talking with Fellowes, a devotee of Newman and Parker.

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"It appears, then, that to *you*, at least, my friend, it is possible that there may be a book-revelation of 'moral and spiritual truth' of the highest possible significance and value, although you do not consider the book to be *divine;* now, if so, I fancy many will be again inclined to say, that what Mr. Newman has done in your case God might easily do, if he pleased, for mankind in general; and with this advantage, that He would *not* include in the same book which revealed truth to the mind and rectified its errors, an assurance that *any* such book-revelation was impossible."

"But, my ingenious friend," cried Fellowes, with some warmth, "you are inferring a little too fast for the premises. I do not admit that Mr. Newman or any other spiritualist has revealed to me any truth, but only that he has been the instrument of giving shape and distinct consciousness to what was, in fact, uttered in the secret oracles of my own bosom before; and, as I believe, is uttered also in the hearts of all other men."

"I fear your distinction is practically without a difference. It will certainly not avail us. You say you were once in no distinct conscious possession of that system of spiritual truth which you now hold; on the contrary, that you believed a very different system; that the change by which you were brought into your present condition of mind — out of darkness into light — out of error into truth — has been produced chiefly by Mr. Newman's deeply instructive volumes. If so, one will be apt to argue that a book-revelation may be of the very utmost use and benefit to mankind in general, — if only by making that which would else be the inarticulate mutter of the internal oracle distinct and clear; and that if God would but give such a book, the same value at least might attach to it as to a book of Mr. Newman's. It matters little to this argument, — to the question of the possibility, value, or utility of an external revelation, — whether the truths it is to communicate be absolutely unknown till it reveals them, or only *not known*, which you confess was your own case. If your natural taper of illumination is stuck into a dark lantern, and its light only can flash upon the soul when some Mr. Newman kindly lifts up the slide for you; or if your internal oracle, like a ghost, will not speak till it is spoken to; or, like a dumb demon, awaits to find a voice, and confess itself to be what it is, at the summons of an exorcist; — the same argument precisely will apply for the possibility and utility of a book-revelation from God to men in general. What has been done for you by man, even though no more were done, might, one would imagine, be done for the rest of mankind, and in a much better manner, by God. If that internal and native revelation which both you and Mr. Newman say

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has its seat in the human soul, be clear without his aid, why did he write a syllable about it? If, as you say, its utterances were not recognized, and that his statements have first made them familiar to you, the same argument (the Christian will say) will do for the Bible. It is of little use that nature teaches you, if Mr. Newman is to teach nature."

Fellowes was silent; and, after a pause, Harrington resumed; he could not resist the temptation of saying, with playful malice, —

"Perhaps you are in doubt whether to say that the internal revelation which you possess does teach you clearly or darkly. It is a pity that nature so teaches as to leave you in doubt till some one else teaches you what she *does* teach you. She must be like some ladies, who keep school indeed, but have accomplished masters to teach every thing. Shall we call Mr. Newman the Professor of 'Spiritual Insight?' Would it not be advisable, if you are in any uncertainty, to write to him to ask whether the internal truths which *no* external revelation can impart be articulate or not; or whether, though a book from God could not make them plainer, you are at liberty to say that a book of Mr. Newman's will? It is undoubtedly a subtle question for him to decide for you; namely, what is the condition of your own consciousness? But I really see no help for it, after what you have granted; nor, without his aid, do I see whether you can truly affirm that you have an internal revelation, independently of *him* or not. And whichever way he decides, I am afraid lest he should prove both himself and you very much in the wrong. If he decides for you, that your internal revelation must and did anticipate any thing he might write, and that it was perfectly articulate, as well as inarticulately present to your 'insight' *before*, it will be difficult to determine why he should have written at all; he would also prove, not only how superfluous is your gratitude, but that *he* understands your own consciousness better than you do. If he decides it the other way, and says you had a 'revelation' before he revealed it, yet that he made it utter articulate language, and interpreted its hieroglyphics, — then it once more seems very strange that either you or he should contend that a 'book-revelation' is impossible, since Mr. Newman has produced it. If, however, he decides in the first of these two ways, I fear, my good friend, that we shall fall into another paradox worse than all, for it will prove that the 'internal revelation' which *you* possess is better known to Mr. Newman than to *yourself*, which will be a perfectly worthy conclusion of all this *embarras*. It would be surely droll for you to affirm that you possess an internal revelation which renders all 'external revelation' impossible, but yet that its distinctness is unperceived by yourself, and

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awaits the assurance of an external authority, which at the same time declares all 'external revelation' impossible!" p. 85 – 88.

But the ultimate postulate, on which this whole system of unbelief rests, is the intrinsic impossibility of miracles; and on this point the writers under discussion have adopted a style of reasoning, in which success and defeat are equally fatal. They have been themselves busy in a desperate attempt to actualize the resurrection of the dead, by resuscitating Hume's defunct argument from experience. Had they succeeded, they would have established beyond cavil the possibility of miracles; in their failure, they have left the field of controversy *in statu ante bellum*. There cannot be a more utterly baseless assumption, than that the uniformity of the course of nature is a fundamental law of human belief. The contrary is so notoriously the case, that the instances in which belief is thus limited are, even in this skeptical age, less numerous than those of congenital malformation or of idiocy, while, during many periods of the world's history, they have been too sparse to leave of themselves either memorial or record. We might, with immeasurably greater plausibility, assert, that appetency for the abnormal is an element of human nature, and that the sporadic exceptions to this law are defective specimens of their race. We are prepared to maintain this position, not merely in antagonism to its converse, but as in accordance at once with intrinsic probability and with fact. If the Creator does at certain epochs supersede the common course of nature, it is impossible that He should not have adapted man's cognitive faculties to the belief of the supernatural; and on the other hand, the prevalent belief of, nay, demand for, the supernatural, renders it in the highest degree probable that this belief has its stable ground, this demand its accredited supply. Nor does the multitude of confessedly false reports of miracles interfere with this consideration, except to strengthen it. If miracles not only have never taken place, but are intrinsically incredible, how is it that the traditions of all nations bristle with them? Counterfeits presuppose a genuine paradigm. The eleven *ancilia* are forged after the pattern of the one that fell from heaven. Fiction takes its rise from verisimilitude, and obtains currency by not utterly violating the analogy of fact.

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Yet farther, the limitation of human belief by the existing course of nature implies more than the incredibility of miracles. There can be no metaphysical barrier to the belief in miracles, which does not equally negative the belief in the creation of the universe and in the commencement of its present order. It is as conceivable, as possible, with competent evidence as probable, that there may have been events beyond the cycle of present experience eighteen hundred, as eighteen thousand, years ago. But geology demonstrates that the order of nature in the earlier epochs was very different from its present order. It indicates violent catastrophes, the irruption of new trains of causes and new sequences of events, the entrance of new orders of beings upon the stage of animated existence. It bears manifold testimony to the occurrence of miracles at successive geological periods,—that is, to the occurrence of phenomena which were inconsistent with all previous experience, and to the prevalence of phenomena which were equally inconsistent with all subsequent experience. The argument from uniform experience can therefore be successful only with the unscientific mind, and it would be well for those who urge it to join the author of the "Vestiges," in appealing from the judgment of men of science to that of the unenlightened mass.

The most that can be urged on this head is an *a priori* improbability against any specific miraculous narrative. But this may be met by a stronger opposing improbability. Human testimony is a fact, which has a definite weight, according to the intelligence, interest, veracity, persistency, and multitude of witnesses. A single interested, uncorroborated witness is of no avail against current experience. But that several witnesses, honest and competent, and with their interest in the opposite scale, should combine in the promulgation of false reports, is an improbability of the highest order. There is no hypothesis which can account for such a phenomenon. The argument from experience bears, with unmitigated force, against it. The truth of their report under such circumstances becomes less probable than its falsehood.

Nor can it be affirmed that miracles are inconsistent with our actual experience. We have ample experience of an order of nature adapted to our present condition and needs by

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infinite power, wisdom, and love. The boundlessness of the divine resources is the one salient fact in the administration under which we live. Folly, malignity, and self-contradiction are the only conceivable forms of impossibility under the government of God. Have there been exigencies, which demanded events inconsistent with the ordinary course of nature? Such exigencies appear on the face of the Christian record. Humanity was in intense need of spiritual knowledge and guidance, of truths marked by the divine signet, of precepts promulgated under the divine sanction; and our experience authorizes the belief that, under such exigences, this signet would have been affixed, this sanction given.

Among the interlocutors in this book, is one who maintains that the New Testament contains a revelation, but contains it with a large admixture of alloy, and that it is left for the individual inquirer to separate the precious grains from the crude ore, the divine from the human element, and thus to construct from the Christianity of the Apostles a Christianity of his own. It is justly agued, that such a revelation is a revelation not in fact, but in name. No book in the world is so wretchedly adapted to this theory as the New Testament. The Gospels contain absolutely no reasoning, and the reasoning of the Epistles is with reference, not to the principles of theology and ethics, but to their application to certain postures of circumstances that existed in the primitive church, and may never exist again. As regards the articles of Christian belief, the didactic form is constantly maintained, and the validity of what is thus communicated depends wholly on the knowledge of the authors and on their right to be believed. Then, too, the New Testament relates, in great part, to subjects beyond our independent cognizance — to subjects on which we have not at our command the premises requisite for argument. This is especially the case with reference to the future life, concerning which we know absolutely nothing — are entirely unprovided with a test, by which we can separate the actual truth from the groundless surmises and gratuitous inferences of the sacred writers. The case is the same, also, with many features of the divine character and administration, which we could determine for ourselves only by changing

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places with the Deity. Our diversities of moral disposition and character place the ethics of the New Testament in the same category. Our moral institutions (so called) are a motley mixture of conscience, prejudice, and passion; they are the aggregate of our existing characters. They determine the right or the unlawfulness of resentment, the limits of forbearance and benevolence, the conflicting claims of the animal and the spiritual nature, not by an unvarying standard, but by the stage of moral progress at which we are for the time being. If left to shape our own religion from the materials before us in the New Testament, we must needs except those doctrines which coincide with our preconceived opinions, those precepts which accord with our previous standard, and shall lay all that transcends this measure to the account of Oriental exaggeration, or of the peculiar stress of that primitive age. Christianity will thus be a variable quantity, and the term Christian so utterly indeterminate, that self-complacency and a well-drugged conscience would be sufficient to entitle the wildest day-dreamer or the most abandoned sinner to appropriate it. Under this theory, progress is impossible; for, by its very terms, the religion of the New Testament must be pared down to the standard of the individual, instead of the individual's raising himself to the standard of the Gospel. This condition of things is admirably delineated by Harrington in the following paragraph.

"The miracles, then, and other evidence, not only play the part of equally supporting truth and falsehood, but what is still more wonderful, convert the same things, in *different* men, into truth and falsehood alternately. Miracles they must verily be if they can do *that!* A wonderful revelation it certainly is, which thus accommodates itself to the varying conditions of the human intellect and conscience, and demonstrates just so much as each of you is pleased to accept, and no more. No doubt the whole 'corpus dogmatum,' so supported, will, by the entire body of such believers, be eaten up; just as was the Mahometan hog, so humorously referred to by Cowper; but even that had not all its 'forbidden parts' miraculously shown to be 'unforbidden' to different minds! I do not wonder that such a revelation should *need* miracles; that any should be *sufficient*, is the greatest wonder of all; if indeed we except two;—the first, that Supreme *Wisdom* should

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have constructed such a curious revelation, in which he has revealed alternately, to different people, truth and falsehood, and has established each on the very same evidence; and the second (almost as great) that any rational creature should be got to receive such a revelation on such evidence as equally applies to points which he says it does *not* prove, and to points which he says it *does;* these points, however, being, it appears, totally different in different men!" p. 400.

Without the element of authority, we have no revelation; and the more ample the crude materials for the construction of our religious fabrics, the greater is our liability to essential error in selecting and arranging them. The question of the authority of the Scriptures takes precedence (and by a long interval) of that of the degree and mode in which the sacred writers were supernaturally inspired. Whether they were, by their personal intercourse with Jesus Christ, so placed in the very focus of spiritual light, that with no more than the ordinary exercise of their faculties, they could be his reliable biographers and reporters; whether their inspiration was a general illumination and elevation of their inward being, or whether they were specially endowed with reference to the books which they severally contributed to the sacred canon, it may be impossible for us to determine; and, even had we the precise formula for inspiration, our conceptions of the spiritual experience of the evangelists and apostles must at best be utterly inadequate. It is of no immediate practical concern for us to know how the Scriptures were written, while we do need and crave to know what they are to us, whether merely suggestive or of plenary authority. Now it is self-evident that, if the Christian revelation were designed for the perpetual benefit of the race, and not for the enlightenment of a single generation, there must have been some reliable mode provided for the transmission of its teachings and requirements. If it is incumbent on us to be Christians, it is no less essential to us than it was to the apostles, to know what Jesus was, said, and did; and it is of no possible concern or avail to mankind at large, that he had a company of personal followers, if they were liable to misreport him, by blending their folly with his wisdom, by ascribing to him their own misconceptions, by putting into his mouth their own unwarranted

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inferences from the tenor of his discourse, or by representing his image as seen through the colored or magnifying media of their prejudice or their mavellousness. When we find reason to believe that we are possessed of such scriptures, we shall be ready to throw them aside, and shall deem it safer to feel our way in the dark, than to perplex ourselves with a light which we can never know when to trust.

We have indicated but imperfectly the contents of the volume under review. With a strict unity of plan and purpose, it discusses a great variety of theological topics, and shows a writer thoroughly versed in the multiform, yet shallow infidelity of the present generation, and in that deeper lore of sacred things, the neglect of which lies at the root of all the moral, social and political evils of our times. Among the subjects treated with peculiar ability, are the influence of Christianity on the condition of woman, its relation to domestic slavery, and the circumstances of its early diffusion in their bearing on the question of its divine origin, — on all which points the loose assertions of Newman are more than refuted, are thoroughly riddled, and scattered to the winds. We find it peculiarly difficult to make extracts from this work; for the separate conversations and essays are too long to be quoted entire, and too compact to be dismembered without doing them gross injustice. We shall be happy if what we have written should contribute to the wider circulation of a book which can hardly fail to profit those who read it, and cannot fail to edify those who stand in no need of its reasonings.

ART. IV. — *Correspondence of the American Revolution; being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the Time of his taking Command of the Army to the End of his Presidency.* Edited from the original Manuscripts. By JARED SPARKS. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 549, 554, 560, 555. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1853.

WHILE engaged upon his collection of Washington's writings, Mr. Sparks had in his hands a large mass of original

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letters addressed to the chief by co-laborers in his public life. Mr. Sparks had copies taken, and availed himself of a portion for the illustrations of his great work contained in the notes and appendixes. There remained several thousands which had not been thus used. From these he has selected, for the present publication, about a thousand, from about a hundred and ninety writers. Appendixes to the first and second volumes, relating to the operations in Canada in 1775–76, those in Virginia and South Carolina in 1776, and those against Burgoyne and on Hudson's River in 1777, are made up of letters, about a hundred and fifty in number, which passed between the secondary actors of the time. These are principally copies from the originals, preserved among the papers of Generals Schuyler, Gates, Lee, Lincoln, Sullivan, Stark, Baron Steuben, and others.

There is no more delightful reading than such disinterred records of the thoughts and doings of the hour, in the correspondence of persons concerned in some great historical action, — with their resurrection of long perished loves and hates, triumphs and griefs, of hopes and fears, proved baseless afterwards perhaps, but calling the strongest passions into play, and daguerreotyping them in the letter written as they swept across the scene. Before our day, history has set down the great result. That stands, for the present and coming ages, a thing ascertained and unchangeable. But time was, when it was only one element possible to come into act among the infinite uncertainties of the future. When brought about, it was through complex labors, devices, and anxieties, and through a working and counter-working of a vast variety of agencies. There is an indescribable charm in being carried back to the time and place where the thought of some sage or hero seems to have determined some great issue for future ages, and sharing with him the privacy where the problem was wrought out.

As authentic and trustworthy contributions to history, documents of this description have an authority beyond all others. The public and accredited hearsay of the time of which he is writing must answer the historian's purpose, when he can do no better. The newspaper statements, weighed together,

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and sifted with due caution, are worthy of his regard. Often, from peculiar circumstances, the journals and letters of private persons are entitled to full confidence; and oftener, they are good evidence of what was currently believed, and what is, therefore, more or less likely to have been true. But when Greene or Arnold writes to his superior officer that he has just fought a battle under such and such circumstances, or Morris communicates the state of the finances, or Jay the posture of a foreign negotiation, or Lee that of a question pending in Congress, there is an end so far to ignorance and doubt. The historian has nothing to do but to tell the tale as 't was told to him.

Such books are not only the best materials for history; they are a history more lively and fascinating than the more pretending compositions for which they provide materials. In them the writers appear, as they appeared and acted in life, not as wooden machines for grinding out the independence and prosperity of a commonwealth, but with the variety and human interest of individuals. The reader sees what he might reasonably have guessed, but what it is more agreeable to see, — that the function of giving him freedom was not divided among men all run in the same mould, — *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*, — but among men of the usual diversity of make, rash and timid, sanguine and saturnine, generous and suspicious, stern and affectionate, like any equal number of other people possessing qualities such as to bring them, at a critical period, into the front of affairs.

There is a beautiful dramatic variety of character in these volumes. Each writer is as different from every other as men in reality always are, but as formal history has not space to exhibit them, and as indeed history is not able to exhibit them, for the historian can draw no such spirited sketches as their own pens involuntarily trace of themselves. Here is a great gallery of portraits of historical men, self-delineated. The eye ranges over peopled walls. Near the entrance, it rests on a full length presentment of Hamilton, at twenty, beginning a succession of pictures of that rare genius, from the time when, an already famous boy, he became the favorite and confidential aid of the commander-in-chief, to that, when, having been

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one of the controlling spirits in the Convention for framing the Federal Constitution, having largely helped to carry its adoption in the States by his essays in the Federalist, and set the ponderous machine going, with pendulum and weights, as Secretary of the Treasury, he retired from public life, thirty-eight years of age. There sits Hancock, grave, graceful, and stately, putting the first name, as President of Congress, to the Declaration of Independence, or writing to the General to "have it proclaimed at the head of the army." There is the solid and gallant form of Knox, — "*semper par negotiis, nec supra;*" here the serviceable, prompt, punctilious tactician, Heath, always in good humor with himself, but never so much so as to prevent his taking his chief's rebukes in good part. There are the very *effigies* of the brave, hearty, upright, zealous, but rather scatter-brained Putnam; of the admirable Greene and Lincoln, the former the more capable of original combination, but, on the other hand, the less stoical and smooth in reverses, — both alike soldiers and patriots of the true metal and stamp; of Arnold, a man of endless resources, of brilliant capacities for action and influence, of a soul volcanic with fires kindled in the abyss, stamped for greatness, had it not been for the disability of a congenital and essential scoundrelism. There is the high-born French youth, La Fayette, bending his shield, of Heaven knows how many quarterings, in reverential homage to his adoptive father, the soldier of poor republican America; and the frank smile and close brow of Jefferson, already the same mystery that the future historian will find him. There is the dashing young dragoon figure of the younger Laurens, (the elder, we fear, must be allowed to pass for a failure,) and there, again, is the same fine form in the diplomatic circle round the royalty of France; while the port of the humbler Marion proclaims that all the chivalrous temper of the South does not run in the channels of her courtly blood. There is a double portraiture of poor Gates, — first, when reaping at Saratoga the thick laurels which Schuyler and Lincoln, Arnold and Stark had sowed, he flew at the goal of the chief command, and would have jostled the Great American from his place, — next when, after the consummate and (but for Greene's admirable strategy) fatal blunder at

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Camden, he was suing for indulgence with a mien almost as abject as formerly it had been confident and proud.

Schuyler's is a dignified, but a mournful figure. Justice was not done him in his own day. We doubt whether it has been done him yet. The old enmity between Dutch and English made him the object of a prejudice on the part of the New England troops, which a certain unfortunate *hauteur* of his own confirmed. But he was an able, as well as an honest, patriotic, disinterested man. It seems to have been a hard thing to deprive him of the command against Burgoyne, at the time when that step was taken. The harvesting of that field seems to have been fairly due to him, though allowance must be made for our being unable perhaps, at this day, fully to measure the discontent of those New England troops, on whom so much reliance was justly placed for the issue. And earlier, when ill health prevented him from assuming in person the conduct of the Canada campaign, a great game appeared to be in his hands, for his country and for himself.

"Mad Anthony" Wayne shows himself in a frame of great method and sobriety. Stark stands out, not at all as the rude soldier, but as a man of calm good sense, and well-trained thought. The mercurial and accomplished Gouverneur Morris; the strenuous and magnificent money-king, his namesake, "reminding us," says Mr. Pulszky, "of the heroes of Cornelius Nepos;" the venerable Jay, inflexible, incorruptible, and patient as Washington; the generous Morgan, of lowly origin, but a true gentleman's heart; Chittenden, the yeoman Governor of Vermont, keeping her loving and loyal to the Union, under injustice keenly felt; George Clinton, a model, in those days, of intelligent and right-minded activity; Montgomery, resolute and sanguine, equal to any sacrifice or hardship, but those of baffled plans, and ill-disciplined and complaining soldiers; Sullivan, deserving far better success, once and again on the point of some great achievement, which just failed him; Madison, matured in early manhood to a placid, graceful, scholarly statesmanship; Charles Lee, whom Carlyle might call *Junius-Dalgetty;* the gorgeous group of foreign officers, — Steuben, with

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the starch military etiquette becoming an aid-de-camp of Frederic the Great, — Rochambeau, D'Estaing, Lauzun, Duportail, De Grasse, Ternay, Pulaski, strangely swept from old-fashioned saloons and camps, to New England rocks and Carolina pine-barrens, — present each his own true, every-day physiognomy. The old Governor of Connecticut has an odd fascination of his own. There was as much chivalry in the straitlaced Jonathan Trumbull, as there was in the eccentric veteran rover, Charles Lee. For blood or bone, we would back him against any racer of the Revolution; and nobody excelled him as a prompt, precise, pains-taking man of business. Whether Washington was to be helped to gunpowder, or the Sound to be cleared of British ships, or New York tories to be kept in order, the exigency always found him wide awake. But till Washington got used to the excellent patriot, we can fancy him puzzling over the edifying reflections interwoven into the more fugitive matter, and wondering whether a scrap from the last Sunday's sermon of the Lebanon minister had not crept into the Governor's despatch. The following letter is in his characteristic strain. We desire to read nothing better. When, after this fashion, sword and Bible are thrown into the same scale, the other arm of the balance is pretty likely to kick the beam.

"Lebanon, 31 August, 1776.

"SIR,— Adjutant-General Reed's letter, of the 24th instant, came to hand Tuesday morning, the 27th; yours, of the same date, yesterday.

"On receiving the former, I advised with my Council. We concluded to send Benjamin Huntington, Esq., one of my Council, with direction to take with him Major Ely, at New London, an officer there well acquainted with the people on Long Island, to proceed there and consult and agree with some of the sure friends of our cause, with secrecy as far as the circumstances would admit, for a number of their men, assured friends, and well acquainted on the Island, to join with a body from this State, if possible to accomplish your wishes, to cause a diversion to the enemy, to harass them on their rear, and to prevent their excursions in pursuit of the provisions the Island affords. I hear they sailed for the Island yesterday. His return is expected the beginning of next week.

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"If he succeeds according to our hopes, no exertions of this State, I trust, will be wanting, at this critical conjuncture, to harass and keep the enemy at bay, to gain time and every advantage the case may admit. I shall give the earliest intelligence of our proceedings, that you may coöperate with our designs. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. It is nothing with God to help, whether many, or with those that have no power. He hath so ordered things, in the administration of the affairs of the world, as to encourage the use of means; and yet, so as to keep men in continual dependence upon him for the efficacy and success of them; to make kings and all men to know the reins of the world are not in their hands, but that there is One above who sways and governs all things here below.

"I am closing. A post comes in, and brings the letters, copies of which are inclosed. I now expect Mr. Huntington's speedy return. Have sent for my Council. My own thoughts, and such as come to me, are to send forward four or five of the companies now stationed at New London, with four field pieces, I hope six pieces, to join those men which may be ready for the service on Long Island; four or five companies to follow from New London as soon as they can be marched down; and also to order on other companies to take the places of such as are removed from thence.

"I am inclined to think we shall fall upon some measure similar to what is mentioned. No delay can be admitted at this critical moment. Please to give me the earliest intelligence how we may best serve agreeably to your desires.

"Shall send in the morning this intelligence to Governor Cooke, of Providence, and ask his assistance in the best way he shall think the circumstances of that State will admit.

"*September* 1*st*. Inclosed is a copy of another letter, dated yesterday, from Southold, that you may observe the contents. I hope to pursue our measures so as to stop the enemy getting into Suffolk county. I am, with esteem and regard, your Excellency's

"Most obedient, humble servant."

The following, of earlier date, was no unfit inauguration of the Virginia chief's first appearance in a New England camp.

"Lebanon, 13 July, 1775.

"Sir, — Suffer me to join in congratulating you, on your appointment to be General and Commander-in-Chief of the troops raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty. Men, who have tasted

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freedom, and who have felt their personal rights, are not easily taught to bear with encroachments on either, or brought to submit to oppression. Virtue ought always to be made the object of government. Justice is firm and permanent.

"His Majesty's ministers have artfully induced the Parliament to join in their measures, to prosecute the dangerous and increasing difference between Great Britain and these Colonies with rigor and military force; whereby the latter are driven to an absolute necessity to defend their rights and properties by raising forces for their security.

"The Honorable Congress have proclaimed a Fast to be observed by the inhabitants of all the English Colonies on this continent, to stand before the Lord in one day, with public humiliation, fasting, and prayer, to deplore our many sins, to offer up our joint supplications to God, for forgiveness, and for his merciful interposition for us in this day of unnatural darkness and distress.

"They have, with one united voice, appointed you to the high station you possess. The Supreme Director of all events hath caused a wonderful union of hearts and counsels to subsist among us.

"Now, therefore, be strong and very courageous. May the God of the armies of Israel shower down the blessings of his Divine Providence on you, give you wisdom and fortitude, cover your head in the day of battle and danger, add success, convince our enemies of their mistaken measures, and that all their attempts to deprive these Colonies of their inestimable constitutional rights and liberties are injurious and vain. I am, with great esteem and regard, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant."

Greene is the largest contributor to the collection; and next to him, Lafayette. Several of Greene's letters relate to the extreme embarrassments of his service as Quartermaster-General, but nearly half to that very interesting year, from the autumn of 1780, that he was in the command of the Southern Department. The following paragraph, in which he despatches the battle of Eutaw Springs, which turned the tide of war in the South, is a good illustration of his modest, disinterested, and vigorous character.

"Since I wrote to you before, we have had a most bloody battle. It was by far the most obstinate fight I ever saw. Victory was ours; and had it not been for one of those little incidents which frequently happen, in the progress of war, we should have taken the whole British

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army. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of our officers, or the bravery of the troops. I do myself the honor to inclose you a copy of my letter to Congress, and beg leave to refer you to Captain Pierce, one of my Aids, who is the bearer, and who will give your Excellency a full history of all matters in this department, both as to force and supplies. I am trying to collect a body of militia to oppose Lord Cornwallis, should he attempt to escape through North Carolina. And you may rest assured nothing shall be left unattempted, in my power, to impede his march, so as to give your army time to get up with him; but my force is very small, and I am exceedingly embarrassed with numerous wounded." Vol. iii. pp. 406, 407.

Lafayette's filial devotion throws a vein of romantic sentiment into the conglomerate marble of Washington's common experience. An affection so tender, a confidence so perfect, between actors on the great theatre of politics and war, is something of the rarest occurrence. "The Theban pair," with their "virtues in heroic concord joined," are nothing to it. Scipio and Lælius would have missed each other less. Ninus and Euryalus, had they only belonged to something more substantial than poetry, might have furnished a sort of parallel on a small scale. Lafayette pours out his homage to his "guide, philosopher, and friend," in language almost consecrated hitherto to the communications of lovers.

"To hear from you, my most respected friend, will be the greatest happiness I can feel. The longer the letters you write, the more blessed with satisfaction I shall think myself. I hope you will not refuse me that pleasure as often as you can. I hope you will ever preserve that affection, which I return by the tenderest sentiments."

"Farewell, my most beloved General; it is not without emotion I bid you this last adieu, before so long a separation. Don't forget an absent friend, and believe me, forever and ever, with the highest respect and tenderest affection."

"On Board the Alliance, 10 January, 1779.

"I open again my letter, my dear General, to let you know that I am not yet gone; but, if the wind proves fair, I shall sail to-morrow. Nothing from Philadelphia; nothing from head-quarters. So that everybody, as well as myself, is of opinion that I shall be wrong to wait any longer. I hope I am right, and I hope to hear soon from you. Adieu, my dear and forever beloved friend, — adieu." Vol. ii. pp. 248, 249.

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"I beg your pardon, my dear General, for giving you so much trouble in reading my scrawls; but we are going to sail, and my last adieu I must dedicate to my beloved General. Adieu, my dear General. I know your heart so well, that I am sure that no distance can alter your attachment to me. With the same candor, I assure you that my love, my respect, my gratitude for you, are above expression; that, at the moment of leaving you, I felt more than ever the strength of those friendly ties that forever bind me to you, and that I anticipate the pleasure, the most wished-for pleasure, to be again with you, and, by my zeal and services, to gratify the feelings of my respect and affection." Vol. iii. p. 461.

"What must your virtuous and good heart feel, on the happy instant when the revolution you have made is now firmly established! I cannot but envy the happiness of my grandchildren, when they will be about celebrating and worshipping your name. To have one of their ancestors among your soldiers, to know he had the good fortune to be the friend of your heart, will be the eternal honor in which they shall glory." Ibid. p. 546.

"Adieu, my dear General. Accept, with your usual goodness, the affectionate tribute of a heart so entirely devoted to you, that no words can ever express the respect, the love, and all the sentiments, with which you know it is glowing for you, and that make me until my last breath, your obedient, humble, and affectionate friend." Vol. iv. pp. 61, 62.

"I am sorry our meeting again is deferred; but, when you are absent, I endeavour to guess what you would have advised me to do, and then do it." Ibid. p. 81.

"I have received your affectionate letter of the 8th; and from the known sentiments of my heart to you, you will easily guess what my feelings have been in perusing the tender expressions of your friendship. No, my beloved General, our late parting was not by any means a last interview. My whole soul revolts at the idea; and could I harbour it an instant, indeed, my dear General, it would make me miserable. I well see you never will go to France. The inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house, of welcoming you in a family where your name is adored, I do not much expect to experience; but to you I shall return, and within the walls of Mount Vernon, we shall yet often speak of old times. My firm plan is to visit now and then my friends on this side of the Atlantic; and the most beloved of all friends I ever had, or ever shall have anywhere, is too strong

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an inducement for me to return to him, not to think that whenever it is possible I shall renew my so pleasing visits to Mount Vernon." Ib. pp. 86, 87.

"Adieu, adieu, my dear General. It is with inexpressible pain that I feel I am going to be severed from you by the Atlantic. Every thing, that admiration, respect, gratitude, friendship, and filial love, can inspire, is combined in my affectionate heart to devote me most tenderly to you. In your friendship I find a delight which words cannot express. Adieu, my dear General. It is not without emotion that I write this word, although I know I shall soon visit you again. Be attentive to your health. Let me hear from you every month. Adieu, adieu." Ibid. pp. 88, 89.

"What is become of the happy years, my beloved General, when, before my sentiments were formed, I had time to model them after your judgment? This comfort at least remains for me, — to endeavour guessing what your opinion will be on every case that occurs." Ibid. p. 184.

"Adieu, my dear General. I hope you think often of an adoptive son, who loves you with all the powers of his heart; and, as long as it has life, will ever be your most grateful, affectionate, respectful friend." Ibid. pp. 184, 185.

"I do not live one day without grieving for the hard separation which deprives me of the blessed sight of what is dearest to me, and leaves me so few opportunities to tell you, with all the love of a devoted heart, that I am, forever, with the most affectionate respect, your filial, grateful friend." Ibid. p. 219.

"What could have been my feelings, had the news of your illness reached me before I knew my beloved General, my adoptive father, was out of danger? I was struck with horror at the idea of the situation you have been in, while I, uninformed and so distant from you, was anticipating the long waited-for pleasure to hear from you, and the still more endearing prospect to visit you, and present you the tribute of a revolution, one of your first offsprings.

"For God's sake, my dear General, take care of your health! Do not devote yourself so much to the Cabinet, while your habit of life has, from your young years, accustomed you to constant exercise. Your conservation is the life of your friends, the salvation of your country. It is for you a religious duty, not to neglect what may concern your health. I beg you will let me oftener hear from you. I

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write when an opportunity offers; and to my great sorrow I hear my letters must have miscarried, or been detained. But, as our correspondence can have no other bounds but the opportunities to write, it was not a reason, give me leave to say, for you to miss any that may have offered; and you may easily guess what I am exposed to suffer, what would have been my situation, had I known your illness before the news of your recovery had comforted a heart so affectionately devoted to you." Ibid. pp. 343, 344.

And what is very striking, is that when years had passed by, and a new revolution, child of that in America, had come forward, and Lafayette, no longer a youth, had become apparently the most important man in Europe, holding in his hands the fate of its most splendid throne and nation, nothing is abated from his absolute deference to the master of his greener years.

"Give me leave, my dear General, to present you with a picture of the Bastile, just as it looked a few days after I had ordered its demolition, with the main key of the fortress of despotism. It is a tribute, which I owe as a son to my adoptive father, as an Aid-de-camp to my General, as a missionary of liberty to its patriarch." Vol. iv. p. 322.

"Whatever expectations I had conceived of a speedy termination to our revolutionary troubles, I still am tossed about in the ocean of factions and commotions of every kind. For it is my fate to be on each side with equal animosity attacked, both by the aristocratic, slavish, parliamentary, clerical — in a word, by all enemies to my free and levelling doctrine; and, on the other side, by the Orleanist factions, anti-royal, licentious, and pillaging parties of every kind; so that my personal escape from amidst so many hostile bands is rather dubious, although our great and good revolution is, thank Heaven, not only insured in France, but on the point of visiting other parts of the world, provided the restoration of public order is soon obtained in this country, where the good people have been better taught how to overthrow despotism than they can understand how to submit to the law. To you, my dear General, the Patriarch and Generalissimo of universal liberty, I shall render exact accounts of the conduct of your Deputy and Aid in that great cause." Ibid. pp. 361, 362.

Lincoln was a man without a particle of impulsiveness or show; but the thing fit to be done, that, in the right time and place, Lincoln always did. Amidst the darkest environments,

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he employed every method suited to secure success, just as promptly and strenuously as if cheered on by all bright omens. And when reverse came, he dealt with it just as he had been doing with the means of averting it. It was now a thing simply to be made the best of. Washington understood and respected himself and his friend too well to offer him condolence on the unsuccessful issue of a campaign, which, as things were, could not possibly have terminated in any other way. He merely took care of his feelings by appointing him to receive Cornwallis's sword at Yorktown. Almost disabled by a wound received at Saratoga, Lincoln had desired to retire from the Southern command. But he was too much trusted to allow of his being indulged. He was compelled at last to surrender Charleston, but it was not till he had drawn upon himself a much superior force, consisting of the greater part of the British troops in America, headed by the British commander-in-chief; and it was without the whisper of a charge of any thing having been omitted, which skill and constancy could do to fend off the calamity. There was no trepidation, and no whining, as he saw the circle closing around him. The following are his last two letters, published by Mr. Sparks, before the capitulation.

"Charleston, 24 March, 1780.

"My Dear General,

"Since my last, the enemy have, very unexpectedly, brought over the ships mentioned in the inclosed paper. It has been thought there was not water enough for a sixty-four gun ship. Before they came into the harbour, it was determined to form a line of battle across the channel, with our ships, to act in conjunction with Fort Moultrie; but afterwards, as the enemy were so vastly superior to our force, it was thought best to remove our ships up to the town in Cooper River, and land their heavy cannon and men. We are endeavouring to obstruct the channel from the town to Shute's Folly. If we should succeed, great good will result from the measure, as thereby we shall prevent the enemy from running up that river, and cutting off our communication with the country on the east.

"The enemy are extending their works on Ashley River, from the mouth of Wappoo, with a design to cover their stores, which they can land near the first work, at the mouth of the creek, and remove them a mile or two across land to the head of another creek, which empties

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into the Ashley, where they have a work also, which is opposite a good landing on this side. I think they will throw their troops across above, take post at this landing, and then transport their stores, which will save them a very long land carriage.

"I lament, most sincerely, that, from the want of a sufficient power, we cannot oppose their passing this river, which might easily be effected, and oblige the enemy to take a circuit of forty miles. General Woodford is not yet arrived. By his letter of the 6th instant, he informs me that his troops would leave Petersburg the day after. His numbers, by some means or other, are greatly reduced. By his return, he has only seven hundred and thirty-seven fit for action.

"General Scott informs me that he is coming on without the remainder of his troops. *Want of clothing is the cause.* A few of them have been persuaded to take care of General Woodford's baggage. Many of the North Carolina militia, whose times have expired, leave us to-day. They cannot be persuaded to remain longer, though the enemy are in our neighbourhood.

"General McIntosh received, a few days since, a resolve of Congress, founded on a letter from the Governor of Georgia, and one from the Speaker of the Assembly of that State, purporting that he had lost the confidence of the people; in which resolve he is suspended from acting in the Southern department. I have not only to lament the loss of so good an officer, but that Congress have so suddenly come into a resolution, which must wound the feelings of an old servant of the United States, and who, by the war, is reduced from a state of great affluence to that but a little removed from beggary. He has the command of the country militia of this State, now in garrison. I have the honor to be, my dear General, with the highest esteem,

"Your Excellency's most obedient servant." Vol. ii. pp. 418 – 420.

"Charleston, 9 April, 1780.

"My Dear General,

"The enemy crossed the Ashley, in force, near the ferry, on the 29th ultimo, and the next day moved down, and encamped about three thousand yards from our lines. Before this, they had transported their heavy baggage, ordnance, and stores, from out of Wappoo, across land, about two miles, to Old Town Creek, on the west side of the river, opposite their encampment. In the morning of the 1st instant, we discovered that they had opened ground in several places in our front, about eleven hundred yards therefrom. The next night they threw up a work on our left, distance nine hundred yards. The next which

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appeared was on Cooper River, six hundred yards from our right; these, and some which they have since raised, seem to be closed. They have been some nights perfecting their works, and opening lines of communication. What they have done seems rather calculated to cover their approaches, than to annoy us from them.

"Seven ships of war passed fort Moultrie yesterday afternoon, and anchored near where Fort Johnson stood, with no other apparent injury than the loss of one topmast. We have been busily employed in throwing obstructions in their passage of the Cooper. I wish they may prove effectual, for it is of the highest importance for us to keep that open; thereby we preserve a communication with the country, from which we can draw our succours and supplies. In order the more effectually to do this, we mean to throw up a work on Lempriere's, one at Cainhoy up Wando, where we shall have our deposit of stores, besides some on the several landings, on the east side of Cooper River. These things have been some time in contemplation, but the necessary works to be made in town have prevented their being executed. Indeed, before the Virginia troops, under General Woodford, arrived, which was on the 7th, we could not man them; but from the addition of that force, and the North Carolina militia, who are coming in, we hope to spare some few men for this purpose, and that we shall be able to draw down some of the militia of this State into these works, who will not come to town. One of the enemy's ships, said to be a transport, fell to leeward last night (within Fort Moultrie,) which ship they burned this morning.

"I expect soon the remainder of General Scott's troops, and some militia from North Carolina. I have the honor to be, my dear General, with the highest esteem and affection,

"Your most obedient servant." Ibid. pp. 433, 434.

Hancock's letters are in a higher style than belongs to the character, which of late it has been usual to ascribe to him. The business communications, which, as President of Congress, it belonged to him to make to Washington during the first two years of the war, could not have been better than they are. Throughout he maintains an attitude of the utmost propriety and dignity, and the same is preserved in his later capacity of Governor of Massachusetts. He thus writes to Washington on the disbandment of the army.

"Boston, 15 October, 1783.

"Sir,

"My feelings as a private friend, and the very great personal regard

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for your Excellency with which I have been penetrated ever since I had the honor of an acquaintance with you, would by no means allow me to see you retiring from your important employments without paying you my particular attentions. But when, as a public man, warmly attached to the interest of my country, I consider the nature of those services which you have rendered to that country; when I recollect the cares you have sustained, the fatigues you have endured, and the dangers you have confronted, for the public safety; when I call to mind the many instances in which your abilities, your prudence, your fortitude and patience, have been superior to the severest trials; and when I now see the great object of all so completely obtained in the establishment of the independence and peace of the United States; — my heart is too full to forbear to congratulate your Excellency in the most respectful and affectionate manner, upon an issue so happy to them, and so glorious to yourself.

"To all your services, as Commander-in-chief of an army that has, in a manner astonishing to the whole world, efficaciously supported the freedom of America, you have constantly added, and particularly in your late circular letter to the States, the result of your uncommon wisdom and experience as a statesman, to assist us in improving, to the happiest purposes, the advantages gained by our arms.

"After such services, which consecrate your name to all posterity, with what home-felt satisfaction must your future days be blest! Heaven crown them with every favor! May you long live, my dear General, and long have the joy to see the increasing splendor and prosperity of a rising nation, aided by your counsels, and defended by your sword! Indulge me the pleasure to believe that I have a place in your recollection, and still honor and make me happy in your friendship. I have the honor to be, with the most perfect sentiments of regard and esteem, dear General, your

"Most obedient and very faithful, humble servant." Vol. iv. p. 49, 50.

One scarcely looks for Thomas Paine in such reverend company. But Paine, the vigorous writer of "Common Sense" (a most timely and effective contribution to the preparation of the public mind for independence), and of the "Rights of Man," not yet of the "Age of Reason," — the not incompetent antagonist of Burke, — holding a pen rarely rivalled for power of popular effect, — was not yet, or at all events, was not known to be, steeped in the sad degradation that shamed his later years. If more disinterested critics thought highly of Paine's political services, his own judgment was not behind

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theirs. In July, 1791, he writes to Washington from London, as follows: —

"After the establishment of the American Revolution, it did not appear to me that any object could arise, great enough to engage me a second time. I began to feel myself happy in being quiet. But I now experience that principle is not confined to time or place, and that the ardor of Seventy-six is capable of renewing itself. I have another work in hand, which I intend shall be my last; for I long much to return to America.

"It is not natural that fame should wish for a rival. But the case is otherwise with me; for I do most sincerely wish there was some person in this country that could usefully and successfully attract the public attention, and leave me with a satisfied mind to the enjoyment of quiet life. But it is painful to see errors and abuses, and sit down a senseless spectator. Of this your own mind will interpret mine." Vol. iv. p. 381.

Paine had just then dedicated to Washington his "Rights of Man." Soon after, being imprisoned by the French "Committee of Safety," he took umbrage at Washington's alleged want of interest in obtaining his release, and forgot a little the professions and resolutions of the better days when he wrote thus:

"I have been out nowhere for near these two months. The part I have taken in an affair, that is yet depending, rendered it most prudent in me to absent myself from company, lest I should be asked questions improper to be answered, or subject myself to conversation that might have been unpleasant. That there has been foul play somewhere, is clear to every one; and where it lies, will, I believe, soon come out.

"Having thus explained myself, I have to add my sincerest wishes for your happiness in every line of life, and to assure you that, as far as my abilities extend, I shall never suffer a hint of dishonor or even a deficiency of respect to you to pass unnoticed. I have always acted that part, and am confident that your virtues and conduct will ever require it from me as a duty, as well as render it a pleasure." Vol. ii. p. 251.

Down to the day we live in, Congress is not entirely composed of thoroughly unselfish and enlightened patriots, and methodical and diligent men of business. It was not always

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so composed in the days of the Revolution. Mr. Hosmer, a delegate from Connecticut, writes to the Governor of that State as follows, in August, 1778.

"I wish I could with truth assure your Excellency that, in my view, our affairs are in a happy train, and that Congress has adopted wise and effectual measures to restore our wounded public credit, and to establish the United States, their liberty, union, and happiness, upon a solid and permanent foundation. I dare not do it, while my heart is overwhelmed with the most melancholy presages. The idleness and captiousness of some gentlemen, maugre the wishes and endeavors of an honest and industrious majority, in my apprehension, threaten the worst consequences. The Southern States are fixed against holding Congress more than once a day. Our hours are fixed from nine in the forenoon to two in the afternoon. If these were punctually attended, it would be, perhaps, as much as could be spared from Committees, and other business which must be done out of Congress hours. Nine States make a Congress. Some States have Delegates so very negligent, so much immersed in the pursuit of pleasure or business, that it is very rare we can make a Congress before near eleven o'clock; and this evil seems incapable of a remedy, as Congress has no means to compel gentlemen's attendance, and those who occasionally delay are callous to admonition and reproof, which have been often tried in vain.

"When we are assembled, several gentlemen have such a knack of starting questions of order, raising debates upon critical, captious, and trifling amendments, protracting them by long speeches, by postponing, calling for the previous question, and other arts, that it is almost impossible to get an important question decided at one sitting, and if it is put over to another day, the field is open to be gone over again, precious time is lost, and the public business left undone. I am sorry to add, that the opposition between States, the old prejudices of north against south, and south against north, seem to be reviving, and are industriously heightened by some who, I fear, would be but too well pleased to see our Union blasted, and our independence broken and destroyed." Vol. ii. pp. 197, 198.

The letters from the Virginia statesmen, Henry, Jefferson, the Lees, the Randolphs, Madison, Harrison, Mason, Bland, have a peculiar interest, on account of their community of local associations, and the *genius of the place* being the same to them and to their great correspondent. Hamilton's letters, as far as the subjects allow a comparison in that particular, are

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equally noticeable for the absence of any local element. The *nationality* of Hamilton's views is apparent from the first. To him New York was no more nor nearer than Virginia, or Georgia, or Rhode Island. Hamilton comes upon the scene full-grown, in his mission to the north in November, 1777, to make Gates and Putnam obey their orders. His conduct, as detailed in his series of letters at that time, evinces amazing energy, capacity, and self-control, in a lad of twenty. How to deal with the conqueror of Saratoga, in the flush of his new-blown bays, would have been a problem for Talleyrand. That a hot *aide-de-camp*, scarcely out of his teens, should have made any thing of it, or that he should not even defeat his errand by bluster and fret, was almost too much to expect. But there was an old and cool head on those young shoulders. In November, 1777, he writes thus to Washington, from Albany.

"DEAR SIR,

"I arrived here yesterday, at noon, and waited upon General Gates immediately, on the business of my mission; but was sorry to find his ideas did not correspond with yours for drawing off the number of troops you directed. I used every argument in my power to convince him of the propriety of the measure; but he was inflexible in the opinion, that two brigades, at least, of Continental troops should remain in and near this place. His reasons were, that the intelligence of Sir Henry Clinton's having gone to join Burgoyne was not sufficiently authenticated to put it out of doubt; that there was, therefore, a possibility of his returning up the river, which might expose the finest arsenal in America (as he calls the one here) to destruction, should this place be left so bare of troops as I proposed; and that the want of conveniences, and the difficulty of the roads, would make it impossible to remove the artillery and stores here for a considerable time; that the New England States would be left open to the depredations and ravages of the enemy; that it would put it out of his power to enterprise any thing against Ticonderoga, which, he thinks, might be done in the winter, and which he considers it of importance to undertake.

"The force of the reasons did by no means strike me, and I did every thing in my power to show they were unsubstantial; but all I could effect, was to have one brigade despatched in addition to those already marched. I found myself infinitely embarrassed, and was at a loss how to act. I felt the importance of strengthening you as much

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as possible; but, on the other hand, I found insuperable inconveniences in acting diametrically opposite to the opinion of a gentleman, whose successes have raised him into the highest importance. General Gates has won the entire confidence of the Eastern States. If disposed to do it, by addressing himself to the prejudices of the people, he would find no difficulty to render a measure odious, which, it might be said with plausibility enough to be believed, was calculated to expose them to unnecessary danger, notwithstanding their exertions during the campaign had given them the fullest title to repose and security. General Gates has influence and interest elsewhere; he might use it, if he pleased, to discredit the measure there also. On the whole, it appeared to me dangerous to insist on sending more troops from hence, while General Gates appeared so warmly opposed to it. Should any accident or inconvenience happen in consequence of it, there would be too fair a pretext for censure; and many people are too well disposed to lay hold of it. At any rate, it might be considered as using him ill, to take a step so contrary to his judgment, in a case of this nature.

"These considerations, and others which I shall be more explicit in, when I have the pleasure of seeing you, determined me," &c. Vol. ii. pp. 26 – 28.

With Putnam, he did not feel compelled by the same reasons of prudence to use so much ceremony.

"Head-Quarters, New Windsor, 9 November, 1777.

"SIR,

"I cannot forbear confessing, that I am astonished and alarmed beyond measure, to find that all his Excellency's views have been hitherto frustrated, and that no single step of those I mentioned to you has been taken to afford him the aid he absolutely stands in need of, and by delaying which, the cause of America is put to the utmost conceivable hazard.

"I so fully explained to you the General's situation, that I could not entertain a doubt you would make it the first object of your attention to reënforce him with that speed the exigency of affairs demanded; but, I am sorry to say, he will have too much reason to think other objects, in comparison with that insignificant, have been uppermost. I speak freely and emphatically, because I tremble at the consequences of the delay that has happened. General Clinton's reënforcement is probably by this time with Mr. Howe. This will give him a decisive superiority over our army. What may be the issue of such a state of things, I leave to the feelings of every friend to his country, capable of foreseeing consequences. My expressions may perhaps have more

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warmth than is altogether proper; but they proceed from the overflowing of my heart, in a matter where I conceive this Continent essentially interested. I wrote to you from Albany, and desired you would send a thousand Continental troops of those first proposed to be left with you. This, I understand, has not been done. How the non-compliance can be answered to General Washington, you can best determine.

"I now, Sir, in the most explicit terms, by his Excellency's authority, give it as a positive order from him, that all the Continental troops under your command may be immediately marched to King's Ferry, there to cross the river, and hasten to reënforce the army under him.

"The Massachusetts militia are to be detained instead of them, until the troops coming from the northward arrive. When they do, they will replace, as far as I am instructed, the troops you shall send away in consequence of this requisition. The General's idea of keeping troops this way does not extend farther than covering the country from any little irruptions of small parties, and carrying on the works necessary for the security of the river. As to attacking New York, that he thinks ought to be out of the question at present. If men could be spared from the other really necessary objects, he would have no objections to attempting a diversion by way of New York, but nothing further." Vol. ii. pp. 549, 550.

Poor, generous "Old Put!" Almost the only strokes of pathos in the volumes, due to private sorrows, are from his rude hand. And they are so touching, because they are so unconscious. October 16, 1777, he writes to Washington a full letter relating to the loss of Fort Montgomery, the surrender of Burgoyne, and his own subsequent dispositions, and concludes as follows, crushing the great grief of his stout heart into a period.

"The enemy's loss, by the last accounts I have been able to get, is very considerable; not less than a thousand. The two Continental frigates, and the row-galley which lay above Fort Montgomery, were burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, for which I am very sorry, as one, I believe, might have been saved.

"I have the unhappiness to inform you, that Mrs. Putnam, after a long and tedious illness, departed this life last Tuesday night. With the highest esteem and respect, I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant." Vol. ii. p. 6.

In December, 1779, while on a visit to his family in Con-

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necticut, he had an attack of paralysis, on hearing of which, Washington sent him a kind letter.* The first use of his hand in writing was to testify his affection to his General.

"Pomfret, 29 May, 1780.

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot forbear informing your Excellency, by the return of Major Humphreys to camp, of the state of my health, from the first of my illness to the present time.

"After I was prevented from coming on to the army, by a stroke of the paralytic kind, which deprived me, in a great measure, of the use of my right leg and arm, I retired to my plantation, and have been gradually growing better ever since. I have now so far gained the use of my limbs, especially of my leg, as to be able to walk with very little impediment, and to ride on horseback tolerably well. In other respects I am in perfect health, and enjoy the comforts and pleasures of life with as good a relish as most of my neighbors.

"Although I should not be able to resume a command in the army, I propose to myself the happiness of making a visit, and seeing my friends there some time in the course of the campaign. And, however incapable I may be of serving my country, to my latest hour my wishes and prayers will always be most ardent and sincere for its happiness and freedom. As a principal instrument in the hand of Providence for effecting this, may Heaven long preserve your Excellency's most important and valuable life.

"Not being able to hold the pen in my own hand, I am obliged to make use of another to express with how much regard and esteem, I am, your Excellency's

"Most obedient and very humble servant,

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S. I am making a great effort to use my hand to make the initials of my name, for the first time. I. P."

Vol. ii. p. 457, 458.

General Greene sometimes slips in a word about domestic anxieties; but never obtrusively, and only in a way which makes more conspicuous the struggle of the patriot in the subordinating of private feelings.

Of course, this publication has much more variety and dramatic interest than Mr. Sparks's selection from Washington's

* Washington's Writings, vol. vii. p. 101.

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writings. But its rare attractiveness of this kind is of less importance than its historical value as the complement of that work. Here are the materials, contributed from various quarters, from day to day, on which Washington made up the judgments announced in his own letters, and embodied in his own measures. Here are some two hundred mirrors, reflecting at so many different angles, the figure of the great man, each contributing its own witness, and all representing the self-same august form and port. Nearly two hundred writers from all parts of the country, addressing him on their own occasions, without a common object or mutual knowledge, testify in every unconscious line, their profound sense of his wisdom, magnanimity, and justice. Arnold bows to these qualities, — Paine recognizes them, — as much as Lafayette and Jay love and revere them. Hamilton is disappointed, but never complains. Henry dissents and opposes, but never thinks of blaming. Knox feels deeply hurt, but does not cease to be respectful and affectionate. Everybody's troubles come to Washington. Sullivan, Schuyler, Montgomery, even Greene,* tease him with the recital of their discomforts and discontents, but the reader perceives that they are ill at ease in troubling him to think of them, who never thinks of himself, and that they are sensible that, after all, his equanimity will no more be shaken by their embarrassments than by his own. Open to advice, close as to expression, until the time for word or action came, — self-possessed and unimpassioned always, — no oracle was ever more oracular than this man among the more sagacious and disinterested of his associates, while the more impetuous or self-seeking never found in the antecedents a pretence for any charge of injustice, and rarely found in the consequences any foundation for a charge of mistake. Nobody, in Congress or in camp, or elsewhere, presumed to match his own wisdom with Washington's, except Gates and his coxcomical set, for a little while; and they could never get up each other's courage high enough to blurt out their crudities to him. The unhappy Conway did all that he could to resist, in himself, the feeble remains of a better nature; but by and by it triumphed, while death seemed to be

* Vol. ii. p. 164.

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standing by his bed, and the humble expiation of his fault made the best possible record of its grossness.

"Philadelphia, 23 July, 1778

"SIR,

"I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes, and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said, any thing disagreeable to your Excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues." *Washington's Writings*, vol. v. p. 517.

The Appendixes contain a mass of new and highly interesting matter. The first, which is the longest, consisting of nearly a hundred pages, relates to the operations in Canada from August, 1775, to the final expulsion of the American forces from that province, in the autumn of the following year. The extraordinary resource and vigor shown by Arnold in the expedition through the wilderness, from Fort Western to the St. Lawrence, with the extreme hardships which nothing but the confidence of his troops in their commander enabled them to bear, — the desperate gallantry and disastrous issue of Montgomery's night attack on Quebec, — the occupation of the upper country, — the shifting hopes and fears, adhesion and hostility of the inhabitants, — the tragical events following the defeat at the Cedars, — the succession of seeming accidents which, from time to time, brightened and obscured the prospects of the expedition, making them one day seem almost sure and another well-nigh hopeless, — compose a tale the like of which, for animated and varied interest, is rarely found in history. Montgomery's is a stirring name. His earlier fortunes, his heroic persistence through the preliminary difficulties of the campaign, his generous Irish nature, the place and manner of his fall, invest it with an interest much warmer than esteem. It seems an outrage now to couple Arnold's name with his. But at the date of their storming of Quebec, who could say which of them was the worthier? Sound, wounded, or half-starved, — in bivouac or in hospital, in field or in council, on land or on shipboard,

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wherever Arnold was, there was contrivance, valor, method, and efficiency. Colonel Ward, who (then a Captain in the Rhode Island line) was of the party up the Kennebec, was asked how it was that the men kept their spirits up, when they were reduced to making soup of their moose-skin moccasins. He said, every man felt sure that Arnold would get them through.

The first Appendix to the second volume, tells the story of the operations of Charles Lee, in the spring and summer of 1776, in Virginia and South Carolina, including the repulse of the British squadron from Sullivan's Island, by Colonel Moultrie and Colonel Thompson, on the 28th of June. The following letter to the President of Congress, at the close of the campaign, is a graver specimen, than most, of Lee's epistolary style.

"Savannah, 24 August, 1776.

"SIR,

"Your letter, with the thanks of the Congress, reached me at Petersburg. The approbation of the freely chosen Delegates of a free and uncorrupt people, is certainly the highest honor that a man of any sentiment can be ambitious of; and I shall consider it as a fresh stimulus to excite my zeal and ardor in the glorious cause in which I am engaged. May the God of Righteousness prosper your arms in every part of the Empire, in proportion to the justice with which they were taken up! Once more let me express the high satisfaction and happiness I feel in this honorable testimony; and once more let me assure the United States of America, that they cannot meet with a servant, whatever may be his abilities, animated with a greater degree of ardor and enthusiasm for their safety, prosperity, and glory.

"The present state of this Province, its strength and weakness, I shall transmit to the Board of War, according to the directions I have received. Be persuaded, Sir, that I am, with the greatest respect," &c. Vol. ii. p. 510.

The second Appendix to the same volume (in which Brockholst Livingston, who but lately was worthily moving among us in the sanctity of the judicial ermine, figures as the youthful aid of St. Clair,) represents the vicissitudes of the Northern campaign of 1777, when New England and New York were building their breastwork against Burgoyne. St. Clair falls back from Ticonderoga. Seth Warner musters on "the

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Grants." Stark comes pellmell from New Hampshire, cuts Baum and his meddling Hessians to pieces at Bennington, and the same day, with the help of Warner's opportune reënforcement, extinguishes Breyman. Arnold's adroit *finesse* scatters St. Leger's Indians from before Fort Stanwix. Brown snips off three hundred men from a not too numerous army. Lincoln draws the cords tighter at Stillwater. At length the game is up, and the hunter is prostrate in the snare. With singular indecorum, Gates omits to send any intelligence of his victory to the commander-in-chief, and (as we were told by Colonel Pickering) it is first known at head-quarters through a private letter to Colonel Palfrey. Nor has he written to any one that, at the decisive second action of Behmus's Heights, Arnold's was the controlling spirit. Arnold was under arrest, but there was no keeping him quiet in his tent, when such deeds were doing. Armstrong, then aid to Gates, used to relate, that he was sent to order Arnold in, and chased him about the field for that purpose an hour; but that the quick-eyed soldier evidently guessed his errand, and would never wait for him to come within speaking distance. The troops cared little about his disgrace, and gladly obeyed his orders.

Sir Henry Clinton, as is well known, projected a push up the Hudson River, to effect a junction with Burgoyne from the North. When this scheme was frustrated by the capture of the latter, Putnam had an ill-considered plan of his own for an assault on New York, which disinclined him to send the reënforcements of which Washington was in sore need in Pennsylvania. These matters, with others incident and consequent to them, are elucidated in the third Appendix to the second volume, which ends with a highly characteristic letter from Washington after the withdrawal of the distressed army into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

The volumes are prepared with the good judgment, good taste, and careful illustration, which the public looks for in whatever passes through the hands of Mr. Sparks.

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ART. V. — *Considerations on some Recent Social Theories.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 158.

A FEW extracts from this unassuming volume will be acceptable to the reader. They may induce him to a more complete perusal of pages which offer a good deal of interesting and trustworthy information, and of just and temperate thought.

Our author begins with the vague declamations, rather than positions, which have lately been current in Europe, — "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," "God and the People," "Direct Popular Government," "The Universal Republic," and the like. Several of these he sums up in the old formula, *Vox populi vox Dei*, and devotes his first chapter to the question of its correctness. The high doctrine proclaimed by the fervid Italian leader, of the supreme "authority of the People as the collective, perpetual interpreter of the will of God," finds but little favor with him. Who and what, he asks, is this "royal priesthood," this "peculiar people."

"In all historical times, the great mass of men have been exposed to physical and moral evils, sometimes of one kind, sometimes of another, but always of such a sort as to hinder them from the attainment of more than a small measure of earthly good, and to prevent the full development of their spiritual powers. And this poor, oppressed, laboring, and suffering assembly of men, bound together in every age by the tie of a common misery, — this, in the language of the present times, is "the people." It has been the people who have ministered to the ambition, and who have borne the cruelties, of kings; who have suffered from the misgovernment and the mistakes of rulers; who have ignorantly worked, under false direction, for their own sorrow; who have fought against their own good; who have been captivated by fatal delusions; who have been scourged by pestilence and famine and war; who have obeyed false prophets, and have killed the prophets and the servants of God. And now, eighteen hundred years after the divine preaching of the religion whose substance and whose authority were the doctrines of immortality and of love, — and which, as a consequence from these doctrines, announced the kingdom of Heaven upon Earth; declaring the eternal connection of man with man, and the responsibility of man to man; intrusting those children of God who

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were poor in earthly or in heavenly possessions, to those who were rich, — even now, "the people" sit in the dark night of ignorance, and know little of the light of love and faith, catching only a feeble glimmer of the dawning of the day of human brotherhood upon earth.

"It is not, then, to this people that we are to look for wisdom and intelligence. It is not to them that we are to trust the progress of improvement. They could not, if they would, rescue themselves from evil; and they have no help for others. But their progress must be stimulated and guided by the few who have been blessed with the opportunities, and the rare genius, fitting them to lead. Nor is their advance to depend on the discovery of any new remedies. There are now at work in the world, principles of virtue and strength enough for all the trials and exigencies of progress. The improvement which is certain must come from the gradual spread of these old principles; from their taking possession of the hearts and ruling the lives of men; and the way for them is to be cleared and made easy by the efforts of the wise and the good everywhere. These principles are not named Equality, nor Communism, nor the Solidarity of Peoples: they are Love, and Truth, and pure Liberty." pp. 18–20.

We cannot, indeed, any more than our author, soar to the high modern Mazzinian acceptation of the ancient maxim. Those who use it should at any rate, we think, temper it in application by the rule,

"Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus;"

and may, perhaps, find their advantage in collating it with another significant dictum which tells us that at times

"Sua cuique deus fit dira cupido;"

a people can be the slave of cupidity and resentment; a people can be pusillanimous, dastardly, and base; a people can be also fiendishly inhuman; the fears and passions of a people, when once excited, are more hopelessly irrational, more wildly uncontrollable, more extensively ruinous, more appallingly terrible, than those of councils and kings. Nevertheless, depravation and barbarism apart, in an average state of society, a state such as we hope and believe in for the future, it may be true that the common impulses and plain feelings of the people may be expected to be honest and good. Great questions, that must go back for their solution to natural instincts and unconscious first principles, may refer themselves

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to the popular voice. In such cases, the love of routine, the narrow and rigid views, the personal interest, ambition, or indolence of officials and representatives are likely enough to impede and retard, to mislead, pervert, and corrupt the national action. In executive details, meantime, what choice have we but to trust to individuals? A crowd of voters cannot easily study, cannot readily appreciate, the subtle and intricate circumstances which embarrass the application of principles. A complex question in arithmetic is better submitted to the computation of an accountant than to the suffrages of a town-meeting. Accountants and auditors may combine to deceive, but the chances of their telling the truth are greater than those of our carrying it by acclamation. A people also, we conceive, however generous and well-meaning, is apt to be a little too rough-handed to deal properly with nice points of fairness and honor, and delicate questions of feeling.

A second chapter, on Liberty, the supposed principle, is followed by a third, on the projected perfect practice of it in the Universal Republic. The writer urges, with reason, that the existence of government at all presupposes a certain surrender of some portion of their freedom to do whatever they please, upon the part of those who live under it. Upon any other theory, how strange and anomalous, for example, is that constraint which, in the freest of all polities, restricts the free-will of the citizen, by requiring his submission to the vote of a majority. This regulation, he argues, all political regulations, all institutions and constitutions whatever, are not in themselves principles; they are, at their very best, extremely imperfect human expedients for attaining, in a rough way, some amount, often a very small one, of practicable common benefit. Universal suffrage is one social method, monarchy is another; as the former is sometimes best, so also sometimes is the latter. Universal suffrage would hardly do on shipboard; the rule of one is unsuitable for a club. There are times when a state is very much like a club; there are occasions when it may fitly be compared to a ship.

"There can be no doubt that a republican form of government, such as we enjoy, is the most productive of happiness to our people; but this depends alone on the fact of their general moral and intellectual

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education. If we become as a nation corrupted and ignorant, no worse form of government can be imagined than ours must then become; for it would be the irresistible despotism of a majority of corrupt and ignorant men. No greater evil could fall upon India than the establishment of a Hindu republic. It would bring no good, no liberty, but would burden the people with intolerable calamities and oppression. Even were the present absolute government of the country by the English as bad as its enemies assert, it would be vastly preferable to a native democracy. And yet, in these violent, unthinking times, a government in which all power is vested in the hands of the people is declared to possess an inherent and divine virtue.

"But, it is urged, every man can judge what is best for himself better than it can be judged for him, and in a republic every man has, or should have, a voice in the government. Let us, however, look into this last assertion. Every man, it is true, may have a vote under a republic; but there must be a majority and a minority, and every republic is founded on the principle of the rule of the majority. Universal suffrage is claimed by the doctrinaires of republicanism as being the means of giving the fullest expression to the will of the majority. Without entering into the question whether universal suffrage is the best means to this end, which is very doubtful, it is desirable to examine into the right of a majority to rule, and to see whether it has any natural virtue; or whether it is, like all other human rule, a simple expedient, good under some circumstances, bad under others.

"Suppose, for instance, that a question were to arise in a state, where an absolute majority was the ruling power, of the highest consequence to the welfare of the community. Two parties exist, opposed to each other. The vote is taken, and the numbers are found to be exactly equal. A majority of numbers being required, neither of these parties can enforce their will upon the other. But suppose that, instead of being balanced, two thirds of the votes are given on one side, and one third on the other; but the smaller party is composed of the wise and intelligent men of the state, while the larger is made up of the unreflecting and passionate mass of the people. Is there any inherent right, any real authority, save that of conventional prescription, which is to enforce the dictates of folly over the convictions of wisdom?

"The case has been well stated by an able writer:—'A mere preponderance of numbers by no means implies preponderance either of capacity, of good intention, or even of strength. Wisdom generally lies with the minority; fairness often, power not unfrequently. There is, and can be, no law of nature, no axiom of eternal morals, in virtue

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of which three foolish men are entitled to bind and overpower two wise men, or three weak men two strong men.'

"Nor is this the testimony only of abstract reasoning: it is the practical conclusion of even the most ardent supporters of the most democratic theories. In the famous 'Declaration of the Rights of Man,' Robespierre declares: 'Aucune portion du peuple ne peut exercer la puissance du peuple entier.' And in a speech before the Convention, on the 28th of December, 1792, he broke forth with the words: 'La vertu fut toujours en minorité sur la terre.'

"It was the act of the majority which doomed Socrates to death, and Aristides to banishment. It was the act of the majority which has established the present arbitrary ruler in France. Of all tyranny, that of the majority has been the most fearful.

"And, in truth, the rule of a majority in a state can be tolerable only when the people has reached such a degree of intelligence and self-control that it is guided in its decisions by a sense of justice, and recognizes its responsibilities to be commensurate with its authority. Otherwise, all good is left to chance, while much evil is certain.

"The conclusions, then, upon which we must rest, are, that no form of government possesses any inherent virtue; that liberty may be developed under one, as under another; that that government is to be preferred which best secures to its subjects the means of progress in liberty; that these means may be secured under any form, but would be for the most part absent from a universal republic." pp. 43–48.

Before quitting these chapters we must add a few words on *Liberty*.

The dream and aspiration of the ardent and generous spirits of our time is for a certain royal road to human happiness. Disappointed a thousand times, they still persist in their exalted creed that there must and will be here on earth, if not now, in some future and approaching time, a state of social arrangements in which the spontaneous action and free development of each individual constituent member will combine to form "a vast and solemn harmony," the ultimate perfect movement of collective humanity. There beautiful thoughts will distil as the dew, and fair actions spring up as the green herb; there, without constraint, we shall all be good, and without trouble, happy; there, what in its imperfect form is vice, shall gently and naturally flower out into virtue; there contention and contest, control and commandment, will be the obsolete

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terms of a dead language, with no modern equivalents to explain them. A divine interior instinct will intimate to each single human being his fittest and highest vocation, and will prompt and inspire and guide him to fulfil it; while in the pursuit of his own free choice, and in the fulfilment of his own strongest desires, he will, by the blessing of the presiding genius of humanity, best serve the true interests of Society and the Race.

Was it not thus long ago? For,

> "Ante etiam sceptrum Dictæi regis, et ante
> Impia quam cæsis gens est epulata juvencis,
> Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat."

O blessed ages of pure, spontaneous, unconscious, unthinking, unreasoning life and action, to you, either in the past or the future, the human heart is still fain to recur — still must dream, even though it be but a dream, of how sweet it were to grow as the green herb, and bloom as the spring flowers, to be good because we cannot be otherwise, and happy because we cannot help it. O blessed ages, indeed! But have such, since men were men, ever been? Or are such, while men are men, ever likely to come? Alas, the rude earth itself affords us admonition, —

> "Pater ipse colendi
> Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem,
> Movit agros, *curis acuens mortalia corda*,
> *Nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno*."

And, strange as it may seem, — how charming soever be spontaneity, still those who have endured coercion find a good deal also to say in favor of it.

> "O Life! without thy chequered scene
> Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
> Success and failure, — could a ground
> For magnanimity be found,
> For faith, mid ruined hopes serene?
> Or whence could virtue flow?"

There are many, surely, who, looking back into their past lives, feel most thankful for those acts which came least from their own mere natural volition — can see that what did them most good was what they themselves would least have

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chosen; that things which, in fact, they were forced to, were, after all, the best things that ever happened to them. There are some, surely, who have had reason to bless a wholesome compulsion; there are some who prefer doing right under a master to doing nothing but enjoy themselves as their own masters; who, rather than be left to their own unaided feebleness, hesitation, and indolence, would voluntarily, for their own and the common good, enter a condition of what thenceforth would be "involuntary servitude." The mature free will of the grown man looks back, undoubtedly, with some little regret, but also with no little scorn, upon the bygone puerile spontaneities of the time when he did as he liked.

There are periods, it is true, in the life of the individual human being, and perhaps of the collective human race, when expansion is the first of necessities. Such, it is possible, may be the present. But because we would be rid of existing restrictions, it does not follow that restriction of all kinds is an evil;—because our present house is too small for us, it is not to be inferred that we shall live henceforth in the open air.

As a general rule of life and conduct, we see as yet no reason to believe that *liberty*, if this be its meaning, is better than service. It does not seem to be established that the system on which the things we live amongst were arranged, is that of spontaneous development, rather than of coercion met by a mixture of resistance and submission. The latter hypothesis seems intrinsically as much more elevating as the other does more agreeable. Meantime, as a matter of language, we should be inclined to reject altogether this modern sense of our old established word Liberty. If the new theory wants a name, let it find a new one. It will but perplex and cheat us by claiming one already otherwise appropriated. When we hear people demanding liberty, we shall consider them to express their desire, not for the golden age, but either for release from some particular form of restriction, or, it may be, for a less degree of restriction in general. Liberty for us will mean either *more* liberty, just as in the Black Hole of Calcutta, "air" meant "*more* air,"—or distinct emancipation, for example, from personal slavery, or from foreign rule. Liberty in itself is but the power of doing what we please; a power

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which, for all human beings, has its natural limits. We may easily, indeed, have too much or too little of it; we can only have it in degree, but without some degree of it we cannot exist.

Our author, we think, would have saved both himself and his readers some embarrassment, by simply using the term in this plain old-fashioned sense, instead of accepting and trying to re-define it in that of the latest political declamation.

From the two following chapters, on Socialism and Co-operation, the most successful perhaps in the volume, the latter of them in particular containing a variety of useful information, we make the following extracts.

"In an association founded on the principle of equality, there is no possible guarantee that every member shall perform his assigned part of the labor. It has been asserted, that, in the adaptation of the work to the capacity and the inclination of each individual, such a guarantee may be found. But this is to answer an objection by a false assumption. The work best suited to a man's capacities is not always agreeable to him. Nor is there any rule or measure of the capacity for, or the value of, different kinds of labor. Hard work to one is easy to another. A man may be apparently idle, and yet may be doing more than any of his busier associates. In such a society, it must be finally left to the conscience of every one to do his part, and the conscience is often a very unenlightened, and always a very fallible counsellor. Judging from experience, it must happen that an association of this kind would often prove only an encouragement to idleness. The least industrious would reduce their associates to their own level: they would not be raised to the level of their better companions.

"In an admirable little pamphlet published by the Marshal Bugeaud in 1848, when theoretical fancies of this sort were producing most dangerous effects, an account is given of a community established by himself under highly favorable circumstances for its success, on this principle of common interests and fraternity. The experiment was made in Algeria, and was fairly tried. The result was decisive, and he closes his account of it as follows: 'Absolute equality does not belong to this world. It is God himself who has determined this, since he has created men so different in power, in intelligence, in activity, in inclinations. The Socialists, afflicted at seeing misery often at the side of ease, and even of riches, pursue the chimera of perfect equality. They believe to have found it in association; they are deceived; they will obtain only an equality of misery.'" pp. 70–72.

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After noticing the support given by so thorough a political economist as Mr. J. S. Mill to the principle of association, he thus describes an attempt of the kind in Paris.

"As early as 1834, an association of jewellers was formed in Paris. It was at first a partnership of two individuals; but the number of associates gradually increased to thirteen. The chief principle of their association was that of mutual confidence, founded on a general conformity of sentiments and similarity of judgment. The members had the same rights, and all were under the authority of a chief elected from among themselves. The salaries or wages were not equal; and, in the yearly division of the profits, each associate received a share in proportion to the amount of his annual wages. There was an inalienable and indivisible capital contributed by the different members. The number of members was increased by the election of new associates from among the workmen who had been employed for not less than six months in the workshops of the society. They were not chosen until the members had had full experience of their good conduct and character, and were assured that they held the Roman Catholic faith. This association, which, from its long existence and continued prosperity (for it was at a recent period in prosperous existence), has been brought forward by the supporters of the system as a proof of the good results of coöperation, does not seem to differ in any essential respect from a common partnership of numerous partners. There is certainly nothing in it which can be looked to as promising any special advantages to the great body of workmen, even of a single trade; and it may be well to observe, that, although called an 'association of workmen,' it is rather an association of masters, — the united capital of the associates enabling them to employ workmen who have no share in the profits of the concern. That an association of this kind, established under favorable circumstances and conducted on equitable and sensible principles, may secure the comfort and independence of its members, does not admit a doubt; but the limits of its usefulness are very narrow." pp. 87 – 89.

We must add a curious passage quoted by the author in a note.

"In the first Report of the Society for promoting Working Men's Associations, published at the close of 1852 in London, occurs the following passage: 'The Society has for some time past determined to discourage advances of money to bodies of working-men about to start in association, unless they have first shown some sign of preparedness for the change from their old life, and have subscribed some funds of

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their own. This has been done, because it has been found very necessary to have some proof that men have foresight and self-denial before they should be encouraged to associate. Working-men in general are not fit for association. They come into it with an idea that it is to fill their pockets and lighten their work at once, and that every man in an association is to be his own master. They find their mistake in the first month or two, and then set to quarrelling with everybody connected with the association, but more especially with their manager; and, after much bad blood has been roused, the association breaks up insolvent, or has to be re-formed under very stringent rules, and after the expulsion of the refractory members." pp. 113, 114.

The crying evil, as it appears to us, of the present system of unrestricted competition, is not so much the distress of the workmen as the extreme slovenliness and badness of their work. The joy and satisfaction of making really good things is destroyed by the criminal eagerness to make them to suit the market. The love of art, which, quite as much as virtue, is its own reward, used in the old times to penetrate down as far as to the meanest manufacture of kettles, for example, and pots. With us, on the contrary, the miserable truckling to the bad taste of the multitude has gradually stolen up into the very regions of the highest art — into architecture, sculpture, painting, music, literature. Nay, has it not infected even morality and religion? And do we never hear spiritual advice, which in fact bids us do as little good, and get as much applause for it, as we can; — and above all things, know the state of the market?

So far as coöperative societies or guilds would remove this evil, they would be of great use. But let it not be forgotten that the object of human society is not the mere "culinary" one of securing equal apportionments of meat and drink to all its members. Men combine for some higher object; and to that higher object it is, in their social capacity, the *privilege* and real happiness of individuals to sacrifice themselves. The highest political watchword is not Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, nor yet Solidarity, but *Service*.

The true comfort to the soldiers, serving in the great industrial army of arts, commerce, and manufactures, is neither to tell them, with the Utopians, that a good time is coming, when

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they will have plenty of victuals and not so much to do; nor yet with the Economists, to hold out to them the prospect of making their fortune; — but to show them that what they are now doing is good and useful service to the community; to call upon them to do it well and thoroughly; and to teach them how they may; — and all this quite irrespectively of any prospects, either of making a fortune or living on into a good time.

We are not sure that our author would quite coincide with us in a comparative disregard of physical discomfort, privation, and suffering. Yet we think he would join us in the belief that the real want of the present time is, above all things, the distinct recognition and steady observance of a few plain, and not wholly modern, rules of morality.

It is very fine, perhaps not very difficult, to do every now and then some noble or generous act. But what is wanted of us is to do no wrong ones. It may be, for instance, in many eyes, a laudable thing to amass a colossal fortune by acts not in all cases of quite unimpeachable integrity, and then to expend it in magnificent benevolence. But the really good thing was *not* to make the fortune. Thorough honesty, and plain undeviating integrity — these are our real needs; — on these substructions only can the fabric of individual or national well-being safely be reared. "Other foundation can no man lay." Common men, who, in their petty daily acts, maintain these ordinary unostentatious truths, are the real benefactors of mankind, the real pillars of the state, are the apostles and champions of — something not to be named within a few pages of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the Solidarity of the Peoples, and the Universal Republic.

We will take leave of our author by a quotation from his last chapter, called "the Future." It follows after some considerations on the prospects of the various nations of Europe.

"The prospect before our own country, bright as it is on many sides, opening before the view the noblest field of progress, is yet darkened by some threatening clouds. The prosperity that we have enjoyed may continue, and may extend with every year. But the rapid gains in material wealth which have been made during late years; the new

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fields of adventure, enterprise, and speculation, which have been opened, have given to the period a character of haste and excitement which leads to inconsiderateness and irreflection. It is time to pause, to draw breath at least, and look around to see whither we are hurrying. It is for us to remember that national prosperity depends on national character, and that long-continued prosperity may have the effect of weakening and of finally depraving that character. The popular declamation of the present day — the talk about 'manifest destiny,' 'natural boundaries,' 'geographical extension,' and such other topics — is one sign that this effect has already been in part produced. There is no such thing as destiny in the affairs of a nation. The fate of every nation depends, under God, upon its own acts; and if its acts partake of that wild, reckless, and unprincipled spirit which such language indicates, its fate is no longer uncertain. Strength may be diminished, and prosperity decreased, by unwieldy stretch of territory. The natural boundaries of a country are those, wider or narrower, within which the people may be best governed; and if to increase in territorial size is to diminish the chance of good government, then that nation is suicidal which chooses to add land to land, and state to state. The principle of self-government will not allow this to be done with safety, for the power of self-government is not to be intrusted to the whole human race. The half-savage descendants of the Spanish conquerors and the conquered natives of America are no fit depositaries of this power; the semi-civilized people of the Sandwich Islands are little worthy to be trusted with it.

"But within our existing borders there are questions whose solution is pressing upon us. The great difficulties are those of so dealing with slavery as to bring good out of evil; and of so providing education for the poorer classes, that the destruction of the experiment of republicanism, which is here being tried on a scale commensurate with its importance, shall not be brought about by the ignorance of a portion of our own citizens.

"These questions are too complex to be entered upon here." pp. 130–132.

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ART VI. — 1. *The Political and Historical Works of* LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *President of the French Republic.* London: 1852.

2. *History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in* 1815, *to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in* 1852. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Part I. New Series. Edinburgh: New York: 1853.

3. *Inaugural Address of* FRANKLIN PIERCE, *as President of the United States, delivered at Washington, March* 4, 1853.

THE subject evidently suggested by these three publications, is the relations existing between the present governments of France, England, and America. We purpose, therefore, to inquire into the policies which these important powers have lately pursued, or are likely to pursue, toward each other, rather than to enlarge upon the intrinsic merits of the works themselves. If any exception is made, it will be in favor of our old friend, Sir Archibald Alison, whom we are not sorry to see, at last, a titled member of that aristocracy whose praises it has so long been his privilege to sing. The present time is a fitting one for such considerations, as the vapid but bellicose harangues of declamatory partisans during the last two or three years appear not unlikely to be superseded by decisive action.

Till quite recently, the true mission of the American Republic, involved as it is in the great ideas and facts of its history, has been regarded as a simple, but a sufficiently glorious one. A stern, perhaps an ascetic, people had come to a new world and founded their rude homes in a wilderness. Unfettered by feudal traditions, preserving as much loyalty as they had ever held toward a dishonored race of kings, persecuted and ridiculed in the country of their fathers, they still looked back affectionately to their friends and kinsmen in the land they had left, and, for their sake, rendered allegiance to its crown and its laws; they paid it tribute and fought its battles. After a time, driven to rebellion by injustice and contumely, they passed through all the stages and the trials of revolution, till a stable and independent government was established, a government which, from the very nature of the case, could not

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have been other than republican. Imparting dignity and securing freedom to its own citizens, it has been ever ready to adopt the destitute and the adventurous of other countries, and to afford an asylum for the persecuted. Having increased, beyond all precedent, in wealth and strength, it has patiently awaited the time when, by its invincibility on the American continent, and by the example of its own prosperity, an influence might be peaceably exerted by it, in behalf of humanity and freedom elsewhere, more effectual than any that the bayonet has ever acquired.

The recent European revolutions have undoubtedly altered, to some extent, the aspect of our foreign relations. The demands of the people of Prussia for the constitutional privileges that had been promised them for their share in the War of Liberation in 1814, the partial fulfilment of these demands, the overturning of the French monarchy in 1848, the insurrections in all the capitals of the anomalous empire of Austria, the all but successful rebellion of the largest of her provinces, and the very act of interposition of the most formidable member of the Holy Alliance, — were events that excited strong interest and sympathy on this side of the Atlantic. It was then that the idea of active intervention in the affairs of nations upon the continent of Europe was first promulgated, a doctrine as short-lived as was the influence of its most distinguished advocate. Reaction was almost immediate. The Prussian monarchy was strengthened by the outbreak; France has exchanged the vagaries of the revolution for the iron rule of the empire ; the vast possessions of the House of Hapsburgh are bound together by the strong arm of military despotism ; and even the most sanguine of the believers in the might of American influence have become convinced, that popular enthusiasm is not always a safe guide.

But while no rural candidate for small municipal honors now thinks his claims to office are improved by the "fearless" advocacy of a hostile expedition to the Adriatic, allusions have been made, in much higher quarters, to a more practical alliance, which shall be offensive and defensive, and bound together by the same common bond of liberty, — a suggestion not emanating from, or exclusively confined to the impulsive

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natures and restless dispositions of "Young America," but mainly urged and demanded, almost as a matter of course, by the only country to be benefited by it. The English press, and English orators and legislators, not universally, but in respectable numbers, have decided to regard the close union of the United States with England, in the event of an European war, as a thing definitively settled; and the pseudo-complimentary "extracts" from English newspapers, referring to this subject, have been greedily copied into our journals, without any comment to indicate the tone of popular opinion, but merely to show, we suppose, our growing importance and the altered tone of Englishmen towards a people whom, till recently, they have affected to overlook or despise.

With a few exceptions, however, this proposal, notwithstanding its flattering character, has found no very strong friends in this country; and it does not require great shrewdness to perceive, that it is intended not merely to conciliate America, but to serve as a kind of menace towards some of the European powers whom the English press and ministry have been in the habit of wantonly insulting with gratuitous advice, and the abuse with which English advice is generally accompanied. The consequences of this officiousness within a few years have been quite marked. Leaving, for the present the manner in which England has conducted herself towards France, and also towards Spain, whom she befriended so equivocally in the campaigns of the latter years of the war against Napoleon, — even her old faithful ally Austria, whose good opinion the Tories have always assiduously cultivated, and in whose armies many of her officers learned the art of war, regards her now with a degree of rancor bordering upon the ridiculous. It is not long since a drunken Englishman, of the name of Matthews, we believe, insulted an Austrian officer in the street, and was promptly cut down for it. The "opposition," of course, was in a ferment. The Emperor Francis Joseph was applied to; he justified his officer, but offered to pay the surgeon's and nurse's bill, amounting to about £200. Lord Malmsbury, the valiant English minister of foreign affairs, pocketed the pounds sterling and the insult. We have lately seen it stated, in an

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English paper, that at a target exercise during the present year, the Austrian soldiers shot at the figure of an Englishman which was surrounded by mottoes that indicated, to be sure, more bitterness than wit, and in which Lord Palmerston was not forgotten. It is, by the way, notorious that the retirement of this "judicious bottle-holder" from Lord John Russell's ministry was known at Vienna before it was divulged at London.

But notwithstanding the general enmity that England has excited upon the continent, there is one nation more than any other of which she stands in fear, and whose action she awaits with the uneasiness of a perturbed conscience, — a nation which it has been her unceasing boast, for more than thirty years, that she has trampled in the dust. The key to English diplomacy upon the continent may be found in the open promulgation of the doctrine by Mr. Canning, that the interests of England are to be secured at any price, and at any sacrifice of the independence of other nations. The key to that mad, but temporarily successful, attempt to annihilate, by means of coalitions, all French influence upon the continent, is to be found in the celebrated maxim which Mr. Pitt left to his successors, — that *justice* to France would be the ruin of England. And lastly, the secret of her sudden trepidation and sudden transatlantic friendship lies in the fact, that France, after a humiliation of thirty years, finds herself in a position to *exact justice* at the point of the bayonet.

The French throne is now occupied by one who bears that mighty name, so loved by France and so dreaded by her enemies. The lawful heir to an empire created by the suffrages of a free people, born in the palace of the kings of France, the first of a dynasty sprung from and inaugurated by her people, Louis Napoleon had no common claim to the almost unanimous voice which has recalled him, at last, after so many revolutions and so much suffering, to that summit of power which her own will had never denied him. Forty-four years before, that empire which made all France delirious with joy was made hereditary in the family of Napoleon by four millions of votes; two thousand royalists and disorganizers alone having offered a feeble negative to these over-

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whelming numbers. That vote has never been rescinded or annulled by any act of the French people. It was not forgotten even when a million of armed men overran her soil, and a hated and discarded dynasty was resuscitated as a part of her humiliation. It was owing to the conviction that the restoration of the Napoleon family was the act of the people, and would be defended by them with their lives and fortunes, that France has been permitted to consolidate her government, unembarrassed by a war of self-defence. The dreaded arbiter of the North, who, after the fall of Charles X., had gathered his forces to march upon Paris, quietly beholds upon an imperial throne the heir of him whom Alexander had been bribed to depose, and whose family the four great powers had solemnly decreed should never again hold property or power in France, or even live within the limits of her territory. Austria, occupied with her rebellious subjects, could not forget that she had held up the Duc de Reichstadt over the head of the usurping Louis Philippe, till the day of that youth's premature death. Russia could no more spare her armies than Austria; and there remained to England, therefore, no ally but her terrible press.

The cool impertinence with which, through that medium, England has presumed to speak of recent French affairs, while she is able to exert but little influence upon the continent, while her army is absolutely insignificant in numbers, and, by her own showing, not to be compared in point of discipline and science with that of the nation whose wrath she so sedulously invokes, can be explained only upon the hypothesis, that she hopes, by the aid of an alliance with this country, to avert a war which she is less able than any other country in Europe to maintain.

In no spirit of hostility to England, we think there are many reasons why this project of an alliance with her should go no farther; and it might be shown, out of the mouths of her own statesmen and historians, that so long as there is any prospect of the Tories, or Conservatives as they now call themselves, having an influence in her councils, that she is not a fit subject for the alliance or the friendship of a powerful and a free people. We think it can be made clear, moreover,

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that the dynasty of Napoleon, restored at last to its natural place in the affections of the French people, ought to be cordially recognized and supported by the active sympathies of this country. The insular position of Great Britain is a sufficient protection to her from any ordinary attack, and she will hardly dare to invite any formidable coalition against herself. But France has once been punished for attempting to govern herself. She has passed through a series of convulsions such as no other country has ever recovered from. Her very victories were forced upon her. For twenty years, she was allowed no breathing space. Compelled to battle against the whole civilized world, she fell, at last, exhausted by her own prodigious efforts, but with prouder trophies and more glorious memories than she had won in whole centuries of her former history.

No Englishman has ever dared to write the history of Napoleon; for even Hazlitt was so misanthropic, at the time he was composing his work, that the jaundice appears on every page. Even the great name and fair fame of Sir Walter Scott have been injured by his acquiescence in the depraved spirit of the class for whom he wrote. Strange as it may seem at first, Alison comes nearest to doing justice to the character of Napoleon; for it being his intention to show only that it was the apostolic mission of England to put down all expressions of popular will, both at home and abroad, it was no object with him to prove Napoleon to be a monster, but simply that he was the embodiment of the great idea of popular rights, and for that reason, and no other, deserved the punishment which he received at her hands.

In forming an opinion of the early history of the Napoleon dynasty and its claims to be regarded as the form of government which the people have in their recent votes only reaffirmed, we need take no other ground than that which was assumed by Mr. Fox, and the liberal party of Great Britain, then represented, however, by only fifty or sixty members in a House of Commons which Lord Brougham has since called the most infamous that ever assembled. The powerful party, which has since overturned ministries and carried measures of vital importance, was then but germinating. The great body of the nation was unrepresented; the press, with few exceptions, was

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under the control of the dominant party, and abetted the unscrupulous schemes of the patrician interest. Indeed, more than one Englishman in our own day has ventured to assert, that England persecuted France from the time of the rude dismissal of M. Chauvelin, till the final withdrawal of her troops from French territory, three years after she had restored the curse of "divine right" and Bourbon imbecility; that her armies and machinations ultimately succeeded in overthrowing the only government that a European nation had ever chosen for itself, in strengthening the hands of absolute despotism, and in retarding, for half a century, the cause of that very liberty, the blessings of which she had been proclaiming for two hundred years. The peace-party, distinguished as it was for respectability and intelligence, could avail nothing against the machinery which the government of George III. and the Prince Regent employed to carry out their ends.

We had intended to say something of the abdication at Fontainebleau; of the intrigues on the part of England to have Napoleon removed from Elba to St. Helena or to St. Lucie, which caused the return to France, and the enthusiasm but ultimate catastrophe of the Hundred Days; of the unfortunate confidence in the good faith of the "most generous of his enemies;" of the barbarities that hastened the death of the illustrious exile; and of the violation of the sanctity of death by those who tore from the coffin the inscription which his followers had placed there, and whose only fault was that it gave him a title which had been recognized by every sovereign upon the continent. But our limits will permit us only to say, that Mr. Pitt did not live to witness the triumph of his principles. He died soon after the news arrived of the defeat of the last of his combinations, when the "sun of Austerlitz" had set upon its bloody field. The spoiled child of the oligarchy, the uncompromising enemy of the people, fell at last under the burden of his misdirected labors. His last glance beheld the sun of that empire he had sought to quench blazing in its noontide glory, and, turning mournfully to the gloomy picture of his country's future that his distempered fancy had conjured up, his own weakness was disclosed to him. His genius had exhausted itself in coalitions, and his coalitions had all been failures.

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Louis XVIII. could not have been any thing, even had he wished to be, but the tool of the despots who had placed him upon the throne of France at the expense of the independence of its people. The country that had come down to him from Pharamond and Clovis; the country of Charlemagne, of Francis, of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon, the last and proudest of its memories, was plunged into the abyss of shame. It suffered the sublime and the ridiculous in humiliation. From the imperious demands of Austria for the dismemberment of her territory, to the stolid impertinence of the British cockneys who thronged the streets of Paris; from the rage of the chivalrous old swordsman, Blucher, who was for hanging Napoleon and blowing up the Bridge of Jena, to the cloud of ragged and thieving Spaniards that appeared on the summit of the Pyrenees, — all conspired to abase the once haughty arbiter of Europe. It was these indignities that humbled her more than the frightful pillaging to which the Allies subjected her lands.

But why revive, at this day, the story of wrongs that have become historical? Because that very history has been grossly perverted; because France has been systematically misrepresented; because a large proportion of historical readers have been taught to consider her as an outlaw from political society, and a disturber of the tranquillity of Europe; because they who have wronged her most now hate her most; because, in fine, there has been another revolution, another period of anarchy, another 18th of Brumaire, and another Emperor; and because there is the same disposition to injure and to libel from the same quarter; and because there is now a new nation, hitherto untrammelled, and, we trust, forever to continue untrammelled by European alliances, but whose sympathies, at least, would be active in another general European war. The same political organ that urged the death of Napoleon, as an atonement to that British nation "whose children he had for twenty years slaughtered, and whose country he had sought to ruin," has been, during the past year, profusely dealing in the same species of "history" and the same sort of libel. Happily, however, the time has come when Englishmen are among the loudest in decrying the inhuman policy

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that sets nations against each other, and when Englishmen themselves are not afraid to speak of the iniquitous policy commenced by Mr. Pitt, and carried out by the Regent, Lord Castlereagh, and other leaders of the Tory party.

Under the reign of Louis Philippe, France was undoubtedly prosperous, and was not altogether without that beatific vision of Frenchmen, *la gloire*. The siege of Antwerp, the siege of Constantine, the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the capture of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader, all illustrated by the pencil of Vernet, and thus contributing to those three leagues of canvas at Versailles which depict French history from the time when Pharamond was raised by the Franks on the shield in the year 420, to the battle of Isly in 1844, attest satisfactorily that the spirit of Bayard, Duguesclin, Turenne, and Condé, has not degenerated. But Louis Philippe ascended the throne as the vassal of England, and was merely tolerated by the sovereigns upon the continent. Nicholas was actually marching his army upon Paris, and Austria not only refused a matrimonial alliance to the Duc d'Orleans, but showed an insulting partiality for the Duc de Reichstadt. So abject was Louis Philippe's submission to England, that the latter presumed to manifest grave offence at the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier with the Spanish Infanta. France, however, had sufficient reason for breaking off all connection with England on the Eastern question, in which M. Thiers figured so conspicuously. Lord Palmerston had coolly announced to his House of Commons, that "it was not intended to consult France upon the Eastern question." The people of France were furious; the army was raised to the war establishment, and was impatient for the conflict. The generals pledged themselves to put Louis Philippe in possession of London in ten days after the departure from Paris. There was no war, however, and all that France gained was the discipline and the *materiel* of an army consisting of half a million of men, the best appointed in the world.

The causes which converted the riot of February 22, 1848, into a successful revolution, are well known; but there was an element in it which has been generally underrated. The three great parties opposed to Louis Philippe were the Bona-

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partists, or rather the Imperialists, the Legitimists or Henriquinquists, and the Republicans. The latter party was the most insignificant in numbers and influence, and therefore the noisiest and most violent. It consisted of a few poets and theorists, four or five journalists, and one or two thousand ruffians; this was the party that controlled for a while thirty-five millions of French people. Undoubtedly the best history of the Revolution of 1848 is the somewhat inflated account that Lamartine has given of his adventures and his *pensées* during the four months that saw him at the head of the Provisional Government, comprising the space between the anarchy of February, and the military dictatorship of June. Hydra, Argus, and Briareus, with their complicated system of heads, eyes, and arms, appear to have been united in the poet-statesman, who contrived, saw, and achieved all that was glorious during those memorable days. The account which he gives of the declaration of the republic has in it less of the poetry which he intended, than of the ridiculous. It is now as clear as noonday, that the whole affair was the result of sheer intimidation by the armed and drunken rabble, who were pillaging and shooting at random, while the heads of the revolution were planning. Lamartine says he was met at the Chamber of Deputies by half a dozen journalists and others, who besought him to make a government. He demanded five minutes (!) for reflection, retired to a chamber, rested his head upon his hands, and at the expiration of the time agreed upon, announced that government which was the laughing-stock of France and of the world for four months. The best farce ever represented upon the boards of the *Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques* could not compare with this. It was hardly to be expected, however, that the brave men who permitted the Duchess d'Orleans to be beaten down and half suffocated, the young Count of Paris to be nearly strangled by a *gamin*, and the little Duc de Chartres to be trampled under foot, would risk much for France. Lamartine showed not the least sign of personal fear; no Frenchman ever does in a revolution. But there was, to say the least, a deficiency of moral courage in the transaction, which makes the history of it a painful one. What a contrast between the shameful

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license, the bloodshed, the complete absence of all reference to the opinions of the substantial people of France, which characterized Lamartine's government in 1848, and the promptness, comparative bloodlessness, and deference to the wishes of France, which marked Louis Napoleon's virtual reconstruction of the Empire in 1851! The fate of a government inaugurated under such auspices was inevitable. Lamartine was at its head four months; and at the end of that time, he resigned it into the hands of a military dictator. The real man of the Revolution of 1848, however, was near at hand.

Charles Napoleon Louis Bonaparte had been elected a member of the first National Assembly by four of the departments of France at once, and stood again by right upon the soil whence he had twice been exiled. He was always popular with the people, and the Bonapartists, who had come to be the most numerous party in France, looked up to him as a leader. The cry of *Vive l'Empereur* would sometimes escape from a veteran of the Empire at sight of him; and it was a cry to which the populace were lenient. The impunity with which such expressions could be uttered was a token of danger to the "Provisional Government;" and Lamartine had him ostracized, to give quiet to the country which has since made him Prince-President and Emperor. With the same spirit which had dictated the abdication at Fontainebleau, he was deluded into a resignation. But, being elected a second time, and from *five* departments, he thought it his duty to accept the seat tendered him by his native city of Paris, and from that time his voice has controlled France. The government of Lamartine ignominiously fell; the frightful insurrection of June, 1848, demonstrated its unpopularity and its weakness. The members of the Assembly, in their private capacity, urged Lamartine and his colleagues to resign; they refused. But there was no alternative; and on the morning after the army had retrieved the disgrace of February, the Assembly conferred complete civil authority upon General Cavaignac, in addition to the supreme military authority with which they had invested him the evening before. The election of a President followed, and the Prince received six millions of votes, or four fifths of the

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whole number; Cavaignac, on account of his immense popularity from his success in June, was second on the list. The Presidential career of Louis Napoleon was in all respects brilliant and useful. He has been blamed, however, for the expedition to Rome, and the restoration of the Pope. But from the point of view which nine tenths of European statesmen would take, that expedition can be successfully defended. It was simply a question between Austria and France; and the loss of a counteracting French influence in Italy would have been a loss to liberty. Even the Westminster Review says, "the expedition to Rome was well meant; limited in its first idea to the occupation of Civita, and only converted into an attack on Rome by the bad faith of Harcourt and the folly of Oudinot." Louis Napoleon sought to promote the cause of moderate liberty everywhere, without encouraging extreme parties in other countries. At home, however, he was opposed by a factious and turbulent minority, composed of Orleanists, Henri-quinquists, Republicans, and Anarchists, whose sole aim was to thwart *him*. The constitution itself was an absurd contrivance, invented to render the voice of the Assembly supreme over that of the President and the people. The latter part of the sittings of the Assembly was spent in attempting to get the control of an army which despised it, and to overawe a nation which hated, but feared it. It was quite evident that France was upon the eve of a crisis, and the public mind reverted to the 18th of Brumaire.

Among the papers in the volume before us, is the pamphlet with the title of "The Revision of the Constitution," which was circulated about the time of the *coup d'état* and is generally attributed to the hand of Louis Napoleon. It is an able argument to show that parliamentary governments are too liable to abuses to exist in France, however well they may be adapted to England and the United States. Many of the views taken in this paper are identical with those presented in "*L'Idée Napolienne*," published some ten years before. The author has made a curious mistake in taking the theory of the British Constitution for its practice. He states that there is no *fiction* in the English government; that intrigues and parties are powerless; that there is no joining of hands

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between the aristocracy and democracy to effect changes; that no third parties interfere; and that ministers are not occupied with trying all expedients to obtain a majority. The *facts* in the case would better have helped his argument; for, hardly a month later, Lord Palmerston lost his place in the cabinet for expressing his approbation of this very *coup d'état*, and avenged himself by successfully employing the machinery in question to overthrow Lord John Russell's ministry, all the factions, including the celebrated Irish Brigade, who voted in a body, joining with him on the unimportant question which he selected as a test.

The Imperial author, however, is more happy in his appreciation of the constitution of this country, which he considers a simple and wise arrangement, and to which he gives a decided preference, because the cabinet of the American President is selected by himself, to advise him during the whole four years of office, and does not depend upon the caprices or the intrigues of either house of Congress. To the objection which might be made to a centralization of power in the hands of the sovereign, that the ministers would be but clerks, he replies that Henry IV. and his successors, down to Napoleon himself, exercised a degree of power which would be repugnant to the feelings of the present day; but that their ministers, Sully, Richelieu, Colbert, Louvois, Choiseul, Turgot, Vergennes, and Talleyrand, were not mere clerks. The revision is urged, because the constitution was not adapted to the interests of France. Originating in the terror and uncertainty of a revolution, (the republic being proclaimed to prevent anarchy,) its authors had not kept their promise of consulting the people, who had never recognized it. Ephemeral and accidental as it was, it committed France to the interests of a socialism she had repudiated. More than two million petitioners, a large majority of the councils of the *arrondissements*, and eighty out of the eighty-four councils of the departments had already demanded the revision.

In the mean time, the condition of France had become alarming. The agents of the Bourbons, the Orleanists, and the Socialists hardly cared to conceal their plots, as they confided in the imbecility of the legislature and the theoretical

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inactivity of the President. The government was powerless; all branches of industry, agriculture, and commerce stagnated; the laws were contemned; society seemed about to become once more a prey to convulsion and anarchy. Beyond the frontiers of France, but within the limits of that influence which a French revolution notoriously exercises, the elements of disorder were active. The assassins of Count Rossi at Rome, of Lamberg at Pesth, of the Princess Windischgratz at Prague, the English Chartists, the Irish Clubbists, and even the turbulent aliens residing in the United States, were all supposed to be ready for the demonstrations which were to take place upon the election of a French President in May, 1852, when Napoleonism could no longer exercise its powerful influence for peace and order. The clouds became thicker and darker as the time approached.

Each of the factions in the Assembly now offered its services to the President, upon the condition of his acceptance of a ministry from its own ranks; but he had determined to rely entirely upon the people. Fully acquainted with every thread in the vast conspiracy, with an intimate knowledge even of the details of the various schemes for murder, pillage, and incendiarism, and of the men implicated in them, grasping completely a formidable plot to anticipate the May election and overturn, not the President, but the Presidency, and substitute the dictation of a new Assembly, Louis Napoleon saw that there was but one course for him to pursue, and that was, to depend upon the sagacity and patriotism of the six million of voters who had trusted in him, to institute a new order of things, and to defend it with the whole force of the military till the will of the people could be ascertained. St. Arnaud, Minister at War, De Maupas, Prefect of Police, and De Morny, a representative, were the three persons to whom he confided his plans, and with whom alone he consulted during the fortnight previous to the *dénouement*. We need not detail the complete success of the *coup d'état*. The principal measures were to arrest guilty and dangerous persons, to publish the official acts, to invest and occupy the palace of the Assembly, and to distribute the troops at such points as were judged necessary; and they were carried out according

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to the original plan. The whole number to be arrested was but seventy-eight, eighteen of whom were representatives, and sixty heads of secret societies and captains of barricades. None of them had been lost sight of, and their plans were better known to the government than among themselves, for the fortnight previous. At noon, on the 2d of December, the Prince-President rode boldly through the streets of Paris, amid the acclamations of the populace, and reviewed his army, who were awaiting any insurrectionary movement. There was soon work to do: barricades were multiplying; the Socialist army of three thousand fighting men was distributed, and the troops had been fired upon. Citizens were warned to keep away from the barricades, and from the streets occupied by the military, and the fighting commenced. After two days of more or less skirmishing, the government was completely victorious, with a loss of only twenty-five killed, and one hundred and eighty-seven wounded. The insurgent loss was doubtless much greater, as no quarter was given to those found with arms behind the barricades. The satisfaction at the result was hardly greater at Paris than in the departments, where the conspirators had undertaken to anticipate the government by the circulation of false intelligence. Citizens met and exchanged congratulations. The nation passed absolution upon the act by the recorded votes of more than seven millions of freemen, notwithstanding the prodigious efforts of the partisans of the old dynasties, who foresaw, in the now probable and almost certain restoration of the Empire, the extinction of all their hopes. On the 1st of December, the French five per cents were at ninety francs; on the 10th, they were more than one hundred francs, an increase of over ten per cent. of the public and private wealth. All that remained of the long-vaunted mighty movement, which was to convulse Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, appeared in the feeble outbreak at Milan, a few months ago, where a few cowardly assassins were punished with confiscation or the gibbet.

The *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon should have been a matter of congratulation to good citizens everywhere; and more especially did it benefit a country so devoted to loyalty

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and order as England. But we have seen that the veteran Palmerston lost his place for approving it. It is said that the Cobourg family, upon the Continent, had influenced her Majesty against Louis Napoleon, and that, for the first time during her reign, she interfered with her government by showing her aversion to Lord Palmerston. The court, moreover, is suspected of being slightly Austrian in its tendencies; and Lord Palmerston is accused of having put into his pocket an autograph letter written by the Queen to the Emperor Francis Joseph, upon a recent occasion. For some reason or other, England was determined not to be satisfied with any sort of government in France. The ministry vented its displeasure at once. Lord Normanby had the bad taste publicly to express at Paris his astonishment that such an event should be permitted; and he had the honor of being "snubbed" by the Prince President, who showed him Lord Palmerston's opinion. The press teemed with libels and not obscure hints at assassination. The English editor of this edition of Louis Napoleon's writings prefixes his own comments to that account of the *coup d'état* by M. Granier de Cassagnac, from which we have gathered most of the facts here presented; he remarks that, M. de Cassagnac being a mere *valet de plume* in the service of Louis Napoleon, this recital may be looked upon as the version, which "that individual would wish to palm upon society, of atrocities which will remain to history as a monument of disgrace and humiliation to the century in which they occurred," — a century, we may suggest, which was ushered in by the perfidy of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and the piratical seizure of the Danish fleet!

We cannot but think it extraordinary that, while England was seeking most to exasperate France, her fears, real or pretended, of an invasion were greatest. This subject of an invasion by France has been a fruitful theme with the English journalists ever since the stability of the French government was confirmed by the *coup d'état;* and we may regard it as one of the surest signs of general confidence in the lasting good of that event which has been exhibited. We were disposed to think that there was nothing more in this cry of invasion than a desire, on the part of the English aristocracy,

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to increase the army and navy for the especial benefit of their own younger sons, till a certain M. Billaud was permitted to address letters to the Prince President, full of bitter expressions of hostility to England, and the most sanguine expectations as to the result of such a movement. From these and sundry other occurrences, it cannot be doubted that Louis Napoleon, anxious as he seems to be for peace, would be compelled to resent, with the whole military force of France, the first attempt of England to excite a European prejudice against him. It is an important question, therefore, whether the Emperor will be able to restrain the passions of a people whom Chateaubriand called "a soldier." Within the limits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine, France is all powerful. No force which the rest of Europe could spare could successfully invade a country whose army can be, at a moment's warning, raised to a million and a half of men who have, at some time or other, done military service. Her peace establishment is nearly half a million, and, by a system of drill which excludes every manœuvre which is not eminently practical, — such as the slow time in marching, and the various *parade* exercises, — it has been raised to the highest point of efficiency and discipline. Its officers are the most scientific in Europe, and its ordnance the most numerous and best. In view of the fact, that, ever since the rise of Napoleon, the French army, whenever there was an approximation to equality of numbers, has generally won the field, the confidence of the nation at the present time cannot be wondered at. For years, the veterans have been longing to wipe out the disgrace at Waterloo; and young France is taught that to hate the persecutors of the great Emperor is the first duty of a citizen. Louis Philippe was never so popular as when he seemed about to avenge the insult offered to France by leaving her out of the settlement of the Eastern question. The employment of steam has diminished, if not entirely annulled, the uncertainty of an attempt to cross the Channel; and the army once landed, the result could not be doubtful. The opinions and estimates of the best informed English journals leave no doubt that a French army could easily march upon London.

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Alison, in his lugubrious picture of the forlorn and hopeless condition of England, ever since the middle classes have been permitted to have a voice in Parliament, concludes by expressing the opinion that not twenty thousand men, or ten ships of the line, can now be brought to guard the coast from invasion, London from capture, and the British Empire from destruction. Some allowances must be made for the source of this gloomy picture; but it is conceded on all sides, that England has no adequate force to resist the attack of an army so numerous and well disciplined as that of France; and the Duke of Wellington died in the belief that an attack was meditated. In fact, under any other king than Louis Philippe, who was ruinously devoted to an English alliance, France would have gone to war in 1831, when England assumed a much higher diplomatic tone than her resources warranted in the Belgian question; or in 1840, when she succeeded for a while in excluding France from the Conference at London; or in 1846, when she chose to consider herself aggrieved at the Montpensier marriage. The continental policy of England has been very peculiar. Afflicted with an incontrollable propensity for meddling with every question, — now stirring up the subjects to rebellion, now congratulating the sovereigns upon the successful stifling of popular demonstrations, — one wonders what has kept her from war so long. The secret of her impunity is, that there are two parties always contending for place, and it is the sole mission of the "opposition" to oppose whatever is proposed by the government. Thus, if the agent of one ministry is ordered to leave a country for fomenting treason among its subjects, the next ministry volunteers to set spies upon refugees in London; and it is in this convenient system that the government takes refuge whenever the horizon looks dark. There is no consistency in her machinations. An inveterate propagandist of institutions which do not seem to tend to any practical result but the pauperism of the many for the benefit of the few, perpetually canting about a hypothetical freedom of the subject, and yet always ready to suspend the *habeas corpus* act the moment the ministerial majority is strong enough to assert that the country is in danger, it is not surprising that her foreign policy is treach-

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erous and dangerous to her allies. She devastated the Peninsula under a pretext of liberating it, but really to afford a diversion, while the powers she had subsidized attacked Napoleon in Germany. By a succession of well-fought actions and well-managed retreats, she effected her purpose; Spain regained her chaste and able Bourbons, the Inquisition, and the guerilla bandits; the cause of religion was also a gainer, (according to Sir Archibald Alison, England has received an apostolical mission to spread the gospel,) to the extent of an embroidered petticoat for the Virgin, the handiwork of the royal Ferdinand. Not content, however, with having restored these blessings, she soon began to undermine the government she had placed upon the throne, and insidiously labored for the dismemberment of its possessions. The country which declaimed so loudly against Cuban "filibustering," which attempted to stigmatize Americans who protected the Canadian refugees as *pirates*, actually sent thousands of the veterans of the Peninsular War to sever from the dominion of a country, with whom she professed to be at peace, her entire South American provinces, for no other object than to open a trade for her own merchants. Money was sent over in profusion. Between the years 1820 and 1840, England spent £140,000,000 for this purpose, which has never been repaid. Moreover, an expedition sailed from British harbors in open day, commanded by "Sir Gregor McGregor," and took possession, under the British flag, of Porto Bello, in South America, then in the undisturbed possession of a Spanish force, the two countries being, as Spain foolishly supposed, at peace. Still later, an army of shop-boys and pickpockets, with a few half-pay officers, under the imposing title (*et præterea nihil*) of the "British Legion," went over into Spain, to aid in keeping up a murderous war of factions, which then disgraced and paralyzed the unhappy realm of Ferdinand and Isabella.

We turn now to a brief examination of the new volume of the "History of Europe," by Sir Archibald Alison, and hasten to say at the outset, that, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the peculiar *crotchets* of the author, the statistics, dates, parliamentary debates, and diplomatic controversies are stated with pains and with fairness throughout the

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work. There, however, all praise must end. The bitterest enemy of England and her institutions could not have projected a cleverer satire upon the motives of the persons who are most conspicuous in the book. The odious policy of Pitt and Castlereagh, and the passive meanness of the Regent, are paraded with a boastfulness as shocking to the democratic tendencies of the age, as it is mortifying to the great and increasing liberal party of Great Britain. We had thought that the perverseness of man could not go farther in blind adulation of the patrician, and unfeeling denunciation of the popular, elements in government, than Alison went in his first Part. He then undertook to show the advantages of an oligarchy; he ascribed the twenty years' war to the democracy of France, instead of the aristocracy of England, to whom alone it was due. The worst thing was his attempt to prove the advantages of war; he recounts the blessings of peace, but maintains that, in its prosperity, are to be found "the hard-hearted master and the reckless servant, the princely landlord and the destitute tenant, the profligate husband and the faithless wife, *et corrumpere et corrumpi seculum vocatur*." American readers, not having had the advantage of that refined society from whose morals this picture is drawn, may be pardoned if, not questioning the accuracy of the picture, they fail to admit its universal application as an argument. On the other hand, argues Alison, war has indeed the inconveniences of ravaged fields and sacked cities, slaughtered multitudes, famished groups, the tears of the widow, and the groans of the fatherless; but what is all this to the patriotism, self-denial, and disinterestedness so often witnessed in such suffering? Peace gives men a larger share of the enjoyments of this world; but war "*renders them fitter for a future state.*" That is to say, a simple Quakeress, like Elizabeth Fry, who gives her whole lifetime to relieve the sorrows of humanity, may be able to enjoy her dinner or her night's rest; but the politician, who, because he thinks his own country secure from retribution, never permits his neighbors to be at peace, he, and the brutalized instruments of his ambition and selfishness, are the true characters for the kingdom of Heaven! We neither misunderstand nor mistate Sir Archibald Alison upon this

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point; it stands in the black and white of the concluding chapter of his first series.

We pass over the exclusively English question of the corn laws and the reform bill of 1832, which the author touches upon in his opening chapter. We may be permitted to think, however, that some advantages have followed the introduction of cheap bread, which he is not prepared to admit; and we cannot but trust that some of the spectres which he has conjured up, as the legitimate effects of the partial destruction of the rotten boroughs, exist nowhere but in his perturbed imagination. But we find some consolation in the grand schemes for the amelioration of mankind in general, through the aggrandizement of that English aristocracy which now hails Sir Archibald Alison as a brother, though they look rather oddly in a production of the nineteenth century: these schemes are the abolition of jury trials and of *popular education.* The statistics brought to bear upon the latter point are appalling. Sir Archibald has shown, beyond all cavil, that the gallows and the spelling-book should go together; for if you educate a man, you will sooner or later have to hang him. Apprehensive of being led to commit some horrible crime, (for we rarely venture to dispute the author's figures,) we had begun to congratulate ourselves upon our limited amount of information, and to take measures for the gradual diminution of our small stock of useful knowledge, when the "Edinburgh" came to our relief, by showing that, for once, Sir Archibald was wrong in his estimates, and that the educated criminals, instead of being double the number of the uneducated, were only in the proportion of one to seven. We should really like to know what sort of image is reflected in the mind of Sir Archibald Alison while he is writing his disquisition upon "*the people.*" The theatrical conception of a Frenchman is an improved species of monkey, who fiddles, dances, and curls hair, speaking broken English on his own soil, withering up at any sort of hostile demonstration against his person, and convulsed by paroxysms of fear at the distant melo-dramatic roar of the British Tar. No man could write as Alison does if he had not a corresponding idea of *the people.* Something in a smock-frock, that swills beer and "doms the parson" by day, and poaches pheasants and

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burns ricks by night, is evidently the authentic Alisonian idea of every unfortunate being who has not the honor of belonging to the landed gentry of England.

It is not to be expected, therefore, that a gentleman of Sir Archibald Alison's habits of thought will have a very exalted opinion of America, or that what he condescends to say of us will be very amiable or very correct. The single chapter in the first series devoted to America was a farrago of nonsensical libel from beginning to end. The marginal references run thus: — "Total absence of originality or independence of thought;" "Spoliation of the commercial classes already commenced;" "Insecurity of life and order in America;" "Peculiarity of American cruelties in this respect;" "External weakness [!] of the Americans;" "Banishment of higher talent from the public service;" "Dependency of the bench," &c., &c. The subject of American manners, so lucrative a theme for the London hacks, Alison dismissed in a single sentence; — "The manners of the Americans are the manners of Great Britain, minus the aristocracy, the landowners, the army, and the established church." The *minus* quantity is very suggestive; but, as the author evidently intended to compliment us for approaching *so near* to decency, we forbear any comments.

In the first chapter of the new volume, which is an outline of the whole field that the new series is to cover, Sir Archibald again ventures upon American ground. In order to show the ill effects of democratic institutions, he informs the British public that "the principal States of the Union have, by common consent, repudiated their State debts as soon as the storms of adversity blew, resuming payment only in a few instances, when the sale of lands wrested from the Indians afforded them the means of doing so, without recurring to the dreaded horrors of direct taxation." Considering that to broach a project for the payment of the National Debt of England would be cause enough to send a man to Bedlam in English medical jurisprudence, perhaps this is rather severer language, with regard to the defalcation of Mississippi, than Sir Archibald is entitled to use; his banker would have given him a better account of American investments. We learn, more-

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over, that "the measures of Congress have been so generally directed by *self-interest*," that "South Carolina was only prevented from breaking up the confederacy by the quiet concession of the central legislature." We may have our doubts as to this; and we certainly do not comprehend the meaning here of the term "self-interest." As a part of the selfish career of unbridled democracy, the author goes on to say, that we seized upon Texas "without the vestige of a title;" that by concealing our title, which negatived our claim, we obtained from Great Britain the half of Maine; that we did our utmost to revolutionize Canada, and were only prevented by a melancholy tragedy from revolutionizing Cuba; that when the Mexicans took up arms to avenge the spoliation of their territory, we invaded their dominions, and wrested from them the half of all that remained; that during the last ten years, though attacked by no one, we have, by violence and fraud, made ourselves masters of 1,300,000 square miles of territory; that "the very children in all parts of the Union play at soldiers;" and that "democratic passions have found their usual and natural vent in foreign aggression!" And this tirade, which in no single particular contains the remotest approximation to truth, is the sort of history for which the author has been made a baronet! And yet we are coolly told that this warlike republic, whose little army of some fifty thousand men, mostly volunteers, recently conquered a nation of seven millions of people, and won every battle it fought, against whatever odds, would be beaten by England in that third war which he considers so necessary to settle the "adjourned questions" of the last, before we could, to use a western expression, "get our eyes open;" and that it would be conquered in three months if situated on the Continent of Europe, unless it changed its government! It is hardly probable that the circumstances which would thus render a change of government imperative will occur for a geological era or two; but it is just possible that, in case any or several of the governments of Europe should *succeed in surrounding us on our own continent*, some means of defence would be adopted suitable to the occasion.

The author, in his enumeration of the burdens imposed upon France, hardly shows the humble spirit naturally to be

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expected of a religious propagandist; we even detect a little exultation in his style of describing "the oriental slavery," to which the converted country was reduced by the Holy Alliance and its insular friend and co-apostolic "soldier of the cross." Eleven hundred thousand men were quartered upon the soil and the resources of France, one hundred and fifty thousand of whom were to remain five years at her own expense, — all to show the confidence that Louis XVIII. had in his faithful subjects. Fifteen hundred and thirty-five millions of francs were extorted, in addition to the expense of maintaining the armies of the continent. The murder of Marshal Ney, which has left an indelible stain upon *all* who were accessory to it, is justified, but admitted to have been a mistake. It certainly was not auspicious that the throne of a dynasty, thrust upon France at the point of the bayonet, should have been inaugurated with the blood of the bravest old soldier of the Empire, who had fought fifty battles for France, and not one against her.

The volume now under review is not of so much general interest as those of the former series; and had not its author, who represents a numerous and powerful party of his countrymen, taken this opportunity to present a few additional theories, and to show up his old ones in a more aggravated shape; had he not, especially, gone out of his way to misrepresent America, and hold it up to the indignation of the world, there would hardly be sufficient interest in the book to recommend it to readers upon this side of the Atlantic, and little or nothing in its abstract merits to entitle it to the serious consideration of the reviewer.

We have discussed, with great freedom, the political relations of England and France; and it is time now to turn to this country, and devote our little remaining space to the manner in which our own interests have been affected by recent events. We have taken, for the basis of these reflections, the Inaugural Address of President Pierce, or rather that portion of it that deprecates any foreign interference in the affairs of this continent, and declares any further colonization of it by the European powers to be totally inadmissible. This we take to be a very decided affirmation of the so-called Monroe doctrine,

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with additions for the benefit of Young America. We must confess that, so far as we understand the "Monroe doctrine," it applied to the propagation of the principles of the Holy Alliance, and, as such, it could and should be enforced, if it were at all likely those principles would ever revive in Central America. But apart from the quadrennial epidemic of Young Americanism, we think there is much to be said in favor of restricting, at every hazard, foreign influence *within* our borders, and even in Central America; and that, in certain cases, all lawful means should be used to diminish such an influence, if incompatible with our interests, which, on the North American Continent, *but there alone*, we regard as identical with the interests of humanity. Our legitimate sphere of action is confined to this object. We do not apprehend, any more than England appears to have apprehended in the Oregon matter, the blustering denunciation of "those who would sacrifice the honor of their country" by the gentlemen who go for violating treaties, and claiming territory which does not belong to us. Mr. Webster gave the Oregon heroes a sarcastic rebuke, which we should think they might remember, when he told them that, if a smile of derision or a pout were excited in England, it would not be by any ground taken by the conservative side of the house. We believe that the doctrine of the exclusive control of the Central American States to be of too much importance to serve as a mere party catch-word, — a "springe to catch woodcocks" or votes. But we believe it is to be settled not immediately, or with any single power, and that the shrewdest, yet boldest, diplomacy will be required. We hope to see the day when the oratorical element in our policy will entirely pass away. *Swaggering* is no nearer to diplomacy than it is to courage; the instances of its success are not many, and they are as discreditable as they are few. The swaggerer never succeeds twice. If we are to trust the organs of the party which now controls the policy of the country, every individual to whom a foreign mission has been entrusted was "admirably fitted" by nature for that very office, before he was selected by the President. We sincerely hope that this was the case. If an unnecessary war is the result of

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an unwise and over-strained diplomacy, not only these gentlemen, but the President who appointed them, will incur a fearful responsibility. But if, in the straight and easy path of *duty*, it should happen that war were forced upon us, the executive should be supported not only by the entire military and marine force of the country, but by the sympathizing spirit of the *whole* people. Party lines should be for the time utterly annihilated; for the next foreign war will determine the position of America upon the political map of the world.

In order, however, to secure either immunity from war, or unity in case of war, it is absolutely essential that the government be not entrapped into an alliance with any nation whatever. We have directed the course of our remarks against an alliance with England, not from any hostility to that country; for, in spite of the wrongs which she has permitted her statesmen to perpetrate, there is much in the character of her people to admire; but simply because the current, slight as it is, was setting in that direction, and writers of a certain class have even attempted to turn it artificially thither. We have endeavored to show, moreover, that the government of Louis Napoleon was entitled to a cordial support from this country. There is every thing to indicate its stability, and its worst enemies cannot suggest any thing so good for the country over which it is instituted. In any event which may occur, let America be neutral, and let her enforce for herself and for other weaker nations the full RIGHTS OF NEUTRALS. If she succeeds in doing that, — and she can succeed, — she will accomplish a far more glorious mission than any, however seemingly proper, interference between a sovereign and a people would be, in the event even of its greatest success. In order to be completely independent of the nations which may be at war, our commercial relations with the ports on the Continent should be increased, if possible, by the acts of government; and we had intended to allude to the project for establishing a Continental depot for cotton, and new lines of steamers between this country and the Continent. Let us remember that friendships are sometimes more dangerous than enmities; let us consider the delicate relations of our internal organization; let us look to the guaranties which the

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past affords, rather than to the professions of the present;—and there will need no ghost to tell us, that a nation *may* be more dangerous as an ally than it is possible for her to be as an enemy.

Liberty depends not upon this or that form of government; it is neither at variance with the idea of a monarchy, nor inseparable from the idea of a republic. Forms of government depend upon the idiosyncrasies of nations, and the circumstances which surround their origin; but liberty may exist in all. It can no more be handed from one nation to another than language or morals can be so transmitted. We have but little faith in propagandism; for the laws of propagandism are, that if it succeed, it succeeds through blood, and if it fail, its failure buries its projectors in contempt. There is a theoretical and there is a practical liberty; and there is real happiness which is necessarily the adjunct of neither. The theory of the British Constitution is the liberty of the subject, independent of the sovereign; and the theory of the Russian autocracy is the liberty of the sovereign to dispose of the subject; yet the *people* of Russia are happy, and the *people* of England are wretched. Again, the government of England is a constitutional monarchy, and the government of Austria is an untrammelled despotism; but is not the merry and loyal peasant of the Tyrol an infinitely happier and higher being than the Yorkshire clown or the Cornwall miner? Are the smiling, light-hearted, music-loving Viennese, strolling of a summer evening along the alleys of the Prater, listening to a song of Meyerbeer's, or whirling about to a new waltz by Lanner, less happy, or less free even, than the skulking, scowling vagabonds that emerge after dark from the purlieus of St. Giles? And yet the *class* is the same. The truth is, the deeper our investigations go into the facts of human government and the facts of social life, the deeper is the conviction that the true history of the effect of political institutions upon the liberties and the happiness of man is yet to be written.

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ART. VII. — 1. *Life of* MRS. ELIZA A. SETON, *Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States.* By REV. CHARLES J. WHITE, D. D. New York: Dunigan & Brother. 1853. pp. 581.

2. *Memoir of* MARY L. WARE, *Wife of Henry Ware, Jr.* By EDWARD B. HALL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 434.

3. *The Sickness and Health of the People of Bleaburn.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 148.

"HOLY men of old, who have written the lives of Saints, universally begin by professing their unworthiness to be the historians of the marvellous deeds which the Holy Spirit has wrought in the Church. What then should *we* say, who, in these memorable times, from the bosom of our quiet homes, in the midst of our literary ease, venture to celebrate the glories of the Saints? We have much that is amiable and domestic among us; but Saints, the genuine creation of the Cross, with their supernatural virtues, are now to us a matter of history."

So says a late devout chronicler of the English Saints; and it seems a strange admission for one whose Church claims, to this day, miraculous powers for her faithful sons and daughters. What are "supernatural virtues?" Why are they not to be looked for in our day? More interesting for us, as well as more germane to our present purpose, is the inquiry, — what constitutes a Saint? Is it the gift of miracles, or asceticism, or pure humility? Is it devotion, charity, labor for the good of others? Is it a recluse life, — a literal separateness from the world, for the sake of a more entire renunciation of its pleasures and honors? Our own short answer would be, — something of all these; the power of working miracles being at least represented by the overwhelming potency of a true life in silencing all cavils, and enlightening the minds of those who witness it.

The term Saint has been, and is now, occasionally applied, in a contemptuous sense, to persons who profess a deeper sense of religion and more complete submission to its laws than their

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neighbors, and who show more piety than the world believes to be sincere and practical. It is not difficult to account for the feeling which has thus sought to cast odium upon a prominent profession of religion. The very name of sainthood involves the supposition that the world in general is "lying in wickedness," supine in alienation from God, and impatient of his laws and government; that not merely that abstraction "the world," but we, with our friends and neighbors, are in this state to such a degree, that if one be found among us, whose life is carefully, and, saving human frailties, fully conformed to the standard which we all pretend to acknowledge, he stands out conspicuous, a peculiar person, worthy of praise and honor. The writer, with whose words we began, states the matter thus: "To the generality of the world, many of the commandments of Christ are precepts of *perfection*, but to the Saints they are precepts of OBLIGATION. *This is the true distinction of Saints.*" There is then a broad line to be drawn between those who admire and those who imitate the Divine Saviour; and the world recognizes the distinction without horror or self-condemnation, even while confessing, with cold lips, the duty and the rationality of imitation. The ridicule, but too general, is therefore only one of the poor sops with which sin attempts to silence conscience. The best lives have yet so much of human frailty, that we get rid of the reproach of their goodness by calling up and insisting upon their imperfections, which we make as black as possible, in order to throw the shadow of hypocrisy over the bright side.

But, do what we will, the Saint is always recognized. He is a distinct person. Whatever be the amount of his astuteness, industry, thrift, fine manners, desire of popularity, he is not the man of the world, but a different creature, because his supreme, his ruling idea, the philosophy of his life, is different. He may even be, to the distant or prejudiced eye, undistinguishable from his neighbor who worships Mammon with heartiest service; but those near enough to feel the spirit of his life, know better. A man *is* what he believes and aims at, on the whole, with whatever short comings or even relapses. If wealth be his main object, occasional paroxysms of generosity must be referred to occasional causes; if pleasure, serious interests will occupy him only under the pressure of

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circumstances; if selfish ambition, all the tender affections and disinterested virtues are in abeyance, and must wait or bend, or be annihilated, if the greedy god smile not without such propitiation. So when one vows the allegiance of his soul to God and his fellow-man, all else is, so far as his wish and intention go, put in subordination to this upper purpose; and however riches, pleasure, selfish instincts, boiling ambition, human weakness, or obstreperous passions, may beguile, becloud, or pervert for the time, there is still the grand, holy, leading idea, in distant brightness, like the polestar, shining in blackest skies, and over the billows mountain high, that only for the moment blind and confound the bewildered mariner. It is convenient, for purposes of ridicule or depreciation, to draw the line as between "Saints" and "Sinners," that the respect accorded to the former may seem absurd; but the world knows very well that although Saints are Sinners, Sinners are none the more Saints for all that; and that, with all his sins, the man who is determined to be on God's side, and a worker for Him in this life, is unhappily always a remarkable personage.

The Saint is especially a worker. He is somebody who *does* something; not who fasts, or prays, or talks, or preaches merely, but who does what he finds to do for his fellow-creature, under the guidance, and as the humble follower, of a Divine Master. His having a Divine Master is what alone can preserve him from blundering arrogance in the performance of his work, and from fatal self-complacency in the contemplation of it. As well might the worker at the Gobelins throw away the exquisite painting that hangs behind him, and attempt *impromptu* flourishes and flowers unknown to botany. With a perfect pattern, even the most ignorant may attempt something, if only his eye be single. With all his errors, there will be a general resemblance, — such as a Master whose love is boundless, and whose compassions fail not, will accept and bless.

Seeing, then, that Saints are still, as they have ever been, but sparsely scattered up and down in the world, — here presenting a green spot for the eye to rest on amid the glare and heat of life, there making "a sunshine in a shady place," — it is surely well to speak of them when they are gone and can no longer feel painfully humbled by praise; to draw them

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together for the advantage of phalanx and the strengthening of those still dispersed and unconfirmed, as well as for the prompting and awakening of hearts in which aspirations of duty and holiness are as yet only possible, not present. Who does not know how often the noble deed of another has been the spear of Ithuriel to his own conscience; or a trait of heavenly goodness, the mirror wherein he saw, in all its odiousness, his past remissness or his cherished sin? Who has not read of devotion, with a stinging sense of his own ingratitude; of disinterestedness, with secret shame at conscious selfishness; of charity, with resolutions against hoarding for the future? Not only is a man known by the company he keeps, but the company he keeps has no small share in making him what he is. The Roman Catholic Church, with its usual astuteness in the use of means, makes the reading of the lives of the Saints a primary duty. To see what has been done is one of the most powerful stimulants to action; the knowledge of what others have surmounted, helps us through many a difficulty. Next in value to the actual companionship of the good, is the study of their lives, as portrayed by kindred spirits. Biographies get nearer the heart than any other writings, as pictures which resemble ourselves are sure to be interesting. We love even egotism and garrulity in the shape of autobiography, so strong is human sympathy. Every way benefactors therefore are they who give us lives of the Saints.

Never have such books as those we are considering been so eagerly sought after as now; perhaps, because the world, conscious of being more worldly than ever, confesses the sore need of recuperative means. It is the trick of a certain class of *gourmands* to follow each dangerous excess by some remedial drug, because penance is preferable to abstinence, and, the balance once struck, the peril is averted. So it has been known, before our day, that the wickedest men have been, naturally enough, though rather ludicrously, the most anxious for their souls, and, without any thing like a resolve to reform, the most profuse in masses and charities. The reading of good books seems like a good work, and the admiration of good actions seems like a holy sympathy; so we get better

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chiefly by the aid of those who have made the sacrifices which are too hard for us. But the best are strengthened by such reading, for who does not need help by the way?

Americans and their doings have as yet found small place in biographical dictionaries and works professing to be cyclopedic. We need the condemned word "ignore," to express the cool omissions of European writers and hashers, where American worth and worthies are concerned; for ignoring is very different from ignorance. But now we are beginning to make ourselves heard, and may one day, if we choose, be exclusive in our turn, for the whirligig of Time is no more remiss than of yore in bringing about its revenges. In Lives of the Saints, in particular, we are already rich; and when age shall have mellowed our chronicles, some homebred Allan Butler will rise up, surrounded with abundant and choice material. Some of the more recent of these we propose to examine, and we give the priority due to that Church which has always been most assiduous in holding up her Saints for reverence and imitation. She must excuse us if we forestall her in counting "one Saint more," whose name has not yet found its way into the calendar. Canonization is not, in our day, the privilege of popes and councils. We venture to claim for our countrywoman, Mrs. Seton, a niche beside that of St. Bega, who founded the religious house now known as St. Bees, sung by Wordsworth in some stanzas, from which we must be allowed to quote two or three:

"When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crost;
She knelt in prayer — the waves their wrath appease,
And, from her vow, well weigh'd in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the chantry of St. Bees.

To aid the votaress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds like miracles achieved;
So Piety took root, and Song might tell
What humanizing virtues near her cell
Sprang up and spread their fragrance wide around;
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel truth enchained in harmonies

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Wafted o'er waves or creeping through close trees,
From her religious mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire
And perished utterly; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo! a statelier pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed,
And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents; or for the best
Among the good, (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died,) in pious memory kept,
Thanks to the austere and simple devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees."

This Saint Bega is made out by her Catholic biographer to be a very lovely personage. She was an Irish princess, who left her father's house to avoid a marriage which he had planned for her; and, assisted by the virtue of a miraculous bracelet, which was given to her in a vision, she gained the English coast, though not without great danger of shipwreck among the rocks, which she escaped by a vow to build a holy house upon the same inhospitable headland on the Cumberland coast. There she constructed a cell, or, as some think, lived in a cave.

"Beyond those beautiful mountains, St. Oswald was ruling in sanctity and peace, and St. Aidan making his episcopal visitations on foot, [it was in the seventh century,] entering the scattered farms, teaching the little children, and leaving heavenly peace behind him wheresoever he went. The king in his bright crown, the weary, foot-sore bishop, each in his way, doing the work of God, and spreading the Redeemer's kingdom. And Bega too — she in her way is doing the same work. While she sings the Divine praises, and her meditations are

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differently attended, sometimes by the heavy thunder of the rolling sea, sometimes by the scarcely-whispering winds, or deep voices of the wood-pigeons in the trees, she is spreading the Redeemer's kingdom. Her prayers, her intercessions, her acts of austerity, her self-imposed loneliness, her virginal sacrifice, are communicating secret vigor to the whole church, and have power in the invisible world to bring out gifts for her fellow-men. *For to love God is the first commandment, and activity for our neighbors, without the love of God, is not the keeping of the second.*"

Truly, this is a maxim sometimes overlooked in our philanthropic times.

But Bega did not omit the kindly duties that show the quality of this goodly trunk of love. She was skilled in medicinal plants, and applied them to the curing of the poor about her; and it is said that she tamed the sea-birds, and even the wolves, who gratefully brought her of their spoils. One hardly requires that this should be literally true, so beautifully does it typify the power of feminine gentleness and Christian love.

After some years of deep seclusion, Bega was forced to fly her sea-side caves by the incursions of pirates, and she sought and found St. Aidan, to whom, says her biographer, "as to the brideman of her Bridegroom, Bega, the bride of Christ, drawing near, disclosed every secret of her soul, and those things that were wrought about her; and sought counsel from him, after what manner she might draw the bands of love and obedience toward her heavenly spouse more tightly." St. Aidan made the recluse into a nun, subject to the rules of an order. "No sooner was she clothed in her black dress than she entered a haven of peace; she was like a pilot resigning the helm to another, now that the mouth of the harbor is gained. For obedience is like Eden, a place, if not of carelessness, at least of child-like security."

Bega built a great monastery and filled it with nuns. While it was rising, though she was not able to work in stone and timber, she made herself the servant of the workmen, cooked their provisions for them, and carried them to them with her own hands; "ever ministering," says the record, "and running backwards and forwards, like a bee laden with

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honey." ("He that would be great among you, let him be your minister.")

"Soon the place was full of gentle nuns, spinning and weaving and copying patterns, yet all the while silent and recollected, their hearts stayed on God, and occupied with the sweets of celestial meditation. For she urged them most fervently to the keeping of fasts and watchings, to the singing of hymns and psalms and spiritual songs, and to the study of holy reading. Thus she did Martha's work, that she might not neglect Mary's holy rest, nor, on the other hand, contemn a necessary service on account of Mary's sabbath."

The monastery grew so large and important that Bega's conscience would not let her continue to rule over it; and she importuned St. Aidan till he permitted her to resign it in favor of the holy Hilda, better known, by name at least, to the profane world, if the world of poetry may be so called, than her predecessor. After this, Bega retired to a hermitage, making, however, an annual visit to her friend Hilda and the beloved monastery. Hilda died first, and Bega saw, in a glorious vision, the beatified soul carried to heaven, but in what semblance the chronicler does not tell us. Not long afterwards, she herself was called away, on the 31st of October, "while she was observing the vigil of All-Saints, quitting the world to join their society; that, winter coming upon the earth, all winter might pass away from her, leaving it; and the rain might cease and depart; that eternal spring might shine upon her, and the bloom of roses and the lilies of the valley might appear to her in heaven."

Some such life may have been the model of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, the daughter of a New York physician of some eminence, who, born an Episcopalian under the spiritual reign of Dr. Hobart, became, in middle life, the foundress and first Superior of the "Sisters of Charity" in America. The immediate or more obvious cause of her conversion to the Romish faith seems to have been a residence of some months in Italy, whither she had gone with her husband, for the benefit of his health, but without success, for he died at Leghorn, in December, 1803, after a month's confinement in a wretched lazaretto, where Mrs. Seton and her dying charge had suffered

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a whole life of tortures, both of body and soul. Her journal of the period is most touching.

"The matin bells," she says, "awakened my soul to its most painful regrets, and filled it with an agony of sorrow which could not, at first, find relief even in prayer. In the little closet, from whence there is a view of the open sea, and the beatings of the waves against the high rocks at the entrance of this prison, which throw them violently back, and raises the white foam as high as its walls, I first came to my senses, and reflected that I was offending my only Friend and resource in my misery, and voluntarily shutting from my soul the only consolation it could receive. Pleading for mercy and strength brought peace, and with a cheerful countenance I asked William what we should do for breakfast. The doors were unbarred, and a bottle of milk set down at the entrance of the room. Little Anna and William ate it with bread, and I walked the floor with a crust and a glass of wine. William could not sit up; his ague came on, and my soul's agony with it. My husband on the cold bricks, without fire, lifting his dim and sorrowful gaze in my face, while his tears ran on his pillow, without one word. . . . . My William, wearied out, was asleep; Anna, with a flood of tears, said her prayers, and soon forgot her sorrows, and it seemed as if opening my prayer-book and bending my knees was the signal for my soul to find rest. . . . Our capitano brought us word that other five days were granted, and that on the 19th of December we were free. Poor William says with a groan, 'I believe before then.' We pray and cry together until fatigue overpowers him, and then he says he is willing to go. Cheering up is useless; he seems easier after venting his sorrow, and always gets quiet sleep after his struggle. A heavy storm of wind, which drives the spray from the sea against our window, adds to his melancholy. If I could forget my God one moment, at these times, I should go mad; but He hushes all. 'Be still, and know that I am God, your Father.' Dear home — dearest sisters — my little ones — well! either protected by God in this world, or in heaven. It is a sweet thought to dwell on, that all those I most tenderly love, love God, and if we do not meet again here, there we shall be separated no more. If I have lost them now, their gain is infinite and eternal. How often I tell my William, 'When you awake in that world, you will find nothing could tempt you to return to this; you will see that your care over your wife and little ones was like a hand only to hold the cup which God himself will give, if he takes you. Heavenly Father, pity the weak and burdened souls of thy poor creatures, who have not strength to look to thee, and lift us from the dust, for His sake, our resurrection and our life."

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After recounting a vision of youthful days at home, she says, —

"All this came strong in my head this morning, when, as I tell you, the body let the spirit alone. I had prayed and cried heartily, which is my daily and hourly comfort, and, closing my eyes, with my head upon the table, lived all those sweet hours over again — made believe I was under the chestnut tree — felt so peaceable at heart, so full of love to God — such confidence and hope in him. The wintry storms of time shall be over, and the unclouded spring enjoyed forever. So you see, with God for our portion, there is no prison in high walls and bolts; no sorrow in the soul that waits on him, though beset with present cares and gloomy prospects. For this freedom I can never be sufficiently thankful, as in my William's case, it keeps alive what in his weak state would naturally fail; and often when he hears me repeat the psalms of triumph in God, and read St. Paul's faith in Christ with my whole soul, it so enlivens his spirit that he makes them also his own, and all our sorrows are turned into joy. O well may I love God, and well may my whole soul try to please him; for what but the pen of an angel can ever express what he has done and is constantly doing for me?"

Laboring incessantly for the body and soul of her sinking charge, she saw always light, bright as that which shone round Peter in his dungeon. Gifted with the warmest heart and the tenderest sensibility, she feels the sufferings of him she loved with a sympathy which left her no thought for her own, yet she was even more solicitous for his acceptance than for his comfort.

"The dampness about us would be thought dangerous for people in health, — and my William's sufferings, — oh! well I know that God is above! Capitano, you need not always point your silent look and finger there. If I thought our condition the providence of *man*, instead of a weeping Magdalen you so graciously call me, you would find me a lioness, willing to burn your lazaretto about your ears, if it were possible, that I might carry off my poor prisoner to breathe the air of heaven in some more seasonable place. . . . No one ever saw my William without giving him the quality of an amiable man; but to see that character exalted to the peaceful, humble Christian, waiting the will of God with a patience that seems more than human, and a firm faith that would do honor to the most distinguished piety, is a happiness that is allowed only to the poor little mother who is separated from all other happiness connected with this scene of things. No sufferings, no

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weakness nor distress, (and from these he is never free in any degree,) can prevent his following me daily in prayer, in the Psalms, and in generally large readings of the Scripture. . . . When I thank God for my creation and preservation, it is with a warmth of feeling I never could know until now; to wait on Him in my William's soul and body, to console and soothe these hours of affliction and pain, watching and weariness, which, next to God, I alone could do; to strike up the cheerful notes of hope and Christian triumph, which, from his partial love, he hears with the more enjoyment from me, because to me he attributes the greatest share of them; to hear him, in pronouncing the name of his Redeemer, declare that I first taught him the sweetness of the sound — Oh! if I was in the dungeon of this lazaretto, I should bless and praise my God for these days of retirement and abstraction from the world, which have given me opportunity for so blessed a work."

The end came at last, and sooner than the devoted wife expected. The 19th of December was the much desired day of release from the lazaretto, and the invalid was taken to the elegant residence of Mr. Filicchi, where he lay "the greater part of the day on a sofa, delighted with his change of situation, and with the taste and elegance of every thing around him. We read, compared past and present, talked of heavenly hopes, and went to rest in hopes of a good night;" but in the night the fatal summons came, and a few more days put an end to hope and suspense. Mrs. Seton went through the last duties with a firmness which astonished all about her. The simple people around, who had been prevented by a vain fear of contagion from performing the usual offices for the corpse, exclaimed, "If she was not a heretic, she would be a Saint!" Perhaps they recognized the infallible marks better than their spiritual teachers.

Up to this period, Mrs. Seton had evinced no nearer leaning toward Romanism than might have been predicated of a highly imaginative and warm-hearted woman, who admired and loved Dr. Hobart and his teachings. But the generous and truly Christian kindness of the Filicchi family seems to have warmed into active life the seeds sown by the zealous high-churchman in New York. Those friends in a foreign land offered a home to the widow and her children, supplied her with every comfort and consolation possible, and when

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she thought proper to return to her own country, one of the brothers accompanied her. Mr. Antonio Filicchi she thenceforth calls brother, and in a letter written a year afterward, addresses him thus characteristically, and as if the sun of Italy had put to flight every vestige of Anglo-Saxon reserve:

"Do you remember when you carried the poor little wandering sheep to the fold, and led it to the feet of its tender Shepherd? Whose warning voice first said 'My sister, you are in the broad way, and not in the right one'? Antonio's. Who begged me to seek the right one? Antonio. Who led me kindly, gently in it? Antonio. And when deceived and turning back, whose tender, persevering charity withheld my erring steps and strengthened my fainting heart? Antonio's. And who is my unfailing friend, protector, benefactor? Antonio! Antonio! commissioned from on high, the messenger of peace, the instrument of mercy. My God, my God, my God, reward him! The widow's pleading voice, the orphan's innocent hands are lifted to you to bless him! They rejoice in his love, O grant him the eternal joy of years!"

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Seton's change of faith, which was perfected during the homeward voyage of fifty-six days in the society of Mr. Antonio Filicchi, was received by her family and friends without what her Catholic biographer calls "a storm of opposition." He talks even of "persecution," and says that, had she remained a Protestant, she would have "inherited a large fortune." Who the persons were that thus punished her for leaving the Episcopal Church, we are not informed, but conclude they must have been unusually zealous members of that communion. The kind Filicchis stept in, and offered to provide for their convert, but this the proper spirit of Mrs. Seton declined. She wished to exert herself in the support of her family of five children, and although compelled to accept occasional aid from her Italian friends, she labored incessantly for the purpose. The generosity of these friends must have formed a striking contrast with the severity of Protestant relatives. After years of most liberal contribution to her support, Mr. A. Filicchi writes, urging her to draw on his New York agents to any amount she desired: "If you attempt to disregard your brother's direction in this respect, I will not write to you any more. I will try

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not to think of you, if possible. My means are to-day double what they were at the date of my subscription, (of $400.) A special Providence is visible in every step of ours. If you are heard so much in Heaven in my behalf, should I be so ungrateful as to desert you on earth? It is mortifying to receive, but mortification is the duty of a Christian." After the removal of Mrs. Seton to Baltimore, and the adoption of her plan for a Catholic school for girls near that city, Mr. Filicchi again writes, — and we mention such particulars with express reference to the example set by these disciples of Rome, not of munificence to secure a convert, for this one had long been beyond doubt or fear, but to further the interests of the religion they professed to believe, and to honor the name of Christ in comforting one of his humble followers: — "To promote the establishment you intimate, you will please draw on my agents for one thousand dollars, charging the same to the account in the world to come of my brother Philip and your brother Antonio. If any thing more should be wanted, you are commanded to quote it to me plainly and positively." The occasion for another thousand came in due season, and was promptly met; and two sons of Mrs. Seton were successively received for mercantile education and profitable employment by these untiring friends, whom we are disposed to class, if not among the Saints, among those who *méritent bien de l'être*, as true and warm lovers of God and man.

The steps by which Mrs. Seton was led to undertake the founding of a sisterhood we need not recount. Through the influence of a benefactor, Emmetsburg was chosen as the seat of the new nunnery; and, whether from some unhealthiness in the site, or in consequence of extravagant austerities, the mortality among the inmates of the convent seems to have been terrible. Mrs. Seton herself lost two daughters and two sisters-in-law; and the small community, in about ten years, some fifteen of its members beside. The weakness and unconscious impiety of the ascetic life, so lauded throughout this biography and elsewhere, never struck us so forcibly as in reading this account of a lovely woman, possessed of almost genuine and undoubted piety, yet whose mind, in

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many respects so clear and luminous, "rayed out darkness" of the intensest quality wherever penance was in question. Her immediate spiritual advisers seem to have been men of sense, and their cautions on this head here recorded certainly give no sanction to follies such as were practised by some of the sisters, and evidently encouraged by Mrs. Seton herself. Early death was constantly held up by her as most desirable; and the fact that a death had been hastened by voluntary self-torment had in it nothing to shock her notion of duty to our Maker and Preserver. One of the sisters, being ill, "was directed to bathe her feet in warm water, which the sister infirmarian having brought, she put her feet into it, and immediately withdrew them, observing that the water was too hot; but her attendant insisting that it was not, she returned her feet into the vessel and held them there as long as she was required, although it caused her intense pain, and produced an inflammation from which she suffered for a long time after. By this assiduous practice of the virtues of her state, she soon became ripe for heaven." p. 337.

We should know how to characterize such senseless and unkind behavior if it were practised in our own families. It is melancholy to find it praised by those who should know better. Mrs. Seton's own enthusiasm was so ardent, that we can make allowance for the fruits of her conversion wearing something of a hot-house aspect, as grapes raised under glass have a lusciousness seldom reached by the fruit naturally grown.* But the system, with its will-worship, its egotism under the transparent disguise of self-abasement, its passion-

* Here is part of a letter from Mrs. Seton to a clergyman in Baltimore, exhorting him to that perfect purity of service which excluded even the most natural and innocent gratification. "How much purer is your service when you are above the mist of earthly attraction! One thing I hope you are convinced of, (I, as a wretched sinner, know it well,) that wherever we meet a little proof of human comfort, there is always some subtraction of divine comfort; and, for my part, I am so afraid to cause any such subtraction, that I feel a reserve and fear in every human consolation, that makes them more my pains than my pleasures, yet the liberty of children of God I hope in all. I only mean to say we should be too happy when the providence of God keeps us wholly to himself. . . . You are remembered and loved here too much to make it a safe place for you, unless you were sent by God himself without the least agency of your own, and even then I fear my brother would grow lean."

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ateness, induced by a friction no less obvious than that by which we heat sealing-wax till it will attract to itself all the needle-points that are near enough — this is what strikes us painfully throughout the account of Mrs. Seton's life, her sufferings, her labors, and her excellencies. How *can* it be that wise men will try to be "wiser than God," in teaching that, in order to serve him acceptably, we must crush out the very nature he has endowed us with for that service?

Mrs. Seton herself is a most interesting person, and her life and character would well repay a closer study than we can here afford. In selecting her, among the Saints of our age and country, as a specimen of peculiarly devotional self-consecration, we have chosen her as the highest and best instance within our knowledge, and a woman who would have done honor to any faith. Biographers of the good are usually scarcely more than eulogists; but there is no little discrimination in some of the observations of Dr. White, and so many of Mrs. Seton's letters and sayings are quoted, that the whole carries with it in some respects the air of an autobiography.

"Full of kindness and charity to her neighbor, Mother Seton was rigid and austere to herself. We have already noticed the spirit of self-denial which she exhibited by the mortification of her senses. The renunciation of self was plainly visible in the poverty of her dress, her furniture, and other articles which she used; in her abstemiousness at meals, and in the severe observance of rules. She rose generally with the community, at four o'clock, and repairing to the choir, she there knelt erect, never sitting or leaning on any thing, and remained in this posture until after the morning prayers and meditation, which lasted an hour. But her chief aim was to practise that interior abnegation, which is at once the principle and end of all exterior virtue, and which consists in the crucifixion of corrupt nature, and its subjugation under the dominion of faith. This is the cross which she resolutely took up, after the example of her Divine Master, striving always to resist and overcome the views and desires of self, and follow the suggestions of grace. Nor did she find it an easy task to curb her will to the order of Providence; to walk faithfully and with simplicity in the path of obedience, and accept, with peaceful resignation, the numerous trials which it presented. Frequent and painful were the struggles she had to endure, in combating the suggestions of her own mind, relative to the line of conduct which her sanctification, the happiness of her child-

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ren, and the welfare of St. Joseph's sisterhood seemed to require. The Almighty, who visited her with these interior troubles, for the purification of her heart and the increase of her heavenly reward, permitted her to experience an extraordinary dryness in her spiritual duties, and to conceive a most invincible repugnance to the directions of her superiors. She thus depicts her situation in a letter to a clergyman:

"Writing on a table opposite to the door of the chapel, looking at the tabernacle, my soul appeals to Him if this is not a daily martyrdom. I love and live, and love and live, in a state of separation indescribable. My being and existence, it is true, are real, because I meditate, pray, commune, conduct the community, &c., and all this with regularity, resignation, and singleness of heart; but yet this is not I; it is a sort of machinery no doubt acceptable to the compassionate Father, but it is a different being from that in which the soul acts. In meditation, prayer, communion, I find no soul; in the beings around me, dearly as I love them, I find no soul; in that tabernacle I know He is, but I see not, feel not. A thousand deaths might hang over me to compel me to deny his presence there, and I would embrace them all, rather than deny it an instant; yet it seems that He is not there for me; and yesterday, while for a few moments I felt his presence, it was only to make me know that hell was gaping under me, and how awful his judgment would be. . . . Not one spark of grace can the soul discern in it all, but rather a continuation of the original fault, of a desire to do, to be loved, to please! So far from the simplicity of grace which would turn every instant to gold, it felt ashamed when it returned to the tabernacle, as if it had played the fool, or acted like those women who try to please company, and show all their ill humors at home. . . . Sometimes I would shudder at the dangers of such a situation, as if it was not as clear as light that it is part of the materials he takes for his work; and so little did he prepare the composition, that I would take a blister, a scourging, any bodily pain, with a real delight, rather than speak to a human being — that heavy sloth, hating exertion, would be willing to be an animal, and die like the brute in unconsciousness. O my good Father, all in my power is to abandon and to adore. How good He is to let me do that.' In this perplexing state, the thought would often occur to her that she was another Jonas, who ought to be cast out, for the safety of those around her. At one time, tortured with a sense of her responsibility in the station she occupied, she desired, like Bega, to resign it. But she lived to be elected Mother Superior for a third term, and in the mean time to perform a round of duties, both as the head of a young and struggling religious community, and as the principal of a boarding-school for young ladies, for both of which

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offices she seems to have been excellently fitted. Various passages in her advice to the sisters remind us of Madame Guyon, whom indeed she seems not a little to have resembled, in character and turn of mind."

As principal governess of the school, Dr. White speaks of her qualifications with great particularity, and with the highest praise. In general, (for our space waxes small,) he sums them up thus:

"The young ladies of the school she regarded as a sacred trust committed to her by Divine Providence, and to be cultivated with a solicitude similar to that which the Almighty himself evinces for his creatures. Her direction to the sisters, who had the particular care of them, was, 'Be to them as our guardian angels are to us.' Such was the character which she herself exhibited in this regard."

In another place it is prettily said: "Her part was to visit the classes, to exercise the talent of smiling and caressing, to give the look of encouragement or reproof, and in this way inspire both the pupils and their mistresses with a cheerful zeal in the performance of their duties." On the very difficult point of the treatment of parents, a greater stumbling-block in the path of the American teacher than any other, Mrs. Seton's good sense and natural tact, combined with tender affections and a deep religious sense of duty, is worthy of special remark, since it is matter of deep concern to all interested in education, — parents, teachers, and pupils.

"It was her custom to keep parents duly informed in regard to the proficiency of their daughters, and occasionally to request their coöperation in the correction of their faults, when the ordinary methods had proved ineffectual. In general, however, she thought it more wise not to acquaint parents with the failings of their children, *knowing how peculiarly sensitive American parents are on this point.* According to her view, where the fault is not to be corrected immediately by the parents, but rather by advice and education, it is best not to inform them of it, as they would consider it a reflection thrown on themselves; and although, if you referred the matter to them, they would apparently acquiesce in what you say, in their hearts they would exterminate the fault, whatever it might be, excusing to the children what they condemn to their superiors, and thus rendering fruitless any future efforts for their improvement. . . . Entering fully into the feel-

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ings of the parental heart, she knew what they could bear, and what it was inexpedient for them to receive; and with the greatest delicacy did she regulate her communications to the parents, always endeavoring to impart the word of comfort and gratification, and never withholding what it was necessary for them to know. On one occasion, she says, writing to a person who had a daughter at St. Joseph's, 'I have continually deferred answering your obliging letter, always hoping to say something consoling to the heart of a parent, and now with pleasure can assure you that your dear daughter has shown a considerable perseverance in her good determinations for some time past,' &c. Well could parents intrust their children to the direction of so wise and prudent a preceptress; for if she avoided, on the one hand, that weak condescension which overlooks, instead of correcting a fault, she understood, on the other, the necessity of training the heart gradually, and not forcing habits which must be the result of repeated and patient instruction. She thus wrote to a pious gentleman who had a relation at the school, whom he had lectured in too reproachful a tone by way of compelling her to her duty:—'You and I speak for all eternity, but take a word of advice from your old mother. I am a hundred to your thirty, in experience, that cruel friend of our earthly journey. If you ask too much at first, you often gain nothing at last; and if the heart is lost, all is lost. If you use such language to your family, they cannot love you, since they have not *our* microscope to see things as they are. The faults of young people must be moved by prayers and tears, since they are constitutional, and cannot be frightened out."

We could go on quoting instances to show the mingled strength and tenderness, which characterized this devoted servant of God, but perhaps enough has been shown to give an idea of the whole. A large heart and a sound head she must have had, and God saw fit to try her as silver is tried, till the earthy elements seem to have been wellnigh removed. Two beloved sisters, converted to her faith by her life and loveliness, were successively removed from her very arms; for they had joined her, and one had become a Sister of Charity. The next deep grief was the loss of her eldest daughter, the one who had shared the confinement and suffering at Leghorn, and who had ever given great promise of excellence. This young creature was tried by a painful illness, but shone brighter and brighter to the last—even to the point of rejoicing at the mortifying failure of a matrimonial engagement, which had, at one time, wholly absorbed her interest.

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"With all the devotedness that maternal love could inspire," says Dr. White, speaking of Mrs. Seton, "she watched day and night by the couch of her dying Annina, bestowing every care, and administering every comfort, with the most unremitting attention, and exhibiting the most heroic courage and resignation to the will of God. Mother and daughter seemed to vie with each other in the display of Christian sentiment under this painful trial, and it would be difficult to decide which was the more worthy of admiration, the daughter pressing forward to her heavenly home, or the mother generously offering the sacrifice of her first-born child."

This expression reminds us that, in Mrs. Seton's younger days, and long before she became a Roman Catholic, she had, in a moment of agonized apprehension for the salvation of her father, Dr. Bailey, offered her infant child to God as a sacrifice for him. "Leaving her dying parent for a few moments, she went to the cradle where her infant child was sleeping, clasped it to her bosom, and, going out on the piazza of the building, she then raised the innocent babe towards heaven and appealed to the divine compassion, saying, 'Oh Jesus, my merciful Father and God, take this little innocent offering; I give it to thee with all my heart; take it, my Lord, but save my father's soul.'" This incident shows that intense devotional faith was not, in Mrs. Seton's case, the development of any form of belief, but rather the instinct of her ardent and generous nature. The eldest daughter was evidently the inheritor of her enthusiastic temperament. In her dying moments, she desired that the young ladies of the school, fifty in number, should be called to her bedside in companies, according to their ages. "My dear girls," she said, "come and look at your poor Anna; see how I am reduced, who but a few weeks ago was as well, as gay, as playful, and as happy as you are. See me now in the arms of death; look at the state of my breast — the mortification has already commenced." Here, uncovering her neck to let them behold its sad condition after her dreadful sufferings of the night before, — "See," she continued; "the body which I used to dress and lace up so well, what is it now? Look at these hands, the worms will have poor banqueting here! What is beauty? what is life? Nothing — nothing. O love and serve God faithfully,

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and prepare for eternity. Some of you, dear girls, may soon be as I am now; be good, and pray for me!" This young lady died at seventeen. And the mother says, in a letter to a friend, written on the occasion, — "You will believe me when I say, with my whole soul — Thy will be done, forever."

Four years afterwards, another daughter, breathing the same spirit, died, after an excruciating illness of six months. The mother quails, but the Saint shrinks not.

"'Our God! Our God!' she exclaims; 'to wait one hour for an object every moment expected — but poor Rebecca's hours and agonies are known to you alone! her meek, submissive look, artless appeals of sorrow, and unutterable distress; the hundred little acts of piety; that All-Soul's Day, so sad and sorrowful; the fears of the poor mother's heart — her bleeding heart — for patience and perseverance in so weak a child; the silent, long looks at each other — fears of interfering in any way with the designs of Infinite Love! O that day and night and the following day!' In full union of her soul with God, and with words of comfort to those around her, her head sank upon the bosom of her mother, while her spirit took its flight above. 'This,' says an eye witness, 'was the moment of victory over nature. When Mother Seton had helped to lay the little corpse on the bed, having embraced it with the tender words — 'my Rebecca, my darling!' She turned towards one of the Sisters, saying, 'my dear sister, bring me a change of linen; now that my chains are broken, I will bless the Lord.' Raising her eyes and arms in a holy transport towards heaven, she exclaimed — 'O my Lord! my darling is with you; she will no more be in danger of offending you. I give her to you with all my soul.'"

But we must not linger thus over scenes which, though thus isolated they may seem overstrained, are yet quite in keeping with the tenor of a whole life. Mrs. Seton's dying days carried out the beautiful consistency of her character. Her constitution had become completely shattered, and, by greater exposure than her delicate health would permit, she contracted, in the summer of 1820, a pulmonary disease, which confined her during four months to her room, and finally put an end to her life. "Notwithstanding the painfulness of her situation, she was ever cheerful, ever ready to receive the visits of the Sisters, and to give directions relative to the affairs of the community. As to the children of the academy,

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she delighted to hear them at their innocent sport, and to call them into her room to give them some token of her maternal kindness." She alone possessed fortitude, and peace, and joy, when the last hour came, for all else were overwhelmed with grief at such a loss. When all was over, they bore her body to its resting place, "and there planted the Cross, the emblem of her virtue, and the rose-bush, as her immortal crown," says Dr. White, who gives his account with much sympathetic feeling; and who is there that will not say the *nunc dimittis* and the amen, to such a life and such a death, without asking in what particular form of Christian faith this pure soul received the divine influence?

How cool, after this glowing picture, comes over the imagination and the heart the spiritual image of Mary Lovell Ware, "a perfect woman, nobly planned;" a submissive and unshrinking servant of God and duty; one who loved and followed the Saviour with the docility of a child, yet never, perhaps, addressed to him one impassioned, endearing name, or shed even one of those "floods of tears" with which Mrs. Seton poured out the joys and sorrows of her heart at the foot of the cross. Considering that the two lives had one and the same aim, a stronger contrast can hardly be found than is presented by these striking exemplifications of the power of religion over the soul, nor, surely, a deeper lesson of toleration; but when shall we be as tolerant of uncongenial sectarian peculiarities as we find it easy to be of the sin, against which all sects unite in warring, each after its own natural, inseparable genius? Mrs. Seton would have mourned for Mrs. Ware as for a lost soul, — all the more surely lost for those deluding virtues which would soothe the conscience that needed rather wounding; while Mrs. Ware, calm, reasonable, and self-governed, would look with a tender pity, scarcely consistent with respect, on the dramatic virtues and ecstatic devotions of the more tropical Saint. Can even we critics contemplate, with strict impartiality, the double exhibition of what seems almost like two religions, — passion and reason, dogmatism and induction, statement and inference, feeling and philosophy? We shall content ourselves with attempting to show the reader a saintly character, so different from

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the one we have been looking at, that it is probable they agree in scarcely any thing beside strong affections and a determined devotion and self-consecration each to her own idea of Christian duty.

The biography of Mrs. Ware has been so widely read and remarked upon, that we shall attempt no labored abstract of it as a history, but simply recapitulate a few of the leading facts, with their dates. Mary Lovell Pickard was born at Boston in 1798, twenty-four years later than Mrs. Seton, — a very significant fact, considering that the Revolution intervened, and that the great protest of Unitarianism took place after the latter had been withdrawn from the shifting scene. Who knows to what degree the character of either might have been modified, had she been brought up under the same roof, and the same influences with the other? Dr. Bailey, the father of Mrs. Seton, whom her filial piety endowed with "every virtue under heaven," had undoubtedly many good qualities and no little professional skill; but he has come down to us traditionally as a rough and violent man, of somewhat reckless character, noted for profane language and a life of no great carefulness, even in exteriors. Mark Pickard, on the other hand, the father of Mrs. Ware, was a quiet, rather proud and shy English merchant, of literary tastes, and somewhat delicate and feeble in mind and body, as we judge from incidental mention in the memoir of his daughter. His wife was the daughter of James Lovell, and granddaughter of "Master Lovell," a teacher of the classics, a man of intellect and influence, often mentioned in Revolutionary letters and records. This lady possessed those sterling qualities which have power to shape whole families; but in her case, all interest was concentrated in Mary, her only child, from the first a little marvel of sweetness and good behavior. Mrs. Pickard was one of those women of whom we are apt to say, "she looks as if she were born to be an empress," — an expression which usually indicates qualities of mind and person which few empresses have possessed, and which are, perhaps, quite as well bestowed on the little empire of home. She was literary, tasteful, musical, and skilled in all household matters, and found her highest pleasure in imparting to her docile

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child all the feminine accomplishments within reach. In 1802, the family went to England, and remained a year and a half, visiting relatives and friends of both Mr. and Mrs. Pickard. Mary, though she was at the time but three years old, never forgot the enjoyment or instruction of that sojourn in the grand old fatherland. At the age of thirteen, she was sent to a boarding-school, but soon recalled by the illness of her mother, who died after a protracted illness, during which Mary was her constant attendant. School again, and the same staid, ever correct and exemplary character throughout, — indeed, *so* correct and exemplary, that we are apt to fancy that there could be but little interest in watching her course. But at sixteen, she began to long for a more decidedly religious life, and, after due deliberation, united herself with the church. The usual guarded coolness of her expressions of sentiment may be judged from the fact, that her biographer thinks it necessary almost to apologize for her warmth in describing this period to a son many years after.

Speaking of the lack of interest in the ministrations to which she was accustomed, she says, —

"The final effect upon me was, by throwing me more upon myself, to open a new source of instruction to my mind; and I can now remember with great pleasure, and a longing desire for the same vivid enjoyment, the hours I passed in my little room, in striving by reading, meditation, and prayer, to find that knowledge and stimulus to virtue which I failed to find in the ministrations of the Sabbath."

How would Dr. Hall have relished the office of father confessor to our Catholic saint, who, on the same topic, — the efficacy of preaching, — thus bursts forth: —

"It seems to me that those who have light and grace already might be trusted to keep them; and I would not stop, night or day, till I reached the dry and dark wilderness where neither can be found, where such horrid crimes go on for the want of them, and where there is such a glorious death to be gained by carrying them. O Gabriel, if I was light and life, as you are, I would shout like a madman alone to my God, and roar and groan and sigh and be silent, all together, till I had baptized a thousand, and snatched those poor victims from hell. And pray, madam, say you, why does not your zeal wave its flame

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through its own little hemisphere? True; but rules, prudence, subjection, opinions, etc., are dreadful walls to a burning soul, wild as mine. For me, I am like a fiery horse I had when a girl, whom they tried to break by making him drag a heavy cart, and the poor beast was so humbled that he could never more be inspired by whips or caresses, and wasted to a skeleton till he died."

It were curious to compare the religious experience, emotions, and progress of these two remarkable American women, if there were room here to run the parallel fully. Perhaps the two passages we have just quoted may be taken as suggesting all. Certain it is, that we have every reason to believe Mrs. Ware's feelings were as deep and practical as Mrs. Seton's, and Mrs. Seton's as sincere and operative as Mrs. Ware's. Strange difference to be produced by temperament and association! Various domestic troubles helped to teach the young disciple of Channing — for such had Mary Pickard become, while all her family continued attached to the Episcopal Church — the necessity of something more stable than this world can give as a foundation for happiness. Through all trials she passed nobly, calmly, and with deep humility; fulfilling each duty as it presented itself, yet caring always for the lamp kept burning at the secret shrine, which no hurry of business, such as often fell to her lot, no seductions of pleasure, which seem to have been but little in the way, ever led her to forget. Her father evidently did not quite relish her religious predilections, and he often rallies her on her "fondness for the clergy," — a point of no unusual jealousy among gentlemen not clerical. When she is to return from Baltimore, he writes, "I am afraid you will wait till the end of the month for the parson; your being so fond of parsons is rather ominous; and you had better be almost any man's wife than a parson's."

At twenty-five, Mary lost her father, and felt herself alone in the world. So entirely had she been devoted to one after another of her relatives through long illness and decline, that when this last one was laid at rest, she says, "I seem to hang so loosely on the world, that it is of little importance where I am." But now opened upon her that new scene, which was to render her name a "household word" wherever the Eng-

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lish language is spoken. Her only relatives on the father's side were in England, and she had known them only as a child, twenty years before. But to them she was resolved to go, not because they were prosperous and happy, but because some of them, at least, were far otherwise, and her strong feeling of family affection, as well as her sense of religious duty, prompted her to see what was to be done among them. She says, "I go with very moderate hopes about seeing the wonders and beauties. I must be satisfied with seeing people, not things. I shall have no right to travel much, and no advantages not common to the most insignificant; nevertheless, if I can attain my principal object, all the rest will be unexpected gain." A friend describes her at this time as "worn to the bone" by care and trial, and concludes a eulogium upon her by saying, "I am afraid of adoring her, so I may as well hold my peace."

In England, she began by sacrificing all the time and attention that the ill health of the American friend with whom she travelled required, and seeing almost nothing, as a tourist, for the first two or three months. Afterwards, we find her among her relatives at Burcombe House, near Salisbury, where she remained nearly a year. That she found few pleasures in this sojourn, which, though among worthy people, was in a lonely region, where, she says, "except a call from Lord and Lady Pembroke, when they are in the neighborhood, or a visit from some travelling acquaintance, scarcely any one enters the house except the family," we may judge from the following passage in one of her letters: —

"I would not return without seeing and doing all that may be in my power; but that I do look forward with a feeling of desire such as I never knew before, to the period when I shall find myself at home, it would be folly to deny. . . . The greatest evil I find in this state of constant preparation for enduring is that I am getting into a quiescent state of inaction, not being quite enough at ease to exert my own powers freely. I am losing that activity of mind which I rather hoped to increase. . . . I am fated to find trouble wherever I go, and ought to be truly grateful when it is such as I can relieve."

In July, when she was longing to be at home, an opportunity offered for her to visit her father's relatives in the north of

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England, and she felt it her duty to go. Her father's only sister, who had been left a widow in very destitute circumstances, was still living, in a distant and obscure village of Yorkshire. This village, called Osmotherly, became the scene of those labors of our heroine which have made her so well known as the "Good Lady of Bleaburn." She went thither for three weeks, and remained three months, writing to her friends at home full accounts of the condition of things, though one would have thought her hands full enough without the pen. The prospects which opened upon her at Osmotherly are well summed up thus:—

"I find that I could not have come at a better time for doing good, or a worse for gaining spirits. My aunt's two daughters are married, and live in this village; one of them, with three children, has a husband at the point of death with a fever; his brother died yesterday of the small pox, and two of her children have the whooping cough; added to this, their whole dependence is upon their own exertions, which are entirely stopped now. . . . But, worse than all, one of her (the aunt's) sons has come home in a very gloomy state of mind, and all her efforts have failed to rouse him to exertion. I hope to be more successful, for he seems willing to listen to me."

The inhabitants in general were poor and ignorant, and Mary says, "If they had a parson to write the 'Annals of the Parish,' I really think the arrival of the 'American lady' would stand as the most remarkable event in the year 1825." And well it might. Mary Pickard was nurse, pecuniary aid, and general comforter to the village during some three months of almost universal illness; watching with the sick; prescribing for them; performing the last offices for the dead; supplying the wants of the poor; directing sanitary measures which perhaps saved the total depopulation of the place through ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and poverty; and, withal, caring for the melancholy cousin beforementioned, who harassed his mother and friends by continual insanity and a disposition to self-murder. To the affectionate remonstrances of distant friends she replies, "Don't fear for me. I do not think I am going to be sick, and if I am, it will be for some good purpose. I could not regret what I have done. I could almost say, as Mr. Thacher once said, 'I had better live a

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shorter life and a useful one.'" Typhus and spotted fever were the appalling diseases thus heroically and calmly faced; and of one of the sufferers, a little cousin, she says, "I lay with him after the spots came out, not knowing what it meant." Near the end of November, after she had closed the eyes of five of her relatives in Osmotherly, some friends came for her from Penrith, and carried her home with them to recruit her exhausted energies. But in less than a month, a letter from Osmotherly, informing her that her aunt was apparently dying of typhus fever, took her back once more to the scene of her labors. From thence she writes, "We two are the only beings in this little cottage; for I have sent her two sons out to sleep, as a precaution against the fever, and put a bed in the corner of the room for myself. . . . I have no recollection of ever having had the same degree of good spirits as I have been blessed with for the last six months, — I may say nine; and, save my longing for home, I have had no cause to wish any one thing different from what it has been. God grant I may not be tempted to great presumption. I hope my wishes are humble, though my confidence may be great." Shortly after, she was taken ill, and reduced to the last degree of weakness, but with cheerfulness wholly unimpaired. In a month, she returned once more to Penrith. Meanwhile, it is evident that what she had been doing excited no surprise among her friends at home. One of them writes, "With all these desires for your return, nobody murmurs; everybody says it is much better for you to stay. And Mrs. Bond says, when she expressed her sorrow about it to Dr. Channing, he gave her, for the first time in his life, almost an angry look!"

In June, 1827, about a year after her return home, Miss Pickard was married to the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., then a widower, with two children. The disposition of mind in which she entered upon her new duties seems to have savored less of earth than heaven. She was one who habitually spoke of the "*blessings* of responsibility," instead of its burdens. She was indeed a helper to her excellent husband, whose biographer speaks of the year that followed this marriage as one of the most active and useful of his ministry. They both, in

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after life, spoke of the "Eden of Sheafe Street," so lovely was the memory of this their early married home. But only a year of such happiness was allotted to them. Mr. Ware lost his health, and Mary once more found that Providence had intended her for a nurse. On the 1st of April, 1829, Mr. and Mrs. Ware sailed for Europe, with the hope that the voyage and a sojourn abroad might restore Mr. Ware's strength. A young child was to be left behind; but the wife said, — "I felt I had done all poor human nature could do; the rest was in God's hands — it was all in God's hands." She said, in after years, that this was the most trying period of her life. One of her husband's most distressing symptoms was a total depression of spirits; a sense of helplessness, a fear of uselessness, agonizing to such a spirit as that of his wife, so tender, so sympathizing, so ready to take all troubles upon herself. The experiment was unsuccessful, and, after fourteen months' absence, the pair returned home, sadly, and bearing with them a young infant, born in Rome. Mrs. Ware's power of endurance was now for the time exhausted, and a long and protracted illness followed her arrival at home.

The remainder of her married life was but the conclusion of this beginning. Repeated illnesses of Mr. Ware, the birth and loss of children; labors incessant and out of measure; failing strength on the part of the devoted wife — these filled up the years till Mr. Ware died, in September, 1843. We could gladly dwell upon the beautiful submission and admirable conduct of Mary Ware in these hours of deepest woe. Perhaps one little circumstance may be taken as a key to the whole. "A Sunday intervened before the body was removed for burial, and that day Mrs Ware went, with her children, morning and afternoon, to their accustomed place of worship; desiring it for their own sacred communion, and believing it most in accordance with *his* feelings." Would that this holy example might sink deep into the hearts of those who allow custom and convention to warp the course of feeling and emotion *from* the church instead of *to* it, when bereavement throws the soul upon its highest resources for support and consolation! Mrs. Ware desired, too, to associate the idea of death in the minds of her children, not with restraint and

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gloom, but with the place of prayer and praise, and the presence of cheerful worshippers. "It was a holy season," says one of the daughters, "those days after dear father left us; no bustle, no preparation of dress, no work done but what was absolutely necessary; it was like a continued Sabbath."

Something more than six years of life remained to Mrs. Ware in her widowed state. These were passed in straitened circumstances, and painful efforts at occupations uncongenial and wearing, particularly that of teaching, which, undertaken at that time of life, was trying in the extreme to head and heart. An insidious disease supervened, a disease involving distressing operations, and obliging her to look death in the face, till she learned to welcome his aspect as that of a friend and deliverer. Beautiful, indeed, is the picture drawn on the mind by the account of her long decline; and the close proved all that could be desired, fit cadence to a life whose movement had been governed throughout by a hidden music. She died on Good Friday, and in the calm hour of an April twilight, surrounded by friends whose countenances beamed with the glory they felt was about to be revealed to her, and holding to her loving heart her husband's precious lines, written when he once had the thought that he must die without again beholding her. His words would serve for her epitaph, if we imagine them the offering of the multitudes she had helped, comforted, and instructed: — "Dear, dear Mary; if I could, I would express all that I owe to you. You have been an unspeakable, an indescribable blessing. God reward you a thousandfold! Farewell *till we meet again*."

ART. VIII. — *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, M. A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1852. 2 vols. 4to. pp. xvi. 492 & 573.

AMONG the hamlets and decaying villages of the Turkish

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province of Karamania, Tersoos holds an almost metropolitan rank, and one of its inhabitants might still take to himself the credit of being "a citizen of no mean city." To be sure, deposits washed down from the mountain have filled up its ancient harbor, so that only wherries can approach where fleets used to ride at anchor. But the surrounding plain is inexhaustibly fertile in corn and cotton, while the mountain pastures in the rear sustain numerous herds of goats and buffaloes, whose spoils, added to the productions of the soil, create an active commerce, to the annual amount of half a million of dollars, at the nearest port on the Mediterranean.* Its houses of a single story are chiefly constructed from the *ruins of the larger and more stately edifices of the ancient* city. Beyond these, there are very few vestiges of its former magnificence.

But, during the first century of the Christian era, Tersoos was the capital of the Roman province of Cilicia, and the object of peculiar favor and munificence with successive emperors. It was the chief centre of the East for travel and commerce. The river Cydnus flowed through the town in a deep channel, two hundred feet in width, and its wharves were crowded with mariners and merchandise from every portion of the empire and its dependencies. In the diversity of its population it was a microcosm. The native "barbarian" stock was diminished and depressed, but not wholly extinct. The descendants of an early Greek colony constituted the wealthiest and most influential caste, and their language was that of the law and of general intercourse. Numerous Roman officials and mercantile residents were assuming their places by the side of the Greeks in social respectability, and above them, of course, in the municipal and provincial administration. Separated from all these by their religious faith and ancestral customs, but intimately associated with them in the various departments of active life, were large numbers of the Hebrew race, whose migratory instincts had anticipa-

* Of the extent to which modern Geography is a mythological science we have a curious instance in Tersoos. Of two standard authorities now before us, one makes its population 7,000, and its port at a distance of "four hours' journey," while the other rates its population at from 25,000 to 30,000, and places its port "about seven or eight miles from the town."

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ted the fulfilment of that prophetic doom, by which they were to have a home everywhere and nowhere. East of Rome there was probably no place, where there was a freer commingling of people from every quarter of the civilized world, or a more favorable position for obtaining an intimacy with the languages, habits, customs, and opinions of the various nations. A commercial entrepot is also fraught with liberalizing influences. Men brought together for mutual gain suppress the ruder aspects of their characters, and conciliate one another's good will by reciprocal complaisance and courtesy. Even the virtual antagonism in which they needlessly imagine themselves in their business transactions, (for to this day, men are slow to acknowledge reciprocal advantage as the true mercantile standard,) tends to assimilate them at every other point. In such a community, religious bigotry loses much of its moroseness and asperity, and the very persecutor is inflamed rather by unwise enthusiasm in behalf of his own creed, than by sentiments of malignity and cruelty towards those who differ from him. To "become all things to all men" was not unnatural to a native of Tarsus; and, when St. Paul adopted this maxim in the service of his Divine Master, he was only employing in sacred uses a facility of adaptation, which had grown out of his early training, and the necessary influences of his birthplace.

Tarsus was also celebrated as a seat of learning. Strabo says, that in all that appertained to philosophy and general education, it even took precedence of Athens and Alexandria. It was the residence of several eminent luminaries of the Stoic school, among whom were Athenodorus, the tutor of Augustus, and afterward governor of Cilicia, and Nestor, the tutor of Tiberius. It was not inconsistent with the superior freedom of the Hellenistic Jews to become conversant with Gentile learning, and some of the Apocryphal writings comprised in the Romish canon of Scripture are much more largely imbued with Platonism than with the spirit of Moses and the Prophets. Especially at the chief seats of erudition, was the current faith of the Jews deeply tinged with the academic philosophy, of which, in numerous instances, Hebrews of the Hebrews occupied the foremost places as professed

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teachers and expositors. That St. Paul had enjoyed a generous culture, in part under Grecian auspices, before he was shut up, in the school of Gamaliel, to the exclusive study of the Targums and the Rabbis, is evident from the freedom and fluency of his style, from his literary citations and allusions, and from his dialectic acumen and skill. That, on its Jewish side, his education was thorough and perfect, his teacher's name alone is ample warrant. Gamaliel was the most learned Jew of his age, and was reckoned among the seven who alone were honored with the title of Rabban, (literally *my master*, but equivalent to *most excellent master*.) It is a saying of the Talmud, that "the glory of the law ceased" at his death. He was a Pharisee, and, as such, not only held in reverence the entire canon of the Old Testament, but probably attached even greater weight to the oral traditions of his sect, and to the (so called) religious writings in the then vernacular dialect. And it should not be inferred, from his prudent counsel in the case of Peter, that his Pharisaism set loosely upon him. That counsel savored as much of the fox as of the dove, and, taken by itself, it only indicates a keen insight into the springs of human action, and a shrewd perception of what would have been the only feasible way of extinguishing Christianity, if it were indeed, as he deemed it, a base-born superstition. There is extant a prayer against heretics, bearing his name, from which it would seem that he relied on the divine vengeance to do what he dissuaded his fellow-countrymen from doing.

A Frenchman, who understands English but imperfectly, may impart to our children a pure Parisian pronunciation, but is wholly unfit to give them a knowledge of the idioms of his own language, and to enable them to appreciate its rhetorical niceties and beauties. For these ends, the best teacher is he who has superadded a thorough French education to the native use and the lifelong study of the English tongue. The same principle holds good in ethical and religious training. Mere conversance with the doctrines to be taught can qualify one only for the dry, technical statement of their terminology. In order to illustrate, defend, and enforce them, it is absolutely necessary that one should be familiar with the position, principles, and habits of those whom

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he wishes to render proselytes. Christianity needed for its first preachers men who were not only good Christians, but who knew, from experience, the kind and measure of the opposition with which their faith would have to contend. And it was especially essential, that he who was to take the lead in Christianizing both Jew and Gentile, both the learned and the ignorant, should thoroughly understand the mental condition, the current experience, and the established beliefs of these several races and classes. We trace, in St. Paul's early history, a Providential training for his peculiar mission. He could talk intelligently to the Greeks about their superstitions, and could cite their own poets in confirmation of his doctrines. When "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him" at Athens, and constrained him to make a public harangue on the Areopagus, he was able to meet them on their own ground, and his speech before them is a masterpiece of philosophical condensation and precision, both in thought and style. He understood the intense nationality of the Romans, and the hardihood and persistency of their characters, as contrasted with Grecian fickleness and Oriental effeminacy; and knew how to frame his appeals to them so as to bring over their undivided energy of mind and heart from a hostile to a friendly attitude toward the Gospel. And as for the Jews, he had occupied in their capital a central point of observation, or rather of experience, and his own remembered self-consciousness revealed to him the impregnable and the accessible points of their moral nature, showed him through what avenues of approach he might get the control of their convictions and sympathies, and might enlist all that was noble in their local and ancestral attachments in behalf of the Christian commonwealth and its metropolis, the "Jerusalem which is above." We cannot overrate, among his endowments as a religious teacher, the thorough negative knowledge of Christianity which he had obtained prior to his conversion. He could best comprehend the positive truth of revelation, by his conversance with the various expressions of the formula *humanity minus Christianity*,—with the morbid anatomy of the human heart, not yet touched by the healing hand of the Saviour. For the modern teacher of religion, it

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is not enough that he be a sincere and good man, and a learned theologian; he must be familiar, not alone with the dialect of Christian circles, but with the idioms of the exchange, the forum, and the workshop, with the habits of thought and modes of feeling which it is his province to transform; and, next to the Bible itself, for the training of one who shall do good service in the Church, we would place, first, the Greek and Roman classics, and then, the open university of the busy world. By classical study, as in no other way, he learns what natural religion could not do, and what revelation has done for the race, — what, how profound, how vital, were the needs for which philosophy and the spontaneous religion of blindness and ignorance proffered no supply, — how dependent we are on Christianity for truths which seem attainable without its aid. By intimacy with the active walks of life, he gains precisely the same knowledge with reference to individuals, the same perception of susceptibilities, wants, and yearnings, which revelation alone can meet. By such discipline was St. Paul prepared to be, not the mere scholastic expositor of a frigid creed, but the thoroughly skilled ambassador of reconciliation from heaven to man.

There is reason to believe that St. Paul's social position in early life was much above mediocrity. He inherited from his father the citizenship of Rome. A Jew, or a native of Tarsus, could have obtained this only by purchase, or in reward of distinguished services. If in the former way, the cost was larger than a poor man could have paid, or one in obscure life would have cared to offer; if in the latter, the implication of a prominent and influential place in society is still more direct and certain. Then, too, there are numerous tokens of a high-bred courtesy in St. Paul's speeches and epistles. His style of address, in his recorded speeches, before men in exalted stations, is equally free from sycophancy and from rudeness, betraying at once the tact of an accomplished, and the dignity of a Christian, man — the unstudied ease of one who knew how to render to all their due, and the integrity of one who would on no account render to man what is due to God. In his epistles, there is a pervading ease and grace of manner, indicating at once the politeness of a generous heart, and fami-

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liarity with its choicest conventional expressions. His very rebukes are conciliatory. He prepares the way for needed censure by merited commendation. He suggests unpalatable truth at once with considerate gentleness and unmistakable emphasis. He shows equal delicacy in the reluctant asking, and the grateful acknowledgment, of favors. He always seems to be receiving a kindness while conferring an obligation. His numerous salutations are free from stiffness and awkwardness, gracefully diversified in their form, admirable always for their simplicity, and often for their positive rhetorical beauty. All these traits betoken a man who had grown naturally into the best modes of social intercourse, and with whom the language of refined courtesy was as a native dialect. In all these points, the Epistle to Philemon might be collated with the acknowledged models of the most courtly style of epistolary composition, such as the Letters of Cicero and Pliny in ancient, or of Lady Montagu or Lord Chesterfield in modern, times; and the comparison would result largely in favor of St. Paul. A similar reference, as to the apostle's rank in society, might be drawn from the high, though cruel official trust ceded to him in his early youth by his own fellow-countrymen. Then, too, we find him, at a subsequent period, sustaining at one time the charge of four men, who had taken upon themselves the Nazarite vow — an office which implies the command of no inconsiderable pecuniary resources. It is worthy of remark, also, that alike in Judea, before Festus, Felix, and Agrippa, on his voyage to Rome, and while retained in bondage in the imperial city, where he was permitted to live in his own hired house, he was always treated as a prisoner of distinction. Nor is our conclusion from these facts invalidated by his trade as a tent-maker; for it was customary among the Jews, of whatever condition in life, to teach their sons manual occupations. From his trade, we may hazard a not improbable conjecture as to his father's condition and calling. A chief staple of commerce in Tarsus was the cloth of goats' hair, (*illicium*,) universally used for the better sort of tents, which persons of opulence were accustomed to carry with them on their journeys. If St. Paul's father was among the leading merchants of the city, what more natural than

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that he should have trained his son to the manufacture of one of the principal commodities with which his ships were freighted?

We dwell not on this point because the mere accident of birth attaches to him the slightest preëminence above his colleagues from the fishing-boats on the Galilean lake. But he lived at an age when the lines of social distinction were sharply drawn, and had not begun to be blended or crossed by the gospel of human brotherhood; and whatever advantage of social position he possessed must have opened for him avenues of influence, which were closed against the original apostles, and must have won for him larger freedom of access, and a more willing audience with the persons of exalted station, and even royal dignity, before whom he was not infrequently permitted to plead the cause of Christ and Christianity. Then, too, the higher his previous position, the larger was his sacrifice in joining the company of unlettered rustics and fishermen, and bearing with them the reproach of the despised Nazarene. And the farther he was removed from the condition of those who had little to lose by becoming Christians, the more improbable is his conversion on any theory of naturalism — the stronger the certainty that he indeed had a vision of the Saviour on the way to Damascus, and was miraculously called to the apostleship.

We might speak, also, of the influence of nature in St. Paul's education. He was, indeed, so profoundly occupied with the great themes of Christianity, that he alluded to the phenomena of the outward universe in but a few instances, yet in these with deep and vivid feeling. Still, there pervades every manifestation of his spirit a fervor, a glow, a torrent-like rush of thought and feeling, an overcharged intensity of emotion, which indicates not only quick and strong native susceptibilities, but a soul stimulated from without by familiar conversance with the grand and beautiful in nature; — in fine, a style of character which it is impossible for us to associate with tame, even quiet, scenery. Tarsus was situated on a plain of unsurpassed fertility and richly variegated beauty. In the rear of the city rose the lofty, bald, snow-crowned cliffs of Mount Taurus, piled against the northern

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and western sky, summit against summit, crag upon crag, rolling up their mist-wreaths to meet the ascending sun, and arresting midway his declining path. From these cliffs, translucent as glass, made deathly cold even under the summer solstice by their melting snows, tumbled rather than flowed the river Cydnus, over perpetual rapids, and frequent waterfalls of unsurpassed beauty and of grandeur hardly equalled on the Eastern Continent, till only as it approached it became tractable to the oar, and navigable thence to the great sea. And in full sight of the city lay spread the vast Mediterranean, the ocean of the ancient world, whitened with the sails of a multitudinous commerce, alternately serene as a land-locked lake, and lashed by frequent storms into commotion wild and grand as that with which the Atlantic breaks upon its shores. Thus, by the divine ministry of mountain, sea, and river, no less than by the intercourse of the thronged city, and in the world-renowned schools of Stoic and of Jew, was God training the great apostle for his world-wide and world-enduring mission.

But what was this mission, which demanded for this man alone such vast endowments, and such prolonged and diversified culture and experience, while it was enough for his associates in the sacred college that, in every other aspect simple and illiterate men, they should be wise only in the lore of inspiration? We doubt whether the magnitude of the work assigned to St. Paul has been duly considered and appreciated. In an important sense, (though immeasurably inferior to that in which we apply the title to the God-born Saviour,) he was the Founder of Christianity. Christ planted the seeds of his religion in the decaying trunk of Judaism, as those of the mistletoe are lodged in the ancient oak. It was as a reformed sect of Jews that the earliest Christians not only were regarded, but regarded themselves. The original apostles were still punctilious Hebrews, and held Christianity as a supplementary code to that of Moses. They were at first scandalized and horror-stricken at the thought of abjuring the ceremonial law. When they reluctantly began to gather in Gentile converts, they stretched the yoke of Judaism before the gate of the church, and sought to compel their proselytes

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to stoop under it, at first as the essential, and afterwards as the most hopeful, condition of enjoying the privileges of Christian citizenship. And there was divine wisdom in this arrangement. It was well that the heavenly exotic should gain richness and strength, should reach forth boughs of ample shade and sufficing fruitfulness, before it should be severed from the parent trunk, and trusted without support to the winds and storms of a hostile world. But the hour had arrived when the more vigorous vitality of the younger plant could no longer find adequate nourishment in its parasitic condition; and Paul was the appointed agent for the needed and predetermined separation. In his mind, and under his administration, Christianity was first regarded and treated as independent and sovereign. Under him grew up the organization, by which it was thenceforth to assume its unshared place, to discharge its undivided office, and to overshadow and supplant the growths of uncounted ages. This bold and delicate mission demanded not alone devotion and zeal, not alone intimate conversance with the mind of Christ. He to whom it was intrusted needed a profound acquaintance with Judaism as it then was, its traditions, its philosophy, so that the separation might be effected, on the one hand, without leaving the least radicle or fibre of the transplanted scion in the ancient stock, and on the other, without marring the venerable, though effete majesty of the tree which God had planted for the healing of the nations, and whose "branches he had made strong for himself." For this work, also, there was requisite a thorough knowledge of those other religions and philosophies which were to vanish before the growth of Christianity, but each of which, by the germs of truth which it embodied, might offer special vantage-ground for the tilth of the spiritual husbandman. It was needful, too, that the chief agent in this divine enterprise should have become familiar with the customs, prejudices, needs, and susceptibilities of the so many and diverse nations, that were to be sheltered and fed by the same "tree of life." We can conceive that all this might have been wrought by a series of miracles; but in the Christian economy we find no superfluous miracles. Whatever it is competent for man to do is committed to his agency,

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while the hand and voice from heaven become visible and audible only as they are needed to impart verities undiscoverable by human wisdom, and to set the seal of omnipotence where else there could be only doubt or darkness.

Of St. Paul's character, the most prominent traits might be comprised under the generic name of integrity. By this we mean much more than honesty and veracity. He was always bound by the law of his own convictions. He suffered his whole interior life to transpire with perfect freedom in every form of outward manifestation and utterance. He seemed incapable of indirection or concealment. We do not call this frankness in him; for frankness is an ambiguous term. We often apply it to a shallow nature, which has no recesses where it could retreat from view, — to an excess of social feeling, which imparts itself from a mere communicative instinct, — to vanity, which exhibits itself for its own glory. But when a profound, self-controlling, modest spirit utters and acts itself with entire openness and transparency, at the perpetual risk of misinterpretation, obloquy, and abuse, it can only be from rigid uprightness of purpose, from an ever-active conscience, from the pervading sense of accountableness to the ever-present Witness and Judge. St. Paul was honest as a persecutor of the infant church, and threw his whole energy and fervor of spirit into the vindication of waning Judaism. He gave instant heed to the heavenly vision that arrested him on his sanguinary career, and became at once a bold and earnest preacher of the faith that he had sought to destroy. In all his subsequent defences, he never cloaked nor palliated the cardinal error of his early life, but expressed its full magnitude and enormity as a drawback to his claims and merits as an apostle. While, in his Epistles, he never speaks of himself obtrusively, he does so always without disguise or reservation, expounding fully the grounds on which he can demand regard, submission, and deference, urging his personal rights on the score of service and obligation, and at the same time referring, with equal explicitness, to his own defects and infirmities. With similar plainness and directness he deals with the characters of his converts, calling moral actions by their right names, reproving what is blame-

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worthy, without reticency or equivocation, and often hazarding his popularity by telling the literal truth.

His affections were warm and ardent. St. John has always been regarded as the paradigm of the loving elements of the religious character; but in this respect, St. Paul has always impressed us even more deeply. Had he had a less vigorous and cogent mind, he would have been termed "all heart," and his heart is fully commensurate with his mind. Even in the process of abstract reasoning, he cannot repress his emotional nature; but often breaks forth into a rapturous doxology, as if his very logic were forged in the hot glow of worship and thanksgiving. And how tender are his expressions of sympathy for his benighted fellow-countrymen, how earnest his good wishes for his persecutors, how more than paternal his fond solicitudes for the subjects of his spiritual pastorate! With an impulsive, impetuous nature, and with perpetual trial of his equanimity, he has not left on record an ungentle word; and his unexplained dissension with Barnabas is the only indication that he had "like passions with other men." He is not intent merely on the primal duty of preaching the gospel; but we can trace almost numberless instances of careful and considerate kindness to individuals and communities.

His catholic, tolerant spirit, as regards error, is worthy of emphatic note. Though uncompromising in his adherence to the truth, he is no iconoclast. He takes his starting-point from what is common to him with those whom he would draw over to a higher ground. Is he discoursing to an audience of Jews? He seizes on the concessions of the Pharisees, and claims their sympathy as maintaining the resurrection of the dead, which they cannot demonstrate, while he can. Are his hearers idolatrous Athenians? There is among their shrines one with an inscription that gives him his text, and under cover of expounding its enigmatical legend, he preaches Christ. Instead of harshly condemning involuntary blindness, he extends the divine amnesty over the times of ignorance. He expresses his complacency in the rightly intended efforts of all who had labored to diffuse a knowledge of the gospel, though among them were those who had regarded him

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with distrust and oppugnancy, and had sought "to add affliction to his bonds." As to all non-essentials in practice, he is the consistent advocate of the largest liberty, if only within the bonds of charity. For those wedded to the ritual of the abrogated religion he has not a word of censure, but commends their scrupulousness to the forbearance of those of more enlightened conscience. Even as to social intercourse with idolaters, he removes every restriction not absolutely demanded by Christian integrity; and in mixed families and communities, is solicitous to leave all the bonds of kindred, friendship, and neighborhood intact, choosing to win the unbelieving by every lawful compliance and amenity, rather than to repel them by creating a class of harsh and morose separatists.

What St. Paul was in person we can infer but vaguely. He quotes those who speak of his "bodily presence as weak and his speech as contemptible;" and there is reason to believe that the "thorn in the flesh," to which he refers, was the close-clinging consciousness of a physical nature ill adapted to win respect and deference. Yet, wherever he appeared, he seems to have commanded profound attention, and to have awakened lasting interest in the truths that he dispensed. If insignificant in outward aspect, his presence exerted a controlling influence. If lame in speech, results prove him to have been the most eloquent man of his age. We can conceive that he may have derived added power from the very infirmities of which he was so painfully conscious. The most ample physical endowments are overprone to fasten regard on the orator, rather than on his cause. The brilliant harangue attracts more praise for its rhetoric than heed to its doctrine. Nay, there is prone to adhere, to those who are eloquent by the gift of nature, the suspicion of excessive self-reference; and many are the earnest men in professional and public life, the efficacy of whose words would be greatly enhanced by diminished symmetry of form and feature, or by something less than faultless accent and modulation. On the other hand, a spirit of superior brightness and energy, when lodged in a diminutive, feeble, or deformed body, frees itself to an amazing degree from all bodily circumscription, works itself loose

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from organic laws, and becomes endowed with a power of action and influence far beyond the measure of its apparent means and opportunities. Thus too, a slender, shrill, harsh, or intractable voice, when laden with great thoughts and fervent emotion, either rises into an eloquence as far above artistical rules as it is wide of them; or else, in its utter inadequacy there is an inexplicable charm, which brings hearers into that close intimacy with the speaker, in which his spirit seems to be transfusing itself directly into theirs, rather than communing with them through the medium of language. We conceive of St. Paul's person as in itself unattractive, but as irradiated in countenance, gesture, and mien, as absolutely transfigured and glorified, by the vividness of his spiritual perceptions, the intensity of his zeal, the fervor of his piety. His voice, too, may have been beneath the capacity of culture; yet it must have swelled and surged, grown majestic in its intonation and rhythm, trembled with deep emotion, risen into grandeur, as it spoke of Christ and heaven, and struck the most gentle chords when moved by pity and sympathy. Such a soul as his could have assimilated the meanest apparatus of bodily functions to its own intense and noble vitality, could have become transparent through the most opaque medium, could have made itself profoundly felt even with a stammering tongue or a barbarous dialect.

It would be superfluous for us to attempt to trace St. Paul's itinerary. It would embrace almost a complete geographical list of the provinces and dependencies of the Roman empire. According to Lardner's chronology, his martyrdom occurred in the thirtieth year of his apostleship. During this entire period he was in active service; for his prolonged seasons of imprisonment hardly constitute an exception to this statement, since his pen at such times replaced and multiplied his bodily presence; nor have we reason to suppose that he was ever confined in such a way as not to afford him large opportunities of social intercourse. Though capable of extreme rapidity in his movements, (considering the means of transit at his command,) he was equally capable of persistent labor on the same ground; and, as the case seemed to require, either made a hurried visit, and left the "seed of the kingdom" to

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the hospitalities of the soil, or remained stationary for months, or even years, watered where he had planted, fenced in what he had reclaimed from the waste, and trained other cultivators to assume the charge on his departure. And over the churches which he had thus established he maintained a watchful oversight, holding frequent communication with them by letter, deciding their controversies, directing in the discipline of heretical or refractory members, and sometimes convening the elders for his paternal counsel when he had not time to appear in public, or to meet the whole body of believers. Asia Minor was as his peculiar diocese, with Corinth and Macedonia as outlying parishes; and within this immense region, on both sides of the Ægean, there can hardly have been an individual disciple who did not look upon the great apostle as his or her own superior pastor, and we might almost say, there were few who had not seen his face, and hung upon his words.

But it is mainly through his Epistles that St. Paul wields, at the present day, upon the church, equally a transmitted influence of opinions, true or false, which have sought support from their text, and a direct agency in the piety and zeal that derive nourishment from their spirit.

These Epistles hold an important place among the evidences of Christianity. They at once establish their own genuineness, and furnish ample confirmation of the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament. We refer not merely to the unmistakable identity of the Paul of the Acts of the Apostles with the reputed author of these pastoral letters, nor yet to the numerous latent and undesigned coincidences in St. Luke's narrative and the Epistles, which have been so happily disinterred by Paley, in the Horæ Paulinæ. These Epistles imply, at the time of their authorship, the existence of precisely the condition of things that must have existed if Jesus Christ lived and taught, died and rose from the dead, when, where, and as he is said to have done in the Gospels. They discuss such questions as must needs have arisen in the course of Christian experience, — cases of casuistry, scruples of the morbidly conscientious, the limits of toleration and fellowship, the marks and tests of religious

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character and progress; in fine, questions parallel with those which every devout mind in Christendom is asking at the present day. Such discussions we do not find in the Gospels, which contain simply the elements and fundamental principles of Christianity, in the form in which they needed to be first delivered to those who were just emerging from the twilight of Judaism. Moreover, the questions which St. Paul discusses in his Epistles are such as could have been asked only by the merest novices. Now this must have been precisely the case if the Gospels are both authentic in their history, and the genuine works of their reputed writers. The date of St. Paul's Epistles is limited by abundant testimony to the first century of the Christian era. Had the Gospels been of later origin, had they emanated in their present form from a post-apostolic generation, it is impossible that they should not have borne numerous marks of the then condition of Christian experience, — that they should not have adapted the words put into the Saviour's lips to the then existing exigencies of the Church. That they contain only the rudiments, and not the diversified applications, of Christian doctrine, can be accounted for only by the theory that they are literal history, written by men who had direct access to the historical fountains. In concurrence with this evidence, St. Paul's Epistles prove that authentic Christian history had its beginnings thus early, — that Christianity had its clearly defined existence among the religions of the world, its strongly attached adherents, its recognized laws and standards. They are thus fatal to the "development theory," according to which Christianity could hardly have assumed its definite shape and consistency, or the person of Christ from that of a wise and virtuous Jewish peasant have towered by mythical accretions to the vastness and grandeur which it evidently bore in St. Paul's belief, before the close of the second century.

The importance of these Epistles, as a portion of the canon of Scripture, it is impossible to overrate. If we wished to get a clear and full insight into the principles and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, so as to regard all its provisions in the light in which they were regarded by its

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founders, it would not be enough to make ourselves familiar with the contents of that document. Its articles are brief, sententious, abstract. It brings up no actually existing cases, by which we can see how it works. We should therefore deem it essential to study, in connection with it, the earliest decisions of the Supreme Court, when the bench was filled by men who had assisted in the formation of the government, and were in intimate communion with the minds of all its illustrious founders. We should feel confident that these men applied the provisions of the constitution as it was intended that they should be applied. Were there any ambiguous questions of interpretation, we should receive their solution as authoritative, and we should shape our judgment in new cases now occurring by the analogy of their *dicta*. To the Christian Church Jesus gave its constitution in his teachings and his life. It is written out in perfect clearness, yet still with great conciseness, and with very few detailed applications. But in St. Paul we have a judge on whom the Master's spirit rested, and who held for many years the chief place in the ecclesiastical administration. To him were brought, for adjudication, numerous subjects of doubt and controversy, and his decisions remain on record in our canonical Scriptures. The questions of those earlier ages have indeed long since passed away. But their discussion and decision show us the working of Christianity as the constitution of an organized body of believers. And strictly analogous questions, depending on the very same principles for their solution, are constantly recurring. The heart's inmost experiences, needs, and cravings are the same in America, in the nineteenth century, as they were in Europe and Asia, in the first; and those who will acquaint themselves with these writings, can hardly derive from them less instruction and edification than those to whom they were originally addressed.

Yet we cannot but express, in all candor, our belief that the Epistles of St. Paul have been a copious fountain of false doctrine; nor has there ever been a heresy so absurd, or a vagary so wild, as not to resort for its proof-texts, primarily, to this portion of the sacred volume. In saying this we are only stating a patent fact, and are not giving vent to any loose

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theory as to the authority of these Epistles or the divine inspiration of their author. We see no cause to question either, and abundant reason for affirming both. We do not believe that St. Paul either Judaized or philosophized beyond the scope of genuine Christianity. We believe that he was the disciple of no human master, but literally "received from the Lord that which he delivered" to the churches. Our ground is none other than the entire reliableness and the plenary authority of the Christian canon. But the errors of faith and practice, that have been derived from these Epistles, have originated in one of two ways. First, from a misapprehension of their nature and uses. They have been regarded as primary and independent treatises on Christian theology, rather than as writings of specific purpose and limited application. The phraseology by which St. Paul characterized or refuted ephemeral crudities and follies, and which is closely circumscribed in meaning by the history of the times, has been generalized into universal propositions. His contemptuous estimate of the heartless routine of an effete ritual has been extended to the fundamental laws of personal and social duty; and Antinomians, of the foulest type, have justified their abominations and impurities by the very terms in which he inculcated a faith that makes men virtuous, in opposition to a ceremonial law which left them to unrebuked iniquity. Even the loving service of Christian commemoration has been hedged round for the timidly conscientious with his righteous rebukes and denunciations of the hardly half-converted Corinthians, who assimilated the Holy Supper to the orgies of Bacchus. In fine, his Epistles have been treated, not as the commentaries of a divinely inspired man on the original and complete revelation through Christ, but as a supplementary revelation of paramount magnitude and importance. Thus, instead of tracing principles in their authoritative applications, men have transmuted the applications into principles. Even where no grave falsity or error has been derived from this source, a false view of these writings has tended to render the terminology of religion harmfully technical and complex, and to obscure the simple beauty of the truth as it fell from the Saviour's lips, by incorporating with it words and phrases,

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which derived their origin and their sole fitness from conditions of the Jewish and Pagan mind that have long since passed into oblivion.

Another mode in which these Epistles have led to much theological error, has been the habit of aphoristical interpretation, — the treating of separate sentences, and fragments of sentences, as if they were complete in themselves, without admitting of modification from their context. This vicious habit is by many supposed to have grown from the subdivision of the Bible into infinitesimal paragraphs; but this statement reverses the order of historical sequence, nor can we conceive that so ridiculous a style of division and arrangement should ever have been projected, had not the way been prepared for it by corresponding modes of consultation and exegesis. Now, though the garbling of any book is an atrocious wrong to the author and his subject, the Gospels can probably bear this treatment better than any other book whatever that is continuous in its form. They consist chiefly of discourses addressed to the ignorant and prejudiced, generally in the open air, often before noisy and shifting multitudes; and these discourses, except when they assume the form of parable, are aphoristic in their character, as if the divine Teacher meant that he who heard but a simple sentence should carry away a definite idea or impression. Then, too, the Gospels contain, for the most part, statements of truth and duty, without reasonings. Consequently, the diversity of interpretation as to their teachings has been comparatively slight, and of the proof-texts that load the quiver of the saint militant, almost none are drawn from this compartment of the Christian armory. But with St. Paul the case is directly opposite. Of independent sentences, isolated sentiments, statements unmodified by what precedes or follows, there are almost none in his writings. A verse taken by itself is more likely to denote the opposite of what he means, than it is to present his meaning with anything like definiteness or adequacy. He often traces out his adversary's line of argument, or assumes his postulates, in order to demonstrate the falsity of his inferences from them. He sometimes holds an imaginary colloquy with an objector, and gives *in ipsissimis verbis* the very fallacy which it is his aim

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to expose. Thus the quoter of single sentences is constantly liable, not only to misapprehend what the apostle writes in his own person, but to ascribe to him sentiments which he cites only to refute or condemn, — an error like that of employing Satan's words as authority from holy writ.

But is not St. Paul desultory? We apprehend that such is his reputation in the Church at large, especially among those whose reading is confined to the vernacular version of his Epistles. No writer makes more profuse or discriminating use of the Greek particles than he does; and whether a reader shall trace the continuity of his discourse, or shall see only abrupt transitions and trackless involutions of thought, depends very much on his conversance with the Pauline use of illatives, connectives, and that whole delicately organized network of conjunctions, prepositions, and adverbs, which confuses and bewilders where it does not guide. But the mere classical scholar is at fault as to these Epistles; for St. Paul often uses particles, (as well as other words,) in accordance not with Greek but with Hebrew idioms, in the acceptation in which they are employed by the writers of the Septuagint. To refer to a single instance, which may stand for a score; καί, in his Epistles, is far from being the simple connective which it is in a language as inexhaustibly rich as the Greek in the minute auxiliaries of speech; but it performs the numerous, diverse, and opposite offices which are imposed in the Hebrew on that servant of all works, — the Protean prefix! Thus, the accurate Schleusner enumerates, in the New Testament, no less than *thirty-four* undoubted significations of καί, besides *seven* which are contended for, though doubtful, in single passages. Now, King James's translators, nobly and faithfully as they executed their work, in the main, lived before the age of critical scholarship, whether in the classical or the Hellenistic Greek. They paid very slight attention to particles, and, in their version, connectives and disjunctives often stand in each others places, while many delicate shades of meaning, indices of progress or transition that are expressed by these seemingly insignificant words, are left wholly untranslated.

But St. Paul demands close attention in every reader. His

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style is involved from the very fulness of thought. His sentences are absolutely loaded down with meaning. He embraces in a single period exceptions, qualifications, subsidiary thoughts, related ideas, that would fill a long paragraph in an ordinary writer. His parentheses are frequent and protracted. He often leaves his main subject to follow out a collateral train of argument, to make a fervent appeal to the conscience, or to give utterance to devotional feeling; and these digressions are long, and sometimes branch out themselves in different directions. But he always resumes the thread of his discourse, and never finally drops a discussion till he has finished it. He always has a definite end in view, and advances steadily in pursuit of that end, with a vast profusion of argument and illustration indeed, but without ever losing sight of his purpose, so that all his material is brought to bear upon the subject in hand.

To all other causes of ambiguity, we must add the difficulty of fully entering into the circumstances under which these Epistles were written, and the condition of those to whom they were addressed. A letter, from its very nature, demands some good degree of acquaintance with both parties in order to be understood. The Epistle to the Romans is but dimly intelligible to one ignorant of the controversy about the obligation of the Jewish ritual between the Hebrew and the Gentile converts. Much, in the Epistles to the Corinthians, otherwise obscure, receives light from the character of that metropolis of sensuality, in which it is more strange that Christianity should have gained a foothold, than that it should have succumbed to surrounding corruption. Each of these letters was designed to meet some specific exigency. But the means of understanding them are within easy reach, and have been greatly multiplied in the lifetime of the present generation. They require, but they more than reward, the most diligent study; and, whether regarded as the productions of a mind second to none among mortals, as illustrative of the early history of the Church, or as prominent among the monuments of special divine inspiration, they claim at Christian hands the most reverent regard and the most faithful investigation.

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Were we to define their most prominent characteristics, we should select the concurrent agency of mind and heart, of reason and emotion, in their composition. The Apostle is severely logical, and at the same time full of intense feeling. His closest arguments are pervaded by sublime devotion and fervent charity. The members of his logic are warm with religious life; and yet never for a moment relax themselves in the glow, or permit you to feel that reason has yielded her throne to piety or love. Thus his writings are equally devoid of cold reasoning and of feeble sentimentality. They will bear alike the test of rigid analysis, and of the higher criticism of the affections; and at the same time command the respect of the logician, and meet the aspirations of the saint. We feel, in reading St. Paul, that we are communing with the loftiest spirit of his race. His Epistles, apart from their sacred character, seem to us the master-works of human genius; but when we regard them as emanating from a mind overpowered and flooded by light from the Infinite Intelligence, our admiration of the choice and noble instrument of divine communication is merged in praise and gratitude to Him who kindled such a luminary in the spiritual firmament.

The work named at the head of this article is a noble monument of the zeal, ability, and piety of its authors. It makes no pretension to critical acumen, and should, therefore, not be condemned for the lack of it. Its aim is, not to interpret the Epistles, but to relate the history of St. Paul. The Epistles have their chronological places assigned to them, always on good, and generally on satisfying grounds, and they are given in a carefully accurate and slightly paraphrastic translation, with a few brief illustrative notes. But the object had in view was to collect all possible materials for the illustration of the Apostle's life, from his birth to his martyrdom, to convey a vivid impression of his personality, with its forming and surrounding influences, and to present a detailed view of the successive scenes of his labors and sufferings. To this end, geography and archæology, numismatics and topography, literature and art, are laid under copious contribution. The work is enriched with maps and plans covering the entire field of St. Paul's journeys and voyages. It comprises also the complete material for a Pauline picture gallery. It con-

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tains not far from fifty plates, in the highest style of artistical beauty, and more than twice as many wood-cuts of coins, buildings, and single features of natural scenery. The typography is perfect, and the publishers have spared no expense to carry out the design to the utmost extent that can be desired for use or ornament. While it is a luxury to read volumes of such faultless taste and elegance, they furnish ample material for the profounder work of exegesis; and they are all the more valuable, because the authors have kept clear of debatable ground, and have produced, not a work which can be deemed the property of a sect or party, but one which neither derives nor loses value from their position as members of the Church of England, and professors of a peculiar modification of Christian doctrine.

As regards style, we might, were we in a fault-finding mood, speak of the lack of simplicity and directness. Undoubtedly the story is told in more words than is absolutely necessary. Imaginary or barely possible incidents are sometimes dwelt upon with needless prolixity, and the preaching vein is occasionally worked to waste. But these are minor blemishes, compared with the conscientious fidelity, the open-hearted candor, and the earnest piety, the traces of which are manifest on every page. The authors are thoroughly enamored with their work, and evidently had in view, not a mere book-making enterprise, but the honor of divine revelation, the extended influence of the precepts of their religion among the followers of Christ, and the awakening of a more earnest spirit of investigation, as regards the history and records of the Christian faith. We close our grateful notice of their labors by such extracts as our limits will allow, from their admirable Introduction.

"After we have endeavored, with every help we can command, to reproduce the picture of St. Paul's deeds and times — how small would our knowledge of himself remain, if we had no other record of him left us but the story of his adventures. If his letters had never come down to us, we should have known indeed what he did and suffered, but we should have had very little idea of what he was. Even if we could perfectly succeed in restoring the image of the scenes and circumstances in which he moved, — even if we could, as in a magic

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mirror, behold him speaking in the school of Tyrannus, with his Ephesian hearers in their national costume around him, — we should still see very little of Paul of Tarsus. We must listen to his words if we would learn to know him. If fancy did her utmost, she could give us only his outward, not his inward life. 'His bodily presence' (so his enemies declared) 'was weak and contemptible;' but 'his letters' (even they allowed) 'were weighty and powerful.' Moreover, an effort of imagination and memory is needed to recall the past, but in his Epistles St. Paul is present with us. 'His words are not dead words, they are living creatures with hands and feet,' touching in a thousand hearts at this very hour the same chord of feeling which vibrated to their first utterance. We, the Christians of the nineteenth century, can bear witness now, as fully as could a Byzantine audience fourteen hundred years ago, to the saying of Chrysostom, that 'Paul by his letters still lives in the mouths of men throughout the whole world; by them not only his own converts, but all the faithful even unto this day, yea, and all the saints who are yet to be born, until Christ's coming again, both have been and shall be blessed.' His Epistles are to his inward life, what the mountains and rivers of Asia and Greece and Italy are to his outward life; — the imperishable part which still remains to us, when all that time can ruin has passed away.

"It is in these letters then that we must study the true life of St. Paul, from its inmost depths and springs of action, which were 'hidden with Christ in God,' down to its most minute developments, and peculiar individual manifestations. In them we learn (to use the language of Gregory Nazianzene) 'what is told of Paul by Paul himself.' Their most sacred contents indeed rise above all that is peculiar to the individual writer; for they are the communications of God to man concerning the faith and life of Christians; which St. Paul declared (as he often asserts) by the immediate revelation of Christ himself. But his manner of teaching these eternal truths is colored by his human character, and peculiar to himself. And such individual features are naturally impressed much more upon epistles than upon any other kind of composition. For here we have not treatises, or sermons, which may dwell in the general and abstract, but real letters, written to meet the actual wants of living men; giving immediate answers to real questions, and warnings against pressing dangers; full of the interests of the passing hour. And this, which must be more or less the case with all epistles addressed to particular Churches, is especially so with those of St. Paul. In his case it is not too much to say that his letters are himself — a portrait painted by his own hand, of which every feature may be 'known and read of all men.'

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It is not merely that in them we see the proof of his powerful intellect, his insight into the foundations of natural theology, and of moral philosophy; for in such points, though the philosophical expression might belong to himself, the truths expressed were taught him of God. It is not only that we there find models of the sublimest eloquence, when he is kindled by the vision of the glories to come, the perfect triumph of good over evil, the manifestation of the sons of God, and their transformation into God's likeness, when they shall see Him no longer 'in a glass darkly, but face to face,'—for in such strains as these it was not so much he that spake, as the Spirit of God speaking in him;—but in his letters, besides all this which is divine, we trace every shade, even to the faintest, of his human character also. Here we see that fearless independence with which he 'withstood Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed;'—that impetuosity which breaks out in his apostrophe to the 'foolish Galatians;'—that earnest indignation which bids his converts 'beware of dogs, beware of the concision,' and pours itself forth in the emphatic 'God forbid,' which meets every Antinomian suggestion; that fervid patriotism which makes him 'wish that he were himself accursed from Christ for his brethren, his kinsmen acording to the flesh, who are Israelites;'—that generosity which looked for no other reward than 'to preach the glad tidings of Christ without charge,' and made him feel that he would rather 'die, than that any man should make this glorying void;'—that dread of officious interference which led him to shrink from 'building on another man's foundation;'—that delicacy which shows itself in his appeal to Philemon, whom he might have commanded, 'yet for love's sake rather beseeching him, being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ,' and which is even more striking in some of his farewell greetings, as (for instance) when he bids the Romans 'salute Rufus, and *her who is both his mother and mine;*'—that scrupulous fear of evil appearance which 'would not eat any man's bread for nought, but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that he might not be chargeable to any of them;'—that refined courtesy which cannot bring itself to blame till it has first praised, and which makes him deem it needful almost to apologise for the freedom of giving advice to those who were not personally known to him;—that self-denying love which 'will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest he make his brother to offend;'—that impatience of exclusive formalism with which he overwhelms the Judaizers of Galatia, joined with a forbearance so gentle for the innocent weakness of scrupulous consciences;—that grief for the sins of others, which moved him to tears when he spoke of the enemies of the cross of

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Christ, 'of whom I tell you even weeping;' — that noble freedom from jealousy with which he speaks of those who, out of rivalry to himself, preach Christ even of envy and strife, supposing to add affliction to his bonds, 'What then? notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea and will rejoice;' — that tender friendship which watches over the health of Timothy, even with a mother's care; — that intense sympathy in the joys and sorrows of his converts, which could say, even to the rebellious Corinthians, 'ye are in our hearts, to die and live with you;' — that longing desire for the intercourse of affection, and that sense of loneliness when it was withheld, which perhaps is the most touching feature of all, because it approaches most nearly to a weakness. 'When I came to Troas to preach Christ's gospel, and a door was opened to me of the Lord, I had no rest in my spirit, because I found not Titus my brother; but taking my leave of them, I went from thence into Macedonia.' And 'when I was come into Macedonia, my flesh had no rest, but I was troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears. Nevertheless God, who comforteth those that are cast down, comforted me by the coming of Titus.' 'Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me; for Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed unto Thessalonica; Crescens to Galatia, Titus unto Dalmatia; only Luke is with me."

Nor is it only in the substance, but even in the style of these writings that we recognize the man Paul of Tarsus. In the parenthetical constructions and broken sentences, we see the rapidity with which the thoughts crowded upon him, almost too fast for utterance; we see him animated rather than weighed down by 'that which cometh upon him daily, the care of all the churches,' as he pours forth his warnings or his arguments in a stream of eager and impetuous dictation, with which the pen of the faithful Tertius can hardly keep pace. And above all, we trace his presence in the postscript to every letter, which he adds as an authentication in his own characteristic handwriting, 'which is the token in every epistle; so I write.' Sometimes as he takes up the pen he is moved with indignation when he thinks of the false brethren among those whom he addresses; 'the salutation of me Paul with my own hand, — if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema.' Sometimes, as he raises his hand to write, he feels it cramped by the fetters which bind him to the soldier who guards him, 'I Paul salute you with my own hand, — remember my chains.' Yet he always ends with the same blessing, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you,' to which he sometimes adds still further a few last words of affectionate remembrance, 'My love be with you all in Christ Jesus.'"

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"In conclusion, the authors would express their hope that this biography may, in its measure, be useful in strengthening the hearts of some against the peculiar form of unbelief most current at the present day. The more faithfully we can represent to ourselves the life, outward and inward, of St. Paul, in all its fulness, the more unreasonable must appear the theory that Christianity had a mythical origin; and the stronger must be our ground for believing his testimony to the divine nature and miraculous history of our Redeemer. No reasonable man can learn to know and love the Apostle of the Gentiles without asking himself the question, 'What was the principle by which through such a life he was animated? What was the strength in which he labored with such immense results?' Nor can the most sceptical inquirer doubt for one moment the full sincerity of St. Paul's belief that 'the life which he lived in the flesh he lived by the faith of the Son of God, who died and gave himself for him.' 'To believe in Christ crucified and risen, to serve Him on earth, to be with Him hereafter; — these, if we may trust the account of his own motives by any human writer whatever, were the chief, if not the only thoughts which sustained Paul of Tarsus through all the troubles and sorrows of his twenty years' conflict. His sagacity, his cheerfulness, his forethought, his impartial and clear-judging reason, all the natural elements of his strong character are not indeed to be overlooked: but the more highly we exalt these in our estimate of his work, the larger share we attribute to them in the performance of his mission, the more are we compelled to believe that he spoke the words of truth and soberness when he told the Corinthians that 'last of all Christ was seen of him also,' that 'by the grace of God he was what he was,' that 'whilst he labored more abundantly than all, it was not he, but the grace of God that was in him.'"

ART. IX. — 1. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the Service of her Majesty, Queen Anne; written by himself.* By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of Pendennis, &c. New York: Harpers.

2. *The History of Pendennis, his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy.* By W. M. THACKERAY. New York: Harpers.

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3. *The Book of Snobs.* By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Appletons.
4. *The Luck of Barry Lyndon.* By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Appletons. 2 vols. 16mo.

There are few novelists who combine creative powers and a knowledge of the human heart with the faculty of delineating actual life and manners. The pathos and sublimity of Richardson, wellnigh smothered as they are by pompous sentiment and a cumbrous phraseology, are among the miracles of literature; but for any picture that he has left us of English life in the eighteenth century, he might have been destitute of eyes and ears. Scott was doubtless a keen observer of manners as well as of men; but poetry and romance-writing spoiled him for depicting the tamer features of modern society; and he was fain to acknowledge that the "bow-wow" style was that which he managed best. Smollet's characters, admirable as they are, are mostly oddities; and his scenes, with all their humor, are the extravagances of nature, not its ordinary displays. The creations of Godwin, like the conceptions of the transcendental philosopher, are all evolved from his own *ich;* they are possibilities, deduced by *à priori* reasoning from the first principles of metaphysics. Miss Burney, on the other hand, gives us clever sketches of society, but she never penetrates below the surface; she makes us familiar with the company at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, but not with the more secret motives of conduct. In short, there are, as it seems to us, but three English novelists, — Fielding, Jane Austen, and Thackeray, — who both reveal the springs of action, and exhibit its outward aspects and local peculiarities; whose characters are types of classes, and in whose works we find reflected various phases of human nature as well as of English life.

We can have no hesitation in putting Fielding at the head of the English novelists. Nor has he inferior claims to the first place among English humorists. Humor, indeed, is the very element in which all his instincts and perceptions act. By it, he distinguishes truth from falsehood, right from wrong. He scents a falsehood by its absurdity; he detects roguery

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by the ludicrous figure it makes in the disguise of honesty. He has no stern moral code by which to judge men; he never picks up a stone to throw at a sinner. Like the amiable Parisienne in the "Paysan Parvenu," he is heartily in love with virtue, and not at enmity with vice; "*aimant de tout son cœur la vertu sans inimitié pour le vice.*" With hypocrisy alone he is at war; for hypocrisy is always the great antagonist of humor. Yet even in this contest he will give no unfair blow; he leaves Humor to fight the battle alone. Virtue and Morality may assist as bottle-holders; but they are not allowed to engage as principals. And when at length the wretched Blifil is driven from the scene, it is not with execrations, but amid shouts of jubilant laughter.

This unity of feeling and conception is the source of Fielding's exquisite art. He has an unwavering faith in his own genius, and in every impulse of his nature. He never mocks himself; he does not show us a gem, and then depreciate it. He delights to deck his Amelia and Sophia with all the beautiful qualities of womanhood, as a lover adorns his mistress with flowers and pearls. He exhilarates himself with draughts from his own imagination; and we can well believe what he tells us, that no one ever laughed or wept so much in reading his books as he himself had done while writing them. His pathos is as natural and as genial as his humor; the one parts from the other, and returns to it by imperceptible gradations, like the showers and the sunshine of April. The story flows gently on through an agreeable succession of incidents and scenes; and the harmonious tone that thus pervades them gives to his works a charm that belongs to no other novels in the language.

In placing Jane Austen in the same rank with Fielding and Thackeray, we do not expect to meet with general assent. In this country, at least, her writings have not acquired popularity. This may, perhaps, be owing to the narrow limits and almost unbroken level of the society which she paints. She has none of those bold conceptions which stamp themselves indelibly on the mind. There is no Parson Adams or Squire Western, no Becky Sharp or Major Pendennis, in any of her novels; no characters whose strongly marked features

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stand out in full relief, and whose names have become as familiar in men's mouths as those of celebrated men. If you speak of Sir Thomas Bertram, of Fanny Price, or of Mr. Collins, the allusion will require explanation. But this is owing, not to any deficiency of skill, but to the perfection of her art. She passed her life in the sphere of a respectable, but not high-born Englishwoman — familiar with the better classes of society in country towns; with the *beau monde* she seems to have been altogether unacquainted. She gives us only such characters and scenes as faithfully represent the manners of the society in which she lived. To have admitted incidents and persons, which, however real in themselves, did not belong to the ordinary features of the life which she portrays, would have destroyed the harmony of the picture. Nothing more commonplace can be imagined than the routine of action which forms the groundwork of each of her tales. But neither is it possible to imagine a more faithful delineation of any phase of society, or a more admirable constructive genius than that with which, from these materials, she forms a work of art. Her plots are so skilfully framed, that, while the interest of the story is always preserved, she never oversteps the bounds of probability. She never has recourse to the clumsy expedients of common novelists, who involve themselves in labyrinths from which they can only escape by a *coup-de-main* — who win the game by moving their knight diagonally, or making their bishop leap over a pawn. The *dénouement* of her plots is as simple as the development; the difficulty is solved by natural, yet unforeseen methods. Her talent is essentially dramatic. The authoress herself is never visible, never even peeps from behind the curtain. The characters are not described; they exhibit themselves in action and in speech; and there are no prose works of fiction in which the individuality of all the actors is so well maintained. Miss Austen's humor is rich and suggestive. She is not, however, a *humorist*, who sees that every object may be viewed in a sportive light. She never satirizes a class. She finds a theme for comedy only in those peculiarities which are laughed at by all the world; but she exposes these traits with a bold, yet delicate touch. "Mansfield Park"

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has more variety of incident than any of her other works, and is, on this account perhaps, a more general favorite. "Pride and Prejudice," however, is superior in wit and humor; while the plot of "Emma" is equal to that of any of Ben Jonson's comedies. "Sense and Sensibility," the earliest of her stories, is the least pleasing of them all; yet in none does she exhibit so profound an insight into human nature; and we have never read the work without astonishment that the most subtle play of motives, and the most delicate traits of character should have been thus faithfully portrayed by a woman at the age of twenty-five.

From Miss Austen to Thackeray is an abrupt transition; for they have no qualities in common, except those which belong to all writers who give us faithful pictures of life and manners. Between the author of Vanity Fair and the author of Tom Jones, on the other hand, there is a certain similarity, obvious to every reader. The source of this resemblance cannot lie deep; for we gather from the works of these two writers very different impressions of their personal characters; and it is in the character that we must seek for the root of all that flowers in the intellect. An unaffected manliness, a singular freedom from vanity and from all the pretences and disguises in which not merely common natures, but genius itself too often lies enmeshed, we should attribute to them both. But the simplicity of Fielding is that of a flowing, vivacious spirit, whose unconstrained movements have a natural charm and grace. One can imagine him everywhere in social life, the centre of a group, delighted with his animation and with a wit that so easily harmonized with the tone of his society. Among women and children, men of culture and boon companions, he must have been equally at home, admired by all, by some — and not the worst of them — beloved. In Thackeray, on the contrary, you would probably find the plain demeanor of a man of sense and experience, who does not fascinate his company, and does not try to do it; whose qualities are not those of the cynosure and the general favorite, and who is far above aiming at a distinction that does not naturally fall to him. With all his admiration of beauty and grace, — to which, indeed, he renders on all occasions the genuine

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homage of an artist, — he is the last man to be unconscious of the bounds of his own nature, or to struggle against them. It even pleases him to exaggerate the phlegmatic temperament, and the incapacity to dazzle and captivate, of that imaginary observer of men and manners, — Mr. Spec, or Mr. Brown, or the Fat Contributor, — behind whose masks he hides his own penetrating eyes. It is a "fogy" who paints the tender passion in those soft and glowing colors; the chivalrous ardor with which Mr. Solomon Pacifico talks of Erminia is nothing more than that respectful admiration with which, in his youth, it was the custom to speak of every charming woman. It is with the manners of an earlier generation that he affects to be most familiar. He often speaks of the period when he himself was young, ardent, and enthusiastic, as one which belongs to a distant past, and sometimes assigns to it the date of 1812. Are then the biographical dictionaries all at fault, which inform us that Thackeray, W. M., was born in 1811; and had he already assumed the *toga virilis*, and become the victim of Miss Emily Blenkinsop's charms, at a time when the statement of the said dictionaries would lead us to infer that he was only a baby in long clothes? We suspect it is not age, but premature wisdom that has checked the swift current of his blood; for this tone is not peculiar to his later works, but belongs also to those which were written fifteen years ago. The season of illusion, it would seem, was a short one with him. He had not paid many visits to the theatre when he discovered that the ballet girls were not fairies; and if he still recollects Miss B.'s dimples and smiles, it is because real beauty and goodness leave a glow in the heart long after its fevers are all over.

But if Thackeray's character wants the polish and brilliancy of Fielding's, the intrinsic qualities of the metal are, it must be owned, superior. Fielding was a man of generous impulses, who tasted to the day of his death the bitter fruits of self-indulgence. Thackeray's heart is not less noble; but he is inured to the discipline of self-denial, and wears in the hidden shrine of his conscience the laurel of self-conquest. If he has not escaped the taint of that speculative spirit which questions further than reason can reply, this is but a

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necessary stage in the development of a thoughtful and earnest mind. But his will is too robust, the energies of life are too strong within him, to yield to the benumbing influence of speculation. He shakes off the fatal lethargy; and the doubt which he cannot satisfy by argument he dissipates by action. On the whole, there could not be a greater contrast than between the buoyant Fielding, draining the sweet cup that life holds to his lips, — reckless of "next morning's" headache, and of the sharp necessities that follow unthrift, — and the melancholy, but strong and self-sustaining Thackeray, who feels the general woe, and fights bravely in the common cause of humanity.

Such a man has a right to look the world boldly in the face. And surely no eye was ever keener, no speech ever franker, than Thackeray's. The heart of every reader of his works confesses his insight into its most secret emotions. And yet it is not in sounding the depths of the soul that his peculiar and unrivalled excellence lies, but in noting all the external indications of character, in seizing, with a comprehensive glance, the multifarious and minute peculiarities of habit or appearance, by which thought and feeling betray themselves to a penetrating gaze. He is the greatest of observers. In the masquerade of Vanity Fair he recognizes every one; the choice of the disguise betrays the wearer, or the manner in which it is worn. No man watches with such vigilance the by-play of life. The petty artifices of vanity, the covert leers of slander and envy, the insolent courtesies of varnished vulgarity, the stolen glances of timid affection, the unbreathed sighs of patient suffering, — all these he surprises on their passage, and interprets as if by intuition. He sees the soul, not naked, but draped in the customs and formulas of artificial life; and he points out how awkwardly the garments fit, and what a sorry figure it is that struts about before the admiring crowd, padded with honors and dignities, or, it may be, with virtue and respectability. He is not a detective officer, who follows a criminal to his secret haunts, and drags his dark deeds to light. It is while engaged in his open and regular pursuits and amusements, at dinner, in the theatre, while reading the newspapers, or driving in the park, that the suspected

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party is under our author's *surveillance*. By the appearance and the manner, at such times, — the dress, the gesture, the traitorous communications of the quivering lip or knitted brow, — he reads the emotion and deciphers the thought. To be an adept in this mystery, — to be able to discover character by those "trifles light as air" that distinguish one man from another, or the same man from himself at a different time, in actions and habits common to all, — requires a knowledge of those minute details of art and science which have so much to do with men's appearance and behavior. For example, if you would qualify yourself for the observation of human nature in a fashionable sphere, you must first obtain a competent knowledge of dress, gastronomy, and etiquette. It is evident that these have been with Thackeray matters of especial study. He knows the table of precedence at every court in Europe, from imperial Versailles to high-transparent Pumpernickel; he has confidential interviews with the distinguished *chef* of the "Sarcophagus;" and his acquaintance with the minutiæ of costume is extensive, historical, and precise. His familiarity with all the points of female attire, the command he shows of the vocabulary of the mercer, the dressmaker, and the *modiste*, confound the male reader, and appall the ladies.

Thackeray, therefore, unlike most novelists, never makes us acquainted with his personages by unveiling the process of their thoughts, taking up the train with the event that suggests it, and following it down to the act that results from it. He reverses this order, — exhibits the action, and then points to the delicate thread which connects it with the motive. If he sits beside the Misses Twigg at the play, and those young ladies, as well as their *chaperon*, Mrs. Captain Flathers, suddenly whisk away the neat little bouquets, which they have just before been exhibiting with considerable pride, and trample them under their feet, or cover them with their handkerchiefs, he glances around, and presently the secret of this disturbance comes to light. The Misses Cutbush have just entered the opposite box, with bouquets like little haystacks; and the small nosegays, which had quite satisfied their fair rivals until now, have become odious in their jealous little eyes. Such instances as this exemplify one of Thackeray's

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chief peculiarities. He draws our attention to some little incident, and then by innuendo, rather than explanation, points out the trait which it illustrates. This is very different from the manner of Fielding, who delights to watch a thought or an emotion as it rises in the mind, to trace it through all its eddies, and to follow it to its confluence with other feelings, or until it is absorbed into action. We shall quote a single example from Tom Jones. The gamekeeper, "Black George," who is under great obligations to Tom, has found and appropriated a purse containing five hundred pounds, which the heedless foundling received from Mr. Allworthy when dismissed from his house, and lost on his way across the fields. Subsequently, George is the bearer of sixteen guineas, which Sophia sends to her lover.

"Black George, having received the purse, set forward towards the alehouse; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he should not detain this money likewise. His conscience, however, immediately started at this suggestion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice answered, that his conscience should have considered the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones of his five hundred pounds; — that having quietly acquiesced in what was of so much greater importance, it was absurd, if not downright hypocrisy, to affect any qualms at this trifle. In return to which, Conscience, like a good lawyer, attempted to distinguish between an absolute breach of trust, as here where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former case. Avarice presently treated this with ridicule, called it a distinction without a difference, and absolutely insisted, that when once all pretensions of honor and virtue were given up in any one instance, that there was no precedent for resorting to them upon a second occasion. In short, poor Conscience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not Fear stepped in to her assistance, and very strenuously urged, that the real distinction between the two actions did not lie in the different degrees of honor, but of safety; for that the secreting the five hundred pounds was a matter of very little hazard, whereas the detaining the sixteen guineas was liable to the utmost danger of discovery. By this friendly aid of Fear, Conscience obtained a complete victory in the mind of Black George; and after making him a few compliments on his honesty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones."

Fielding, as we see, exercises over his characters an abso-

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lute right of property. He establishes himself in the inmost recesses of their minds, and displays the secret thoughts which no conjecture founded on action could have revealed. Thackeray takes no such unfair advantage of the offspring of his imagination. Having placed them before us, he retires among the spectators, and discovers more than the rest of us, not because his position is better, but because his sight is keener. We open one of his books, as we enter a company of strangers. What we first notice is their outward appearance — their features and dress, their occupations and their peculiarities of action; and on these observations we found our conjectures as to their characters. Major Pendennis is disclosed, seated at his breakfast-table in a club-house in Pall Mall. His boots are the best blacked in all London; his linen is spotless; his buff waistcoat bears the crown of his sovereign on the buttons; he wears a checked cravat, which will not be rumpled till dinner time; and his coat, his white gloves, his whiskers, his very cane, are "perfect of their kind, as specimens of the costume of a military man *en rétraite*." At a distance you would take him to be not more than thirty years old; but, on a nearer inspection, the factitious nature of his rich brown hair appears, and you notice "a few crows'-feet round the somewhat faded eyes of his handsome mottled face." On that table — "by the fire and yet near the window" — which by prescriptive right is now his own, his letters are laid out, the seals and franks of which excite the wonder of the younger *habitués* of the club. While the waiters bring him his toast and his hot newspaper, he surveys his letters through his gold double eye-glass, which he carries so gaily, you would hardly know it was spectacles in disguise. One letter, marked "Immediate," in a pretty, delicate, female hand, he puts under the slop-basin, to be read after he has disposed of the notes of invitation from the Marquis of Steyne, the Bishop of Ealing, &c., &c. When at length the humbler epistle obtains an audience, the major's countenance assumes such an expression of rage and horror that Glowry, the surgeon, who has been watching him with ill-concealed envy while he read the letters with the large seals and the franks, thinks his respected friend is going into a fit, and

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feels in his pocket for his lancet. And thus we are gradually led into an intimate acquaintance with the Major, just as our knowledge of a real person begins with his outward man, grows deeper as we get a closer view of his peculiarities of conduct and opinion, until at last we know him more thoroughly than he himself imagines, and can tell how he acted and what he thought on occasions when we were not present. We obtain the same knowledge of Thackeray's characters as we do of the persons whom we see most nearly and most frequently, and not a whit more. We think of them afterwards as we do of absent acquaintances; — we recall distinct images of bodily forms. In this respect, we know them better than we know the fictitious personages of any other writer. The depths of Hamlet's soul are revealed to us; but who ever imagines a Hamlet that is "fat, and scant of breath?" The simple nature, the honest, kindly hearts of Parson Adams and of My Uncle Toby are as clear and transparent as the waters of a summer's brook; but although we have some description of their personal appearance to assist us, we should doubtless have much difficulty in recognizing either of them if he were to enter the room. But Major Pendennis and Captain Costigan — how could we mistake their lineaments, when a faithful daguerreotype of each lies before us on the table? Nor is it only the principal actors who are thus carefully costumed. Where there is no opportunity to bring out individual peculiarities, the stamp of caste and profession is at least made plainly visible. If "Jeames" does but enter the room to announce that the carriage is at the door, our attention is forced away from the most interesting dialogue, and fixed upon the plush and the calves, the mincing tones and the dislocated aspirates. The characteristics of a particular class are always depicted with minute fidelity. Many of the characters are admirable specimens of the genus to which they belong. Morgan, for instance, is the very type of the English valet, — the most serviceable animal of the whole race, but with an extraordinary mass of vulgar insolence underneath the intensely servile exterior. The Irishmen in Thackeray's books, both as regards brogue and all the well-known propensities of the Hibernian nature, are certainly

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the best to be found in either comedy or novel. The military portraits are not less faithful; and the British army — or the representative portion of it — entertains, for the delineator of its "heavy young dragoons," its dashing light-guardsmen, and its veteran *braves*, those sentiments of grateful esteem which it might be expected to feel. With what truthful and delicate touches does Thackeray portray childhood! No Nellys or Evas, but veritable children, are those that he sketches. The selfish indifference with which Master George Osborne repays the lavish affection of his mother, is painfully true to nature; and the boy's resemblance to his father in this particular is wonderfully maintained. Little Rawdon Crawley, among the fox-hounds at Queens Crawley, should have been painted by Landseer; and how like an infant Jove does he launch that innocent thunderbolt at the redoubtable Becky, when, following the example of her sister-in-law and the other ladies in the drawing-room, she calls the child to her, and caresses him, and he, looking up in her face, his large eyes filled with a grave surprise, says, "you never kiss me at home, mamma!" The little housekeepers, in the "Curate's Walk," are in our author's happiest style; and the following sketch, from the same paper, of a group of ragged children in one of the streets of St. Giles, is worthy of Murillo.

"There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster-shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small coalman. A half dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend. I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's oyster-shell, as she came forward, holding it before her like a tray. At first, her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased. For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighboring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. "He's

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give her a penny," one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present. She walked on to the apple-stall, meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross; and one after another, they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall."

Nor will it be disputed that Thackeray's heroines, whatever objections there may be to them as specimens of that class, have such virtues and such foibles as are peculiarly feminine. No portraiture of the female mind that shall be complete, and altogether satisfactory, is to be expected from one of the other sex. It is hardly possible that any being should see deeper into the mind of a being of another race, than the point where those qualities lie from which arises the interrelation of the two races. If a mortal should undertake to write the life of an angel, it would be only that of a guardian angel, weeping, praying, and rejoicing for the sinner over whom it watched. If a human being should write the memoirs of a dog, they would be merely those of humble Tray, trotting at his master's heels, and pining away at his grave. What dramatist ever puts a soliloquy into the mouth of a woman, of which the subject is not love or a lover? Thackeray himself acknowledges this difficulty, or rather impossibility for a man, of fully comprehending the female character, in a remarkable passage in Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew.

"When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman, perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent, when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and, if referred to, saying with a smile of perfect humility, 'O, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men.' 'Yes, poor Polly,' says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. J's. head goodnaturedly; 'attend to the house, my dear, that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us.' Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses, and ministers

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to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them, with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband; every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good humor, for all which we value her, — what are they but admirable duplicity. We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile; what are these but lies, that we expect from our slaves? Lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues — brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that Mrs. Brown ever obeyed me — on the contrary; but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbor. I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner, after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down Bruin, and get him in a good humor. She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls — poor dear little Saphiras — set off laughing; there is that story about the goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time; and your poor mother sits there, and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on, and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet, and a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say, that the late Mrs. Brown would have gone through the process of incremation for me — far from it; by a timely removal she was spared the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate, in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her. . . . My dear Nephew, as I grow old, and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt."

If men are unable to penetrate the important secrets of the sex, women are no less unwilling to reveal them. It is only one who has herself overleaped the bounds of tyrannical custom, who ever ventures to depict that struggle which, at some

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period of life, a proud and ardent woman can hardly fail to pass through. And when such a picture is presented by a Dudevant or a Hahn-Hahn, the sex itself is always foremost to cry out against it, as unfeminine and monstrous. It is in fact a betrayal — a revelation of internal weakness to the common foe. To suffer with a smiling face, is the supreme duty of womanhood. The *femme incomprise*, who whimpers and complains, is an object of scorn to her sisters; just as the Indians repudiate one of their own tribe, who, captured and tormented by the enemy, is unable to repress his groans. Ambition, — aspirations for self — by which the angels fell, is also the deadliest sin of our terrestrial angels; while in man, it is a virtue that leads to honor and reward. Hence women are divided by a strong barrier into two classes; women who submit, and women who rebel; women who are tender, loving, devoted, who sacrifice self, and think only of their husbands and their children; and women who are ambitious, independent, indignant at their trammels, who seek for a career, who cannot sink their own aspirations in those of another, and who think and strive only for themselves; women whom society smiles upon and approves, and women whom society suspects, and in extreme cases disowns. Whether all the restrictions from which this great breach originates, are necessary and natural, or whether the victims only are to blame, it is not our province to inquire. Thackeray, who paints the world as he finds it, reproduces again and again these two contrasted classes of women. His Becky and Amelia, his Beatrix and Lady Castlewood, are the magnetic poles of repulsion and attraction. If the former class display intellect superior to that of the latter, this we think is entirely natural. It is the active and original mind that is most likely to stray beyond the limits which a law, not altogether free from an arbitrary character, has assigned to it; and the experience that it thus gains, sharpens powers which might have rusted from want of exercise. After all, the qualities of Becky Sharp are just those by which men commonly attain success in life, especially in political life; her maxim was the same as that which every obscure man adopts who looks forward to fame; "she had her own way to make in the world; there was no

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one to take care of her." And if she sometimes makes use of methods not quite legitimate, consider the difficulties of one who had no beaten track to walk on, but was forced to make the ladder by which she was to climb. Had she been placed in a position which afforded free play to her talents, mankind would have applauded the very character which it now condemns. There is no great queen whose actions are recorded by history, who, if she had developed in a private sphere those qualities by which she acquired glory on a throne, would not have been put under the ban of society; while a Mary Tudor is made infamous for having done what all the good women — the Amelias and Lady Castlewoods — would have done, had they been in her place, sacrificed her own better feelings to the obligations imposed on her by the superior sex.

The picture, therefore, which Thackeray gives us of the female mind, is a correct, but, as we have already said, not a complete picture. The struggle that ends in resignation, the impatience that at length folds its wings in despair — the mind, in short, of which we obtain a glimpse in "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," that, with intellect and imagination chafing beneath their trammels, is yet curbed by the pious consciousness that abnegation is the highest act of the free will — Thackeray does not attempt to exhibit. On one side, is the woman who triumphs over the prejudice of education, because she has never known the restraint of principle; and on the other, the willing slave who never questions the righteousness of her destiny, whose heart may sometimes beat a little against the bars, but whose intellect is always quiescent. But the world cries out against this representation, and finds these fond mothers and devoted wives weak and foolish. Yet this we think one of Thackeray's highest merits, that he has not, as most writers have done, put into one category the folly that springs from love, and the folly that has its source in selfish blindness; that he has shown how love and self-sacrifice are holy and beautiful things, even when they are but instincts, and receive no light from the intellect. Besides, Thackeray's aim is not to cultivate our taste for what is rare, but to quicken our appreciation of what is common; and we cannot but think that the ordinary effect of the existing

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constitution of society, is to divorce the intellect from the affections. Where there is no weakness there will be no submission; where there is no folly, there will be no blindness; where there is no blindness there will be precious little love. Amelia is a fool, you say, to make an idol of Osborne, and bring her daily offering to his selfish shrine; a fool to let that boy who succeeds to his father's place in her heart, grasp its tender fibres with the same rude and heedless hand, and thus prodigally to sow where she could reap no harvest but bitter tears. We grant the folly. But ask your own heart what is its sweetest yet most painful memory. Do you never dream that you are back again in those old years, when thoughtless love was thus squandered upon you? Do you never wake with a remorseful pang, sharper than any that the ambiguous deeds of the hardened present can inflict, and think what a blessed thing it would be if you could stanch the wounds which your barbed arrow made, and expiate that ignorance and self-engrossment by watchful, tender care? And if this be so, can you now criticize the extravagant love which you abused, and sneer at it as folly, and blame the indulgence which spoilt you, and made you selfish, and tell how you would have been a wiser and a better man, if you had been more wisely trained? But you have had no such experience — you never suffered from such indiscreet affection, or you were thoughtful and grateful, and have no need to look penitently at the past? You are fortunate. But others are less so; and among these is Thackeray. For it is not the voice of a mere observer that we recognize in this reiterated tale of the fond desperation of a loving nature torn by the jagged rock to which it clings, but the trembling tones of one who speaks from the emotions of his own heart. Here, if anywhere, we get an insight into the man himself, and catch the echo of his own experience, his sufferings, and his errors, —

> "Was er irrte, was er strebte,
> Was er litt, und was er lebte."

However different the persons and the scene, this tale interweaves itself more or less with the action. Osborne, Pendennis, Esmond, Barry Lyndon, contrasted as they are in character and fate, — this experience is common to them all; or rather

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it is the author himself whose hand, at the slightest suggestion, strikes involuntarily the mournful chords of vain regret and self-reproach.

In truth, with all his great powers of observation, Thackeray is in a remarkable degree *subjective*. And this is the source of the great artistic defects from which none of his works are free. He sees deep into the characters he conceives, but he never loses his own individuality in theirs, never allows them to move freely along, and pass the thread of the story from hand to hand. He is a spectator, as we have said, but a noisy one, who continually interrupts the performance by his commentaries. The persons of his drama never soliloquize, never make such reflections as the scene would naturally provoke from them. Soliloquy and reflection abound, but it all falls to the share of the author, or of his fictitious representative. Hence the failure, to a certain extent, when he adopts the autobiographical form of relation. Esmond, Barry Lyndon, even Yellowplush, talk always in the Thackerayan vein, — utter statements peculiar to him, and seldom very appropriate in them. The story does not flow with a steady current, like Fielding's; there is no succession of scenes, connected only by sufficient explanatory remarks, as in Miss Austen. Scene, narration, and remark are presented to us in bits, and so intermixed with one another as to form a *quartum quid*. The Aristotelian rule, that there should in every work be a beginning, a middle, and an end, was never so sinned against as by Thackeray. Except by the number of pages, you have seldom any clue by which to conjecture how far you have advanced, or when you are to expect the *dénouement*. Two thirds of Pendennis seems more like the prelude than the actual story; all the important action is crowded into the rapid and masterly scenes at the close. Esmond is still more tantalizing. The story is never fairly set agoing throughout the three volumes. We make several successive starts, under the guidance of a train of incidents, and in company with certain personages; but before we have got far the steam is let off, the passengers all leave, and we are obliged to take a new conveyance, with precisely the same results. If the style be the purest, the plot is the

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weakest, of any novel in the English language. It may be said that, as the work assumes the form of an autobiography, the features to which we object maintain the verisimilitude. But want of connection and broken threads in a narrative are endurable only when they are unavoidable; and a novelist gains no more by adopting the restrictions of biography, than a dramatist by preserving the arbitrary unities of time and place. Yet some of the scenes in Esmond are the most perfect which Thackeray has given us. The author, in the person of his hero — himself prematurely wise and observant — comes forward on the stage; and his remarks, made thus *vivâ voce*, as it were, are appropriate to the occasion. But these scenes are few; the principal persons in them are not always those in whom we are most interested; and the action assigned to each character is too meagre to give vitality and strong interest to the book.

We have called these peculiarities of Thackeray defects. But the tendency from which they arise is among the inherent qualities of his mind, and the source, in no small degree, of his originality and power. It is not in his nature to content himself with the contemplation of men's actions, or with the exhibition of their characters; — to be absorbed in art, and to think only of the most effective mode in which to embody his conceptions. He cannot hold up a corrupt heart or a brainless head, and call it — in anatomical phrase — "a beautiful specimen." He cannot, like Fielding, hunt Human Nature for the mere sport of the thing; nor hide his own feelings in impenetrable reserve, or leave them to be inferred by the reader, as Miss Austen does. He copies faithfully the image painted by any object upon the retina of his imagination; but he transcribes not less minutely the emotions of his own heart. Every incident which he relates leads to some utterance of his feelings. His tone changes with the theme. His irony often reminds us of Fielding's, but it is never, like Fielding's, sustained throughout the work. From playful banter, he falls into a strain of melancholy reflection, or rises to stormy invective, and withering scorn. His works make us as well acquainted with his opinions and character as if each were a chapter of his autobiography. Hence it is that the critics have

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had so much to say about Thackeray's "views of life;" hence their wise admonitions that he should alter those views, that he should see the world's affairs in a more cheerful light, — in other words, that he should dance when he is inclined to weep, and, in short, be a different man from what Nature and the Fates have made him.

In *range* of observation, Thackeray is certainly unrivalled by any other novelist. Miss Austen's sphere, as we have already said, is an extremely limited one. Fielding is a literary vagrant, who meets indeed in his rambles with a great variety of characters, but seldom stays long enough amongst any respectable or stationary portion of society to become thoroughly acquainted with its usages. But Thackeray is familiar with the customs of every class. "Vanity Fair" is not a "fashionable novel," and yet in what other work shall we find so truthful a picture of what is called "high life"? As for "Pendennis," the book should have been entitled "London." It should be read with a map of the great metropolis spread out upon the table. The out-door and in-door life of the West-End, of the Inns of Court, and of Paternoster Row, are all represented with wonderful spirit and accuracy. In the "Book of Snobs," Thackeray traces the vein of vulgarity and meanness through all the strata of English society. Never was satire so keen and unflinching. It is the boldest book ever written by a man who had no personal pique to gratify. We are not surprised that the author of it should have been blackballed at the clubs; the wonder rather is, that the doors of private mansions do not "grate harsh thunder" when he stands before them, and that "Jeames" does not positively refuse to take up his name. That private hospitality should have been so freely extended to him during his visit to this country, is a matter of less surprise; for it is a peculiarity of the American people, arising doubtless from the strength of its patriotic feelings, that, while we cannot bear even the softest touch upon any sore spot in our national character, we are so far from any desire to conceal our individual foibles, that we thrust them, as it were, with artless unconcern, into the face of every observer. As long as Thackeray was pledged, therefore, not to write a book upon the country, he

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was at liberty to enrich his experience by an ample survey of our domestic manners. Yet there is much in his appearance and in his character to disarm the fears of even a sensitive mind. We forget the keenness of his mental eye, when we perceive that his bodily vision is imperfect without the aid of spectacles. His wisdom seems no longer premature or alarming, when we observe the venerable complexion of his hair. His language may be stern and severe, but his voice, soft and pleasant, is incapable of giving due expression to any but kindly sentiments. And in revenge of an intellect so powerful and scrutinizing, Nature has given him a warm and generous heart, that will not suffer him, like other satirists, to poison the arrows which he sends with such unerring aim.

ART. X.— *Writings of* PROF. B. B. EDWARDS; *with a Memoir, by* EDWARDS A. PARK. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE give a hearty but sad welcome to these literary remains of a thorough and modest scholar, and one of the purest and best of men, whose decease, somewhat more than a year since, deeply afflicted not only a large circle of private friends, but the lovers of sacred and liberal learning throughout the country. The sermons, essays, and reviews contained in these two volumes are but a small part of the numerous productions of a pen which, for twenty-five years, was hardly a moment idle. They have been collected in obedience to the wishes of numerous friends, and contain a fair, though of course not a complete, nor in some respects an adequate, exhibition of that mind whose activity produced them.

The life of a student, a teacher, a man of letters, an author, offers few salient points of interest. He performs no brilliant exploits, achieves no startling victories, makes no display, attracts from the crowd no notice. Yet for the little that is said of his outward life, there may be ample compen-

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sation in the larger sweep and power of thought to which he may have attained, and the intimacy with which he may come home, by his works, to the "business and bosom" of every intelligent man. And yet, far within those outer limits of intellectual authority which are reserved for the favored few, are there lesser circles, distinguished as by "light within light," where move and shine those whom the world could ill afford to spare. By the ordering of Providence, a great genius appears but rarely; otherwise, it would not be a genius, since that which constitutes it such is just that in which it differs from and excels all other men. Yet every age is fortunately favored with its men of finer mould, of more delicate sensibility, of ample and exact learning, of rare patience, and courage, and faith, without whom how dull, and cold, and motionless, and retrograde it would be.

In our country, and perhaps in every free country, the tendency towards politics is so strong, and the temporary honors of office so engrossing, that we are all the more glad to see placed before us, in its full attractiveness, the record of the unobtrusive but honorable life of a quiet and retiring scholar. He may not stand among the commanding thinkers, any more than among the restless actors of his time; but it is none the less true that his mind may be fresh and original in its action, and his services to his generation and his race amply deserving a permanent record.

Bela Bates Edwards was born in Southampton, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1802; and it in some degree indicates the character of his mind, to say that he ever shrunk from the publicity which seemed to be implied in the coincidence of his birthday with that of the nation. His early life was quiet and secluded, marked by no striking incident, yet by its quiet discipline, its familiarity with rural scenes, and its intellectual privileges, it was a fit preparation for the responsibilities and labors to which he was afterwards called. At the age of eighteen, he entered Williams College, and having spent one year there, followed President Moore to Amherst, where he was graduated in 1824. His college life was marked by the same diligence and scrupulous fidelity which characterized his after years. A classmate and room-

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mate speaks of him as a "model student, — quiet, assiduous, modest, and eminently successful."

It was during his residence at Amherst that his intellectual conviction of religious truth gave place to a deep sense of its personal necessity, and he was led to a thorough and serious purpose of holy living. Yet no one was more averse than he to any thing which might seem like a parade of religious feeling. He shrank with instinctive delicacy from making his innermost and profoundest emotions the subject of familiar conversation. What he thus carefully guarded in himself he as fully respected in another; and he always approached a human spirit, in the hours of its solicitude, with a gentleness and tenderness as beautiful as they are unusual.

In less than a year after receiving his first degree, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. His course there, however, was interrupted at the close of a year, by an invitation to a tutorship at Amherst, the duties of which sometimes unwelcome office he discharged for two years with singular fidelity and success. During the latter part of his residence at the college, he was elected Assistant Secretary to the American Education Society, which devolved upon him the duty of editing its quarterly journal; and about the same time, he was solicited to become an Assistant Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Nor was this all; for while his mind was divided upon these questions, there came another request, to add to his perplexity, in the form of a proposition to prepare himself for a Professorship at Amherst. All the considerations which led him to accept the first of the above-mentioned offers, do not appear in the Memoir; but we find him, in the autumn of 1828, residing at Andover, performing the duties of Secretary to the Education Society, and at the same time pursuing his theological studies. It was an effort which demanded of him unremitting and severe labor, and imposed duties which he himself afterwards thought incompatible with each other. Yet it was a mistake which many an ardent student in each of the learned professions has made, in the attempt to gather up, within the shortest time, the advantages of many studies, or to unite with the labors of acquisition the satisfaction of

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conferring a practical good. In his own case, the effect was to diminish the healthy tone of both body and mind, and to produce for a time gloomy and despondent feelings.

After leaving Andover, in 1830, he spent nearly six years in Boston. These were among the most laborious, yet happy and hopeful, years of his life. He had been married to one whose tastes and acquisitions were like his own. The way was thus open to that profound domestic tranquillity and enjoyment, from which he derived so much strength and hope. The years spent in Boston were marked by literary plans and labors. The American Quarterly Register, established at first as the journal of a benevolent society, assumed, under his guidance, an entirely new character, and became the depository of a vast amount of information on all topics connected with education, literature, and the progress of society. Besides a large amount of statistics, every number contained biographical sketches and essays of permanent value. It is easy to see, in glancing over the volumes, each one becoming more ample than its predecessor, what an unusual amount of editorial labor must have been required in the preparation of them. He says, in one of his letters, "My wrist *gets worn out* with my continual use of the pen;" and in another, "I have written eight hours to-day — four sheets of literary notices;" and in another still, "It has been an immense labor to prepare the statistical tables of the Register. This devolves on me chiefly. I have spent six hours to-day in correcting one page of a proof-sheet." For a time, the space devoted to statistics in this Quarterly left a wrong impression on the minds of most who read it, concerning the character of its editor, as if he were a mere antiquarian, a collector of facts, to whom one fact was about as valuable as another. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The fine poetic element, the love of all noble and inspiring truth, was not even held in abeyance, much less smothered, during this period of drudging toil. But he had a distinct idea, which he wished to carry out in the Register, and which involved large labor with small reward and much self-denial.

"I have a strong hope," he once wrote, "that the Register may be

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made what no work in the English language has ever been, and that it may be more valuable for posterity than for the present age. I am ready to give up my life for coming generations. But I cannot succeed in making this publication what it ought to be, the best in Christendom, unless I become very parsimonious in regard to my time. All the men who have been very useful in the world, have taken sacred care of their minutes. Indeed, I now feel very unhappy if I am long away from my appropriate employment. Idleness, or simple visiting, even with those whom I love most, has very few charms for me. I have had vacations for ten years, and they are now closed. The sources of my pleasure must be deep, or I shall enjoy very little. Visiting disqualifies me for prayer and meditation. Therefore I must renounce it, where it has no useful purpose, and find my pleasure in my duty." Again he wrote: "The Register will give an opportunity to speak to an audience of twenty-five hundred ministers and scholars, who will carry an influence to two millions of other minds."

Vol. i. pp. 78, 79.

Mr. Edwards had an insatiable love of knowledge in every department and branch, and stored his mind with an ever-accumulating mass of facts, but only that he might use this knowledge in the furtherance of his literary and benevolent projects. While engaged laboriously upon a publication demanding such constant and careful oversight, he attempted, also, to establish another periodical, of a different and higher character. The first number of the American Quarterly Observer appeared in July, 1833. Its object was to occupy ground common to various religious denominations, and to discuss the subjects of politics, philosophy, literature, and morals, on the most enlarged basis, as connected with the development of Providence, and the well-being of the whole human race. He meant, by bringing the great truths of Christianity to bear directly upon the various topics proper for such a work, to elevate and purify literature, while, at the same time, he might do something to enlarge the scope of thought, to refine and elevate the taste of those by whom the work would be most largely supported. It has been regretted that this plan, conceived in so catholic a spirit, promising enough of the popular in the subject and mode of discussion, and as much of the profound and exhaustive as could be obtained from a wide circle of able contributors, could not

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have been more amply sustained. Some of Mr. Dana's choicest essays first appeared here, and not a few delicate and beautiful criticisms by the editor himself. We doubt still whether any better plan could be devised of a Review neither merely learned and professional, nor limited by denominational sympathies, and yet imbued more entirely with a religious element, than would be expected in a strictly literary or scientific work. Two Reviews, with much of a common spirit, though with different purpose, could not be sustained by the class of patrons on which both would mainly rely; and, in 1835, the Quarterly Observer became united with the Biblical Repository, of which work Mr. Edwards remained editor, until its place of publication was removed to the city of New York. While speaking of his editorial labors, we may as well state, that when the Bibliotheca Sacra was established at Andover, in 1844, he assumed the charge of it in connection with Professor Park; a charge which he did not relinquish until he left Andover for the last time. The labor which he performed in connection with all these periodicals was large, incessant, anxious, and distracting. Hardly a single number of these Reviews was issued, without bearing ample marks of his diligence, fidelity, and sound judgment, in elaborate essays, or in minor criticism, and in the full account of the current literature and science of the world, often amassed with a labor and care quite unsuspected by those who glanced hastily at the result. Had he concentrated more energy upon fewer articles, had he diffused his strength with less liberality, he would doubtless have left productions more finished and of yet greater fulness and vigor. Perhaps he himself began at last to feel, that he had been too benevolent and careless. He had for several years, indeed, been concentrating his energies upon studies most precious to him, and, had he lived longer, would have shown with what richness and beauty he could bring the rich materials of knowledge and wisdom to bear in illustration of his chosen pursuit. His connection with the press, although so constant, was always subservient to the claims of some other duty which served as the main employment of his life. When it was too late, we think he felt that he had spared himself too little. We cannot forget the mingled

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satisfaction and sadness with which he remarked, a few days before starting on his last journey southward, that "he had done with the Bibliotheca Sacra, except as an occasional contributor." He seemed to feel at last, what others had long felt, that he had overworked himself, and to be glad of a prospect of rest. We need not speak more fully of the learning, the comprehensiveness, the variety of discussion, the delicate taste, and sound judgment, exhibited in the Review which he edited for so many years. His object was to concentrate all the talent he could command, and, at any rate, to admit nothing which his own labor could supply, to fulfil the expectations of others, or satisfy his own still more severe taste.

In the autumn of 1837, Mr. Edwards was appointed Professor of the Hebrew Language in the Theological Seminary at Andover, and on the resignation of Professor Stuart, in 1848, was transferred to the chair of Biblical Literature. This was a situation peculiarly fitted to his tastes. It led him to studies of which he was fond, and to that intercourse with young men, through which he hoped to make his influence most widely and beneficially felt. So strongly was he attached to his position here, that he declined a solicitation to the Presidency of Amherst College, mainly, as we suppose, because he thought it would be attended with a sacrifice of his favorite pursuit, at a time when he hoped to be able to bring them to a result honorable to the Biblical learning of his country. He felt that the broadest and most liberal course of study was necessary to fit him to expound the Scriptures. Classical literature and modern science, history, and poetry, philosophy and art, antiquarian researches and modern travels, came in as a part of a regularly ordered system of investigation, the results of which he intended to lay, as a filial contribution, at the feet of David or Paul. The Bible he did not indeed regard as intended to teach scientific truth, least of all did he consider its chief interest to lie in its poetry or mere morality. Sooner than have been suspected of that, he would have almost abjured his cherished learning, — but neither did he fear that the Scriptures and true science would be found contradictory. On the contrary, he felt that all learning and all art would but illustrate them the more fully,

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and in proportion as philosophy carried its investigations wider and deeper, with a truer method and a purer spirit, would the harmony be more marked. Hence he had a plan and purpose in all his pursuits; his recreations were studies. There were with him no idle moments. He was greedy of time and opportunities, and made his enjoyments and labors to coincide. A love of poetry of the highest order was one of his strongest characteristics; and his ideas of the honor due to it, and of its necessity for the full and harmonious cultivation of the mind, were worthy of Sir Philip Sidney, or Milton, or Wordsworth. He thus writes of the influence of the study of the Hebrew Scriptures on the imagination and taste:

"The poetry of the Hebrews is sometimes represented as Oriental, an Eastern fashion, local, factitious, artificial, adapted to men living a migratory life, under an ardent sky, and not adapted to a severe European taste. But the Hebrew poetry is no such thing. It is European; it is Occidental, for all ages and generations; it is universal in its character; it is everlasting as the affections of man. It furnishes food for that imagination, whose birth was not for time, but for all eternity. Peasants can feel its force; philosophers kindle at its inspiration. Strip the Old Testament of its poetry, and it is not the Old Testament; it contains truth, but not the truth that God revealed. Take out of it the element of imagination, that which makes it poetry, and the residue is neither poetry nor prose. It may be truth, but it is not the truth which we need. No error can be greater than to call the Hebrew poetry mere costume. There are some truths which are poetry in their very nature. Men, the world over, have imagination, and love poetic truths, and these truths were necessary for them, and therefore part of the Bible is poetry." Vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

"Amid all the drudgery and perplexities of his editorial life," says his biographer, "his rule was never to let a day pass by, without refreshing his taste with the perusal of some lines from a favorite poet, such as Virgil or Spenser." These he often read aloud of an evening to his family, with a relish and discrimination that was the delight of all who heard him. The taste thus cultivated, he brought to bear in the lecture-room, where the fulness of his mind was ever overflowing, watering and refreshing all the banks of the channel through which his instruction appropriately flowed.

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"The best illustration of unity in discourse," writes one of his former pupils,* "which I had then heard, was casually thrown out by him in his nice analysis of the train of thought in a Psalm. In a similar connection, a passing hint would gather up the legitimate characteristics of lyric poetry. His comparison of the Hebrew, the Homeric, and the Virgilian descriptions of a storm, gave us exemplifications of the highest order of criticism. These hints of his, and the like, were unobtrusively dropped, and easily overlooked; but there were not a few who remembered them with interest, and who felt greatly indebted to him for the broad and elevated scholarship to which he pointed the way. In this manner he did much to form their literary taste, enlarge their circle of thought, and liberalize their mode of thinking; and all this was accomplished, not by digression, but in the pursuit of his appropriate work." Vol. i. pp. 169, 170.

He was, indeed, a model of a Christian scholar, with the noblest spirit, with purposes broad, comprehensive, and elevated, with sympathies wide and various, of thorough learning, a diligence that never was weary, a modesty that allowed too little to himself, and a charity and candor which often gave to others even more than their due. It would not be easy to find a mind in closer affinity with whatever is noblest in life. The higher objects seemed invariably to control the lower. There was no room in his soul for the lodgment of an unworthy thought, even for a moment. This was one source of the power of his influence. Every student felt that he uttered no sentiment, stated no opinion, and would defend no doctrine, which he did not entertain with the utmost sincerity of conviction. In his teaching, there was a rare union of exactness and delicacy of mind, an entire absence of a harsh and polemical spirit, and a thorough devotion to truth. His learning commanded the respect of his pupils, his sincerity and rectitude and carefulness obtained their fullest confidence, his gentleness won their love. Yet his gentleness and delicacy never lapsed into weakness and indecision, and on points of speculative belief or practical conduct, where many, apparently bolder than himself, might waver, he walked with the most unhesitating and invigorating manliness and freedom. He never turned away an inquirer with a coarse joke, or con-

* Professor Bartlett, lately of the Western Reserve College.

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cealed a difficulty under an attempted witticism, or solved a doubt by denying all ability or credit to the skeptic. He never adopted an unscholarlike method, one that would not stand the test of a fair and honest mind. Hence the authority of his opinions went far with those who were making up their own. The editor* of the recent American edition of Coleridge's works says of him, speaking of the confidence which *his* confidence in an opinion inspired in the mind of a pupil,—

"In reference, for instance, to some of the more able objections of a sceptical criticism to the inspiration of the Scriptures, my own mind, I distinctly remember, relieved itself by falling back upon the character and authority of my instructor. I could not have done this in reference to an ordinary mind, or to a common instructor. But I knew that the mind of my teacher, in this case, was one of singular candor and fairness, and would give opposing views all the weight they were entitled to; that it was a learned mind, fully conversant with the subtlest and ablest objections of Rationalism; and still a mind most *vitally* convinced of the truth of the doctrine of plenary inspiration. This fact had great weight with me, and although ultimately every mind must be rationally convinced of the truth for itself, and by the truth itself, still I cannot but think that this authority of a wise, learned, and honest teacher over the mind of a pupil, in some stages of his progress, is of the highest worth in preserving it from final scepticism. It braces and steadies the mind in a moment of weakness and irresolution, and enables it to take breath for a stronger and more successful effort of its own. Vol. i, pp. 168, 169.

Nearly allied to this trait, is what another correspondent † calls "his conscientious exactness as a teacher."

"I say conscientious, for it was a moral, as well as an intellectual trait. The habit of his mind led him to be exact, and he thought it wrong not to be. He labored to verify all his statements and all parts of them. Hence, we not only relied on their substance, but loved to preserve them in the precise *form* in which he gave them, being sure that every word had its place, for a good and indispensable reason. I would not for the world have changed the language nor the order of his translations, so faithful, so express an image of the original, so sure, and true, and *necessary*, did they seem, as you traced them word by word."

* Prof. Shedd, of Auburn, N. Y. † Prof. Putnam, of Dartmouth College.

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We should be glad to dwell much longer on his character and methods in this sphere of his life, because we are persuaded it is so worthy of commendation to those engaged in what is too often a thankless office, and so encouraging too, since there is in these volumes abundant indication of the strength and value of the friendships then formed, and of the thorough appreciation of the value of his quiet and unobtrusive services by more than a few.

We have spoken of his candor. It was a remarkable trait of character, and quite unfitted him for being a polemic, or a sharp and bitter critic. The polemic may have a great, sometimes an essential, work to perform, yet he does it often at great expense to himself. For such duties Mr. Edwards was by nature unfit. He was ever more inclined to discern the favorable aspect of another's character or of a literary work, than its weak points. His judgments were therefore lenient, and he would find points of sympathy in those far beneath him, or whose sentiments, in many respects, were quite diverse from his. For the same reason, discourses or books, in which fault-finding, or a bitter satirical spirit was prevalent, were most distasteful to him. We remember hearing him say of Forsyth's Italy, a book of great talent, but the most of it written in a harsh tone, that he could not read it without destroying his enjoyment of works of art, and even the power of appreciating many of those beauties which the critic highly praised.

"'The longer I live,' he wrote in 1839, 'the more I think religion to consist in candor, kindness, forbearance, hoping for the best. The way of the world is to be sometimes extremely lenient, but at other times cruel as the grave, and overbearing as a torrent.'"

And again he wrote, in 1846,

"Pure religion, I am more and more convinced, so far as it has regard to our literary pursuits, consists in humanity, and courtesy, and honorable feeling, refined and perfected for Christ's sake. Better than all the creeds in the world without this humane temper, is the heart of him who weeps with those who weep, and is prompt to show those little delicate Christian kindnesses which are a cordial to a broken spirit." Vol. i. p. 114.

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The same love of truth, and nothing but the truth, led him to judge, with great fairness, foreign nations and religious sects with which he had little sympathy. He was intolerant of nothing but evil. A malignant temper, under whatever show of wit or splendor it was exhibited, got no favor from him; but the good that was in another, though it magnified his own deficiencies, or those of his party or sect, was still his delight. Strict Protestant as he was, and of the New England stamp, few could set forth with more fairness and fulness the really strong points of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy. The neology of Germany was deeply offensive to his moral nature and his most thorough convictions of truth; yet he duly honored — and we may say, no more than duly — the speculative tastes and unflagging scholarship, for which Germany has become distinguished.

For several years before his death, Professor Edwards had premonitory symptoms of that pulmonary difficulty to which he was finally compelled to yield. The winter of 1845–46 he spent at the South, finding in the climate of St. Augustine something to reconcile him to the interruption of his pursuits, the absence of libraries, and of that free and ample literary fellowship which, from long use, had become a necessity of his nature. Those who saw Mr. Edwards but seldom, and were familiar only with his graver appearance, would be surprised at the quickness of his observation, and the keen relish with which he enjoyed every timely exhibition of humor and wit. He watched, as we might suppose he would have done, with intensest interest, the operation of slavery at home; and, though apparently seeing none of those exhibitions which figure most largely in philanthropic novels, he returned with a deeper conviction of the inherent and inseparable evils of the system. It was the more natural that he should have regarded the condition of the negro race at the South with interest, from his own intimate connection with societies formed for the amelioration of the condition of the free blacks throughout the United States. He had been prominent in forming the Massachusetts Colonization Society, and to the last, his convictions of the soundness of its principles, and those of the Parent Society, were unshaken. He was

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active in the formation of the "American Union for the Relief and Improvement of the Colored Race," in 1834, and labored diligently to carry out its plans.

Although his health was benefited by his southern residence, it was seen that a longer relaxation from labor was necessary, and therefore, without returning to Andover, he sailed from New York for England, April 22, 1846. The next autumn and winter were spent in Germany and Italy, and the whole tour was one of almost unmixed and enthusiastic delight. Never did pilgrim visit the shrines of saints with more joy than did this lover of every excellence the home of the poets, or the scenes of historic renown. He thus writes of his visit to Wordsworth and to Abbotsford.

"*September* 8, 1846. — Our visit with Wordsworth at Ambleside was in every respect such as we could wish. He received us with the utmost good feeling, and entertained us between one and two hours. He is a tall and venerable man, with white hairs, erect person; as seen in front, not resembling his portraits. His eyes have a wild expression. I asked him if his health was good. 'Very good, thank God, for a man who is seventy-six, though I cannot walk eighteen hours out of twenty-four, as I formerly sometimes did.' He conversed about the scenery in his neighborhood, Dr. Arnold, O'Connell, the Alps, Italy, etc. He said that the two most interesting cities he had seen were Venice and Edinburgh. He said that his sister, the Emmeline of the poems, has in manuscript two journals, one of a tour in Scotland, which he thought to be a model of that kind of writing, and which would be published after her death. She is now very old and infirm in body. She sat in front of the house, and recited to us some exquisite lines of her own recent composition, expressive of her gratitude to God and her brother. He introduced us to Mrs. Arnold, who lives in a perfect paradise. She received us most kindly, and gave us a fragment of a letter of her husband. It was touching to hear the people in the vicinity speak of Wordsworth, one of them not without tears. They said he never passed them without a kind word. About Abbotsford, what shall I say? We were almost in a delirium. One of our party actually shed tears on seeing Sir Walter Scott's hat and cane. Is not that dwelling a phenomenon? The interest at Waterloo, compared with that, is fading away. It is the Mecca of all civilized lands, — hallowed and immortal. In the course of a week we read a large part of his Life anew, and his Lady of the Lake four times over. His publisher [Mr. Cadell] told us that the sale of his works is as great as ever.

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[Mr. Black, another publisher, informed me that Cadell] had made out of them, in ten years, an independent fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds. Sir Walter's autograph is sold now for several pounds sterling. The great benefit of visiting England and Scotland is the fresh and deep interest which it throws over what you have been blindly reading about all your days. It seems as if a mist had dropped from my eyes. You can hear the shrieks of Mary as the conspirators broke in. You can see the bodies of the Covenanters as they were dragged from the Grass-market to the pit in the old Gray Friars burying-ground. Did not Dr. Chalmers remind you of Dr. Beecher? What a good, hearty, loving Scotch soul he is? Did you hear Mr. Guthrie preach? — altogether the most eloquent man I have heard abroad. I sat as one among 'four-and-twenty elders' under his pulpit, and I could have remained there till the next day; he discoursed most ravishingly. I am told, however, that he is quite unequal." Vol. i. pp. 188 – 190.

His nature was formed for enjoyment, and England afforded to him as abundant materials of delight as it could to any man, familiar as he was with her history, literature, religion, and philanthropy. In the scenery, the antiquities, the men, then for the first time made familiar, he found abundant scope for the delighted activity of every faculty. On the Continent, there awaited him still other sources of enjoyment. The whole world of art burst upon him at once as a new creation, and he, whom some had mistaken for a dry lover of antiquarian lore, or a laborious gatherer of statistics, was found glowing with the rapt enthusiasm of a worshipper in presence of paintings and statues, of whose power and beauty he had never before formed a conception.

"Nothing, on the whole," he writes, shortly after entering Belgium, "has made so deep an impression on me as the paintings by Rubens at Antwerp. They have given me, I may say with a little vanity, a new sense. I have never known before, I am sure, what a work of art in this department really is, — such individuality, such consummate groupings and contrasts, such perfect life and nature, such coloring, such an instantaneous conviction that it is the work of genius, while a second or third visit only deepens the impression, and discloses new wonders. These paintings have spoiled every thing else in that line that I have ever seen. I would give the whole of Texas, Oregon, and California [this was written when the possession of the first two by our

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government was still a question, and that of the last hardly thought of] for one portrait by Rubens in the museum at Antwerp. Vol. i. p. 192.

His residence in Switzerland and Germany was very refreshing to him. He sought out, with the interest of a pilgrim, every spot marked with a peculiar fame, and his letters and diary are filled with pleasant, and sometimes playful memorials of his impressions.

"Zurich," he says, "is one of the most pleasant and thriving cities I have ever seen. I visited every known object connected with the name of Zwingle, saw his house, pulpit, manuscript sermons, and bought some *fac-similes* of his correspondence with Lady Jane Grey. At Constance, I saw the very spot, in a meadow, about twenty rods outside of the walls, where Huss met his fiery and glorious end." "At Augsburg, I stopped at the 'Drei Mohren,' where Charles V., Bonaparte, Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. ——— had put up before me. [The blanks here indicate an American, thought to be somewhat fond of connecting his name with those of famous people.] I was much interested in the fine old city of Nuremberg. I spent a Sabbath there in the two cathedrals, both, for a wonder, *Protestant*, and crowded with hearers both parts of the day. The music, in which every German and one American joined, would have lifted George Herbert's soul to heaven."

He crossed the Simplon in November, to spend the winter in studying the riches of art and nature in that still wonderful Italy, to read the Latin classics on the spot where they were written, and to rejoice, in spite of much unpropitious weather, in exuberant spirits and uncommonly good health. Of the paintings at Bologna, he writes: —

"Nowhere in the world are so many masterly pictures *so near together*. They are not of the earth, but of heaven. It does really seem as if these great men had a special inspiration; all might be termed *divine* as well as Raphael. In these Bologna pictures there is scarcely any thing which goes counter to true theology or Christian feeling. O that we could have one of them in the United States! How rich we should be! And yet we met an opulent Philadelphia lady in Venice, who was not pleased with the old masters! Raphael's Transfiguration in the Vatican has clothed the passages in the Gospel relat-

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ing to the subject with a fresh and inconceivable interest." Vol. i. p. 214.

"I do not think it strange that the Italians attribute a special inspiration to Raphael; such perfection, such heavenly beauty, such nature, such an impression of spotless innocence, pervade his great works, and these works are so numerous, and nearly all are so finished, as to lead one to feel that he was endowed by the Almighty with gifts in this department such as never fell to the lot of any other man. But I must not fill my letters with this rhapsody." Ibid. p. 215.

"Well, we are now in the Eternal City, in pleasant chambers, No. 44 Via Gregoriana, on the Pincian Hill, very near the top of that long flight of steps which leads up to the church Trinita dei Monti. What a city this is! I had no conception of its exhaustless riches in art and antiquities. I thought that I had seen some fine objects in Dresden, in Munich, in Venice, in Florence. But here they are accumulated in amazing variety and richness. When I walked up to St. Peter's, and under its vast dome, I felt that I had never seen any thing before. Why did you not tell me of those colonnades in front? What a fitting introduction to the majesty of that temple! I had formed some idea of the church itself, but I was ignorant of the foreground and fore-court, worthy of the metropolis of the Christian world, as I hope it will one day become." Ibid. p. 216.

Though somewhat of an invalid, and enjoying so much, as these extracts sufficiently testify, Mr. Edwards did not give himself up to pleasure. He amassed large materials for accurate descriptions of universities, libraries, and the means of education generally, some of which he afterwards published, besides doing much towards collecting the elements of a more thorough work on some of the countries of Europe, which his subsequent precarious health never allowed him to arrange. Nor in the midst of his extreme enjoyment, and all the excitement of foreign travel, did he forget his home, or his duties to his country. His "heart untravelled ever turned" westward.

"*O felicem diem!* (as Cicero would exclaim,) when I shall revisit my country, — now dearer to me than ever, and superior in many important respects to all which I have seen in Europe, — and when I shall again see Boston, Newton, and Cambridge, and that circle of towns so highly favored of heaven, — vastly more so than one is apt to feel, unless one have been like myself banished far away, — and when I shall resume my duties at the Seminary, where, although I am absent in body, yet my heart remains ever." Ibid. p. 177.

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A true patriot, (we almost revolt at using the word, yet, abused as it has been, it had a meaning to him,) a regard for his country's honor, no less than a sense of propriety, would have prevented him from lending himself to those who would defame his native land. Be her faults what they may, and he was keenly sensitive to them all, the laurels gained at her expense, whether at home or abroad, would have turned to ashes on his brow. He would have despised himself as much as he would have mourned over her. His brief foreign residence only fitted him to come back with a wiser heart to the quiet duties of his professorship, and to form wider and still more liberal plans for the prosecution of his own studies, and for directing those of others.

After returning from Europe, refreshed and reinvigorated, he had before him several years of careful, but thorough and effective labor. Some of his best productions are referable to this period. He was gradually drawing in and concentrating his powers upon what had truly been his life's labor, seen from far and anticipated long, anxiously, but with hope and joy. One of his favorite schemes was the formation in Boston of a Puritan Library, which should include all the Puritan literature of this country and of England; the general and ecclesiastical histories of the times; the "Apologies," "Defences," "Rejoinders," "Appeals," "Statements," &c., of the various sects of Dissenters; manuscripts of distinguished men; portraits, prints, and miscellaneous memorials of those whose fame New England should specially cherish, and which could nowhere else find an appropriate depository. Such a library and museum, he thought, would be valuable as a centre of patriotic and religious reminiscence for New England, while it would serve as a memorial of the theological and literary labors of the Puritans. It would be of great service to future historians, would promote brotherly feelings among the descendants of that stern race, and would insure the preservation of valuable documents from the otherwise inevitable accidents of time.

But the still more cherished purpose of his life was formed in connection with the studies of his own professorship. For years he had been gathering large and abundant materials for

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an Introduction to the Old and New Testaments. He had nearly prepared for the press commentaries upon Habakkuk, Job, the Psalms, and the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Had he been permitted to finish these works, we believe that we should have seen volumes, to say the least, as choice as any which the press, prolific in Biblical literature, has ever produced, and how much more rich than the majority in Christian wisdom! He was aiming to give to these the ripest fruits of his studies, his reflections, and experience; and little remained for him to do, by way of preparation, except the fulfilment of one almost passionate desire, namely, that he, with his own eyes, might look upon the hills and plains of Judea, and might himself reverently wander

> "in those holy fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which [eighteen] hundred years ago, were nailed
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

To be compelled to give up this last purpose was one of the bitterest disappointments of his life. Even after he knew that the relentless grasp of a disease, which never loosens its hold, was upon him, did he hope that his days might be prolonged by a voyage and journey eastward. A second visit to the South had no attractions, and he concluded to go only in obedience to the urgent advice of his physicians. To his friend, R. H. Dana, Esq., he wrote: —

> "Some parts of our Southern States have an excellent climate, but that is all. It is a wearisome life to be among slaves, without any old things about you except the sandy plains and the almost motionless rivers. One county in England, or one small city in Italy, has more points of interest to me than forty of our new States. Perhaps it ought not to be so. There is noble scenery in many parts of our country; but how much it adds to scenery, if there is also an historical interest, or some relic of the past. Some of my friends seem to think that climate is all that is needed for a person like me, forgetting that the mind has much to do in the restoration of the health." Ibid. p. 352.

Still, in accordance with the opinions of his friends, in the autumn of 1851 he turned his face again southward, and, accompanied by his family, rested at last in Athens, Georgia.

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The winter proved one of uncommon severity. Exercise in the open air, for the sake of which, mainly, he had consented to the journey, was forbidden him for much of the time. One study and occupation after another had to be given up, yet he was reluctant to believe that his wasted strength would never return. He uttered no complaint, and walked along the last sorrowful and suffering path with deep humility, but yet with the confidence of faith. His biographer, in a striking and touching passage, thus describes his lowliness of spirit.

"So long as our friend could hold a book, he continued to read his Hebrew Bible. One morning, after he had perused at family prayer the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm in the original, he rose to lead the devotions of the circle around him; he poured out the affluence of his imagination and his heart, in the seraphic spirit of that Psalm, calling on every thing that hath breath to praise the Lord;—'praise him with the sound of the trumpet, with the psaltery and harp';—but when he came to the individual petitions for himself and household, his voice broke down at once, his whole style sunk from that of an angel to that of the publican, and all his words and tones were those of a stricken, bruised, crushed penitent. No other man can repeat the thoughts which he uttered, more than the sentiments of Plato can be transferred into our ruder speech. Words could not express them. They overflowed the appointed channels. They came out in the trembling lip, the curved frame, the tremulous, broken, whispering voice. While thinking of himself, he never cried out with the Apostle, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith'; but when he heard the words quoted, 'Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom,' he seized at them; those were just the words. 'Yes,' he said, 'I can put myself in the place of the thief.'" Ibid. pp. 355, 356.

When ordinary books were laid aside, he retained still his old poetic tastes, and, together with his Bible, the authors which had long been his delight ministered still to his comfort.

"On one of his last days he called for the reading of Bryant's Hymn to the Evening Wind. On several of his last Sabbaths he exclaimed, 'How I should love to hear 'Thine earthly Sabbaths' sung by the great congregation!' On the very Lord's day preceding his death, he asked that the doors of his room might be thrown wide open, so that

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he might see the fields glistening in the sunlight, and might inhale the fresh breeze of spring. He was enchanted with the vernal scene, with the boughs putting forth their tender leaves. His soul was alive with happy thoughts, all the happier because it was the Sabbath morning. He recited the words:

> 'As when to them who sail
> Beyond the cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea northeast winds blow
> Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Arabie the blest——'

'Take out Milton,' he added, 'and read that figure.' It was read. 'It is one of the grandest in the language,' he remarked; 'and another like it is in those lines:

> 'Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green.'

At one season of the year, the hills of Judea may be distinctly noticed, clothed in green, beyond the river.' And then he meditated on the scenes beyond the river. That was the very month when he had hoped to be in Palestine; but he was hastening onward to a holier land than Canaan of old, — fields greener than those which line the Jordan. His eyes were holden, however, that he should not know it. He did not suppose that he was soon to die. He rarely alluded to the subject of his demise. He expected, — his malady and his natural hopefulness made him tenacious of his expectation, — he deemed it his sacred duty to cherish the belief, which, in the influence of the mind over the body, so often makes the believed event come to pass, — and some of his medical advisers encouraged him to hold fast the hope, — that he might live to complete the volumes, with the plan of which his soul had been charmed. He expressed his thankfulness to his Heavenly Father for the slightest symptom of returning strength. 'Although the past week has been unfavorable,' he wrote on the 14th of February, 'yet I hope, through the mercy of God, that I am rather gaining from week to week. Even if my gain is but little, I ought to be encouraged.' But a sudden alteration came over him, on the morning of the 19th of April. At the break of the next day, about five hours before he died, it was announced to him that his end was near. The thought was new to him. But he believed it. Neither then, nor ever before in his sickness, did he utter one word of murmuring. He felt no terror. When asked if all was peace, he answered with his wonted caution: '*So far as I can think, it is.*' One of his last expressions was like the dying words of Neander, to whom he had a marked resemblance: 'I am weary; I am very weary.' With a clear

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mind, he sent his love, his ardent love, to his old friends, expressed his unmeasured confidence in the Bible, — the first and last book of his life's study, and then he breathed out his spirit, just as an infant falls asleep. He died as he had lived, and as all who knew him expected that he would die, — humble, self-distrustful, considerate, loving. He walked thoughtful along the banks of Jordan; he stepped his feet in the waters, carefully and silently; he reserved his triumphs until he had pressed the solid ground of the other shore." Ibid. pp. 356 – 359.

He died at Athens, Georgia, Tuesday, April 20, 1852. The body was immediately taken to Charleston, and thence to New York and Andover, where he was, the next week, buried beside his little son, in the quiet and beautiful cemetery on the hill. A more precious burden was never borne along that grass-grown pathway; richer dust was never gathered to its kindred dust within that secluded inclosure. The form which many delighted to watch in its thoughtful movements, along the well known thoroughfares, will sleep there undisturbed till the morning of the resurrection; but his life cannot fail of accomplishing much of that for which he consecrated it to the highest objects, and his memory will be fragrant for many generations.

It was during the vacation at the Theological Seminary, that the funeral took place. On the reassembling of the students, a funeral discourse was delivered by Professor Park, from the text, *The Disciple that Jesus loved.* Mr. Edwards would have shrunk, almost as if wounded, from even so remote a comparison of himself with the least of the sacred company; yet never was text more fitly chosen. Seldom or never has a human life more beautifully corresponded to the example here referred to.

We find that we have left ourselves little room for gathering up the scattered threads to interweave them into a fuller and more complete estimate of his life, and of the value of his labors. But this, with many of our readers, will by no means be necessary. We might compare him with Dr. Arnold for fidelity, and enthusiasm, and devotion to the noblest purposes, and with Neander for learning, diligence, and thorough *un*worldliness of character; and indeed, with many more of the finer

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and more generous scholars and men of our times and of other times. For, in the breadth and catholicity of his sympathies, he seemed to resemble those who differed widely from each other. But we must refer our readers to the memoir itself for a more full delineation of his character, to many elements of which we have not so much as alluded, feeling confident that the more thoroughly it is studied, the more worthy will it seem of admiration.

Of the writings of Professor Edwards, we have reserved to ourselves too little space to speak as they deserve. He never uttered a sentence for the mere sake of saying it, nor ventured a criticism for the purpose of exhibiting his own skill. In his own department of Biblical interpretation, he never disguised a difficulty, or satisfied himself with a partial explanation, nor did he state an obnoxious truth in terms less ample than it seemed to require. A hearty lover and worshipper of truth, he was less frequently seduced than most men by the "idols of the market, the theatre, or the cave." It is possible that the simplicity and directness of his writings may, at first, prevent some from fairly estimating their substantial excellence. But we value them as indicating the methods by which he was always educating himself for some higher unattained good, as well as for the truths they establish. His style is instinct with life; not a cold, though beautiful form, but a soft, pliant, breathing, living creation. One feels that he is in contact with a living mind; that a vital energy, ever active, yet not over stimulated, is causing this abundant production; the fields seem to grow more verdant as we wander through them, the trees are bowing to the earth with their load of ripe and ripening fruit, and the birds are singing among the branches.

Among the more interesting of these writings, as showing the spirit with which he came to his work, is the Inaugural Address, delivered on taking the chair of Hebrew at Andover. It is marked by his usual fullness of thought and refined taste. He delivered it at a time when all the consolations of the Book, in connection with which his instructions were to be given, were needed by him. Few who were present that day, can forget the subdued and touching tone in which he uttered the sentence near the close, "yet the experience of almost

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every day warns us that the fairest earthly hopes bloom only for the grave." It was a fit caution against too sanguine expectations to any one just entering upon a new enterprise; but to his heart it had a deep significance, for he had lately been called to part with a little son, to whom he had given a name which he always loved to speak, George Herbert, and who, although not four years old, had become the almost constant companion of his father in his walks. The depth of anguish occasioned by this affliction was in accordance with the profoundness of his love, and with the hopes which he had garnered up in this child. For a long time, his heart refused to be comforted, and there is one who will always remember how an allusion, months afterward, to West's painting of "Death on the Pale Horse," seemed to strike him almost like a blow.

"Our little George," he writes after his death, "the delight of our existence, left us on Saturday morning last, at eight o'clock." — "We shall see his face no more. The dispensation is doubtless ordered in infinite justice and mercy, but now clouds and darkness seem to rest upon it. Our habitation is desolate and our hearts are sick with grief. It appears to me to be impossible to live without him. He had so identified himself with every thing which I did, that it seems like tearing away a part of my own life. I have sometimes said, with the disciples, 'Let me go and die with him.'" Vol. i. p. 348.

To those who knew Professor Edwards but slightly, it might seem strange that he was listened to with so much delight as a preacher, and was called so often to address public assemblies on occasions where the graces and freedom of oratory are usually expected. But those who heard him felt the charm, though they might not be able to detect its causes. It lay not only in the richness or beauty of thought, of thought saturated with affection, but also in an indescribable heartiness and sincerity; in a high moral earnestness with which he seemed inspired, and which impelled every utterance, — that sweet informing spirit which would imperceptibly melt into the heart of the hearer, and, before he was aware, allure every gentle and pious affection to meet it. His manner would perhaps, at first, be uninteresting to a stranger; and yet it was so honest and unaffected, — that countenance, with

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its noble expanse of forehead, would so light up as he rose to the climax of the thought which moved him, that it must have been a hard, or coarse, or superficial nature, which would cling to an outward infelicity, and not rather be deeply touched by the beauty and strength of the soul. How distinctly we can see him, now stooping over the pulpit, (his eyes, from some slight defect of vision, requiring him to bend close to the manuscript,) and then, as the sentence drew to its close, rising to the full erect posture, and standing for a moment, still and firm, as if planting himself anew on the truth he had just developed, his countenance beaming with a suppressed radiance, and his eye moving gently for an instant over his hearers, as if looking to recognize some sign of sympathy.

The address, in these volumes, which will give the best idea of Mr. Edward's method on such occasions is, perhaps, that on The Roman Catholic Religion in Italy. We would gladly stop to give an analysis of it, and a few extracts, to show the candor and excellence of the discussion. But we pass to the selection of one or two passages from the Review of Wordsworth, written in 1836, which show both his own spirit, and the love with which he regarded the poet whose works he was so familiar with. He is enumerating some of the causes of the unpopularity of the poet.

"We fear, however, that the causes of this general dislike to Wordsworth lie deeper. We apprehend that there are certain things connected with the intellectual and active habits of the people of this country not wholly favorable to a proper estimate of a great poet. This tendency in the general mind is developed in various ways. There is a resolute repugnance to the authority of distinguished names. In past ages, concurrence in judgment on the part of a few leading minds was considered to be *probable* evidence of the soundness of that judgment. But such concurrence now is regarded as a suspicious circumstance. The illustrious dead are dragged forth to meet the ordeal of a keen and unsanctified criticism. We cannot comfort ourselves with the memory of Socrates, but we must be confronted with the charges of some sophist or some tanner. We cannot exalt the human mind by recalling the names of Lord Bacon and of Robert Hall, but at the risk of hearing bribery laid at the door of the one, and opium-eating at that of the other. Every point in the moral character of a great man must be vindicated, before we can touch the productions which he has left as a precious legacy for all time.

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"This habit of eagle-eyed and unhallowed criticism prevails in this country. A great name must have some opprobrious mark attached to it, because the man who wears that name is not absolutely perfect, or because the ardor of true genius has not been, in every instance, united to a most scrupulous accuracy. Now when we open the pages of an author of any repute, we need to cherish reverence and humility. We must have some faith in his power to enlighten and instruct us. We must not carry a hard heart in our bosoms, nor a tomahawk in our hands. We must throw aside prejudice, and be ready to weigh, inwardly digest, love, and treasure up. Wordsworth has spent a long life in the study of his noble art. He is *educated* in the mysteries of his calling. In addition to a large measure of natural sensibility, he has qualified himself by a patient study of nature and of the human faculties. Is he then not entitled to our confidence? May we not challenge for him, as a passport to his writings, what multitudes in our days are so willing to abjure, — a worthy name, a high authority?

"There is, moreover, in this country, too much of *sectarian* judgment. An author must be of our political or religious creed, or we cannot tolerate him. He must entertain precisely the same notions with ourselves on the questions of liberty, church and state, the authority of bishops, etc. If one of another communion furnishes a book of poetry, our first questions are: Does he believe in the divine right of kings? Is he sufficiently anti-popish? Is there not some political or religious heresy couched under his hexameters? Such extreme suspiciousness shows that we are in some doubt about the foundations of our own faith. It also indicates a state of heart totally unfit to come into the presence of a master-spirit of our race. It may be important, in some respects, to know that Lord Bacon was a churchman, and a chancellor, and not wholly free from the sin of believing in alchemy. But what have these things to do with the general estimate of his writings? So of Wordsworth. His views on church government, and on republicanism, may not coincide with those generally entertained in this country. But can we not rise superior to such considerations? Is he not a man and a poet? Does he not treat of *human* sympathies? Does he not speak a universal language? Has he not shed a benign light on the truth which is never to perish, — on questions interesting to man in all states and stages of his being? We look on the poet as the benefactor of our race. In perusing his works, we feel a new interest, not alone in our English descent; a new bond of affection, not alone for our mother speech. The poet has enlarged the sphere of human knowledge; he has quickened the sympathies of our common humanity." Vol. ii. pp. 186 – 188.

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"In what sense Wordsworth is a religious poet, will be apparent from subsequent extracts. He is an earnest supporter and a devout member of the Church of England. The government, the rites and ceremonies, the doctrines, and all the glorious recollections of that communion, are cherished themes, and pervade much of his poetry. Whether he might not have more distinctly recognized the great truth of the Christian system, we shall not now attempt to decide. The spiritual being of man, his dependence and moral weakness, his immortality, the glories of the Divine Existence, are illustrated frequently and with great force. With some expressions of the early moral innocence of children, the efficacy of the initiatory Christian rite, and the tenderness with which some errors are mentioned, we cannot sympathize. The language at least is liable to misconstruction, and it does not well accord with sentiments elsewhere exhibited. Wordsworth will be read in the better days of the Christian Church. His pure strains will be a feast to regenerate spirits. Beside Spenser and Milton and Cowper, he may take his seat on the hill of Zion. For the world's benefit, we are anxious that he should be fully identified with the *elect spirits*. Long has he contended for this high distinction. Sweet and immortal his reward!" Ibid. pp. 197, 198.

We here take our leave of these volumes, expressing our thanks to Professor Park for his labor in preparing them, and only regretting, that it was not thought best to give more copious extracts from that correspondence which we more than conjecture must exist, and which even in the glimpses that we have of it, affords the best picture of an inward life so beautiful and true. We may seem to have spoken in the language of eulogy rather than of criticism; but on a deliberate reviewal, we think we have kept within the limits of strict justice and truth. It is almost superfluous, after what we have written, to commend them to the attention of the student, as affording a rare example of the true spirit of a scholar, and especially to the younger members of that profession with which Professor Edwards was connected, and for which he spent the best energies of his life.

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ART. XI. — *Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States; collected and prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per Act of Congress of March 3d*, 1847. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL. D. Illustrated by S. EASTMAN, Capt. U. S. A. Published by Authority of Congress. Parts I., II., and III. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1851–53. 3 vols. 4to. pp. 568, 608, & 635.

EACH of these volumes is thirteen inches long, eleven inches broad, nearly three inches thick, and weighs exactly ten pounds. An aggregate weight of thirty pounds of "Historical and Statistical Information" about the Indians is enough to daunt even a painstaking critic, who has scruples about the practice of reviewing books before reading them; but these volumes are as attractive in external appearance as they are ponderous. All the resources of the typographical art, of the paper-maker, the designer, and the engraver, have been lavished upon them. It is a luxury for the eye to rest upon the large expanse of their faultless pages, whose virgin whiteness is broken only by the firm impression of the well-cut types, every letter standing out with as much clearness and precision as if engraved in agate. And that the reader may not be sated by mere typographical wealth, the volumes are adorned with a profusion of engravings, all in the most finished style of art. Many of these are of the most costly kind of line engraving upon steel; some are richly colored lithographs, some are admirably executed woodcuts, and others still are specimens of some refinement in the art which we cannot more particularly describe. On the whole, the volumes are the most sumptuous that have yet appeared in our country, and their publication may fairly be said to form an era in the art of American bookmaking.

The volumes merit attention in another respect, besides their beauty and costliness. As there are no Lord Kingsboroughs in this country, willing to lavish a princely fortune upon the publication of a single magnificent work on Indian

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antiquities, the enterprise was necessarily assumed by the government. Congress passed a law in 1847, appropriating the modest sum of $5,000 to enable the Department of Indian Affairs, "under the direction of the Secretary of War, to collect and digest such statistics and materials as may illustrate the history, the present condition, and the future [?] prospects of the Indian tribes of the United States." Of course, this appropriation was soon found to be inadequate; $10,000 were added to it by the act of September 30th, 1850, and five months afterwards, $19,361 were given for the same purpose. In July, 1852, three other appropriations, amounting altogether to $28,875, were made for this object; but as Congress was now apparently alarmed at the probable extent and cost of the publication, a proviso was added to the bill that "the work shall be completed in *five* volumes, and that at least one volume shall be published in each year" till the series shall be finished. If the labor is to be thus expedited, however, more money must be paid for it; and accordingly, on the 3d of March last, a bill was passed appropriating the additional sum of $17,620.50 for carrying on this national enterprise. It appears, therefore, that the aggregate expense of the undertaking *thus far* has been $80,856.50, or that each volume has cost somewhat over $26,000. As two other volumes are yet to appear, the whole expense may be estimated at $130,000.

The liberality with which this work has been supported appears the more extraordinary, when contrasted with some instances of government parsimony in enterprises of a similar character. When the Scientific Results of the Exploring Expedition were published, the wisdom of Congress limited the edition to *one hundred* copies. Considering the vast expense of the Expedition itself, and of the preparation of the scientific Reports and the drawings by which they were illustrated, a full corps of *savans* and artists having been engaged upon them for several years, this limitation of the number of copies was not merely ill-judged, but ludicrous; for the expense of type-setting and engraving being once incurred, the comparatively trifling charge for paper and presswork would have been the only cost of an edition of 1900 extra copies. Yet these Reports did not need the factitious value which is attached

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to them by their rarity; they are treasures not merely for the bibliomaniac, but for the scientific world, who have given them a high rank in the highest class to which such publications belong. And this is not the only instance of the ill-timed economy of Congress in respect to the few scientific works of merit and interest, the publication of which has devolved upon the government. The invaluable reports of the explorations of Nicolet and Fremont, the geological surveys of Foster and Whitney, and the annual reports of the distinguished head of the Coast Survey, appear in dingy pamphlets the typography of which would be a disgrace to a penny newspaper. What lucky accident or skilful management has rescued Mr. Schoolcraft's Indian researches from a similar fate, we cannot tell. Those who are conversant with the manner in which the annual appropriation bills are framed, and with the influences under which they are passed by both Houses of Congress, might probably solve the mystery, if they saw fit. But we seek not to enter into their secret. These costly volumes, we repeat, have a national character. They are not merely published under government patronage; they form a government work, devoted to a great national object. Commenced at the instigation of the Department of Indian Affairs, carried on under the direction of the Secretary of War, supported by frequent and large appropriations of the public money, and finally published in the most sumptuous style "by authority of Congress," the government is fairly held responsible for them. They will be examined both abroad and at home with interest and attention.

The first volume is devoted chiefly, but not exclusively, to Indian antiquities and the few traces which remain of the history of the aborigines before the whites landed upon this continent. It contains little or nothing that is new, as a collection even of materials previously well known it is very incomplete, and not even an attempt is made to systematize the information, or to deduce from it any general conclusions or theories which may throw light upon the ancient history of the Indian race, or the revolutions which it may have undergone. The only object of the author or editor appears to have been, to bring together matter enough to fill a large vo-

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lume, no matter whether it bore an immediate or remote relation to the principal subject, or whether the parts bore any relation whatever to each other. Thus, the history of the exploration of the Mississippi River was sufficiently well known, and the exploration itself was long ago completed. The last step in it was taken by Mr. Schoolcraft himself, in 1832, when, in an expedition under government auspices, he traced the source of the river to Itasca lake, and published a detailed account of his journey in an illustrated volume, two years afterwards. We see no reason for treating the reader with the *crambe decies repetita* of this successful journey, which was neither a difficult nor eventful one, or for prefacing it with a long account of the other explorers of the same stream, from De Soto downwards, or, still less, for intruding the matter into the midst of a volume on Indian antiquities. Quite as little can be said for the intrusion of the meagre and valueless essay, which follows, on the Gold Deposits of California. It contains a very bald account of the discovery which has proved so fruitful and important, of the imperfect mineralogical examination of the specimens first sent to the War Office, of ancient gold mines and those found in South America, and a good deal of loose speculation about the extent and character of the deposits, and the probability of finding other veins of the metal in the more elevated rocks. Not a fact is given which had not been made known in the newspapers long before the publication of this first volume in 1851. Of the whole essay, chapter, or section — whichever the author may please to call it — we may well say,

"The thing itself is neither rich nor rare;"

and when we find it interpolated into a huge volume about the native tribes of North America, we have no feeling

"But wonder how the devil it got there."

Next, in the order or disorder of Mr. Schoolcraft's first volume, is a section purporting to be "Mineralogical and Geographical Notices, denoting the value of aboriginal territory"; — a magnificent title for a small collection of scraps, which appear to have been cut out of the newspapers, about tin on the Kansas river, lead ores in Wisconsin and Iowa, native

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silver in Michigan, a recent unsuccessful attempt to obtain salt by deep boring in Onondaga county, and the geography of the Genesee country, in western New York. The astonished reader may well ask, What has all this to do with the North American Indians? And this inquiry seems still more pertinent, when, after skipping ten or a dozen pages, he finds the next chapter or section to relate to the "Existing Geological Action of the North American Lakes." If there were any novelty or value in the facts here communicated, we might pardon the intrusion of them into the discussion of a theme with which they have no conceivable relation or union. But the passage contains nothing which was not familiarly known to every careless voyager over our Great Lakes, who has had curiosity enough to observe the configuration of the shores along which he sailed. The oft repeated and still oftener described phenomena of ancient disruption and upheaval, of abrasion and drift, which the well-trained geologist now hardly stops to notice, are here enumerated as if the only object were to fill out a paragraph, and are sometimes described with wearisome minuteness. Of the value of the general remarks suggested by these desultory notices of very common geological phenomena, the following may serve as a specimen.

"7. CONTINENTAL ABRASION. If we are to regard the Lakes as a grand geological triturating apparatus, converting its loose and shore rocks into a pulverulent state, it may be anticipated that their action on the configuration of the shores will be very considerable in the course of long periods. What is lost in this process in one place, from their rock area, is found to augment the quantity of alluvial soil in another; which, in time, renders the whole area suitable for agriculture. Thus the plough gradually, but surely, follows the tempest and the hurricane; *while the absolute indestructibility of matter is man's guarantee under every change.*

"8. INTEGRITY OF MATTER. The absolute quantity and cubical area of *material matter* (!) of these immense areas is still the same. The elements of which they are composed are seen to be indestructible. No change of combination or position is seen to take from, or add to, the material aggregate. If *physical matter* (!) under the force of tempests, could be destroyed, as well as change its forms, there would result an annihilation of a part or molecule of the original accretion of elements. Wild as their rage sometimes is, casting vessels

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on high on these Lakes, the entire volume of them yet retains its integrity."

We shall not dispute either the geology or the philosophy of this passage. Of course, if "material matter" or "physical matter," to adopt our author's happy phrases, "could be destroyed," there can be no doubt that "an annihilation of a part or molecule would result." But what has all this to do with the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes"? The few feeble remnants of them that still linger about the shores of the Great Lakes will not probably continue long enough to witness the final conversion of the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior into smiling cornfields.

As Mr. Schoolcraft came down to our own day to speak of the present action of the waters of the Lakes, he makes amends in the next section, by taking a great leap backwards to what he calls "the antique osteology of the Monster Period." We know not which of the geological ages are here referred to, as they are all of "monster" length, and most of the animals which lived in them would appear monstrous if exhibited in a modern menagerie. But no matter; palæontology is an interesting study, and we were prepared to welcome any new contributions to it, even if foisted into a treatise where they do not belong. Whatever may have been thought of the promise of a chapter with such a title, however, it was barren of fulfilment; for it proved on examination to contain nothing but a letter from a correspondent, giving a meagre account of one of those curious "salt licks" in the western States, which seem in a former geological period to have operated as *mastodon traps*, these huge animals frequenting them in quest of salt, and venturing too far into the treacherous morass, becoming inextricably entangled, and perishing ignobly in the mire. Only one complete specimen appears to have been disinterred; and as our author speaks of visiting it after it was set up for exhibition in Piccadilly, London, we may presume that its history and character were pretty well known, before these big volumes, which look like mastodons among our books, were written. But again we ask, how does this concern the Indians?

Our readers must not imagine, however, that these volumes

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are like a representation of Hamlet, with the part of the philosophic Prince of Denmark himself entirely left out. Unquestionably a good deal is said about the Indians in them, though very little is said to the purpose. The next section or chapter bears as its title "an Aboriginal Palladium, as exhibited in the Oneida Stone." The Oneida Indians, it seems, were wont to meet in council, on the top of a hill in their territory, around a huge boulder rock, "irregularly orbicular" in shape, which they naturally enough adopted as the symbol of their tribe, and from its name, *Oneota*, came their usual appellation. According to the confused account here given, this word signifies, in the Indian tongue, "the People of the Stone, or, by a metaphor, the People who sprang from the Stone;" though this etymology seems to conflict with the story that the word was originally the proper name of the stone itself, and not of the people who were named after it. Of course, we are treated to a full account and a fine colored engraving of this "aboriginal palladium," from neither of which can we discern that it differed much from other boulders, which are found in great abundance in the neighborhood. Our author made a journey in 1845, with Indian guides, expressly to examine it, and found that its surface was somewhat *rougher* than is common with boulders that have been drifted so far; and this "peculiarity," he sagaciously conjectures, "*may perhaps be* the result of ancient fires kindled against its sides." He also made the interesting discovery, "on closely inspecting this stone," that "minute species of mosses are found to occupy asperities in its surface." We are not told that other boulders on the neighboring hills present similar phenomena; but we may safely believe that they do. It is also said to be "one of the *peculiar features* of this hill of the Oneida or Oneota stone, that its apex shelters from the north-east winds — the worst winds of our continent — a fertile transverse valley." This is certainly rather extraordinary; for it can hardly be said to be "a peculiar feature" of any hill with which we happen to be acquainted, that its apex shelters from the north-east wind some lowland tract in its neighborhood.

An article on the new Territory of Minnesota contains

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hardly a word about the few savages who still inhabit it, but gives an imperfect geological and geographical sketch of the country, in which we do not find a single fact of novelty and interest. It is such an article as might be lazily penned, as a contribution to a newspaper, by one who had paid a two days' visit to the region described. It seems to have been introduced for no other purpose than that of bringing in a few other desultory observations made by Mr. Schoolcraft, over twenty years ago, in the course of his memorable journey to Itasca Lake.

The famed inscription on Dighton rock, the discovery of what was pompously but incorrectly termed a "Skeleton in Armor" *near Fall River in Massachusetts*, and the more recent discovery of a few other Indian skeletons, with some copper implements near them, in the same locality, have already been so thoroughly discussed that we did not expect Mr. Schoolcraft to tell us any thing new about them; and this expectation has not been disappointed. Elaborate notices are given of them, however, and the author comes to what we consider the right conclusion, "that the skeletons at Fall River were those of Indians who may possibly have lived during the time of Philip's wars, or a few years earlier, but that they are only those of Indians." This conclusion is founded upon the very satisfactory reasons, that "the state of preservation of the flesh and bones proves that they could not have been of very ancient date," that the crania show "the conical formation of the skull peculiar to the Indian," "and lastly, the use of copper for arrow heads among the Indians at the arrival of the Puritans is well authenticated." The pieces found were "apparently mere sheet copper, rudely cut into simple forms," and were quite unfit for defensive armor. The author does not mend his argument much, however, when he adds the important information that "both Rome and Phœnicia were well acquainted with the elaborate working of iron and brass."

A detailed account is given of a visit made to Dighton rock, in 1847, by Mr. Schoolcraft, as one of a committee, appointed by the New York Historical Society, to examine the inscription. But the account adds nothing to our previous

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information upon the subject, if we except the important facts that the author rode from Fall River to Dighton Four Corners, a distance of ten miles, "in an open one-horse buggy, which afforded a pleasant view of the state of New England cultivation and thrift on a rather indifferent soil;" and that he "crossed the river to the rock in a skiff rowed by an interesting lad, called Whitmarsh, who was not the less so for a lisp." This boy had shown some acuteness and a disposition to facilitate the observations to be made by the visitors, by crossing the river at an earlier hour in the morning, and marking in chalk the outlines of the principal figures in the inscription, so that they stood out very conspicuously when Mr. Schoolcraft approached. A fresh copy of the inscription is here furnished in an engraving founded in part upon the copies previously taken, and in part upon our author's own observations. An inspection of it makes the interpretation given by the Copenhagen antiquaries appear more doubtful than ever. That part of the inscription upon which they chiefly relied — a very small portion of the whole — is here presented with some material variations. Yet our author adheres to the very improbable hypothesis, that there are "two diverse and wholly distinct characters employed, namely, an Algonquin and an Icelandic inscription." That portion which is admitted to be pictographic and Indian in its origin is so rudely done and faintly incised, presenting awkward scrawls, any one of which, like Polonius's cloud, may be easily held to be a camel, a weasel, or "very like a whale," the action of the atmosphere and the tide water having also effaced in a great degree what little *vraisemblance* it may have once possessed, that detached portions of it may now seem meaningless — or alphabetic, which amounts to the same thing; and these portions may naturally seem Runic to an imaginative northern antiquary, or Sanscrit to an Oriental one. A little group, in the lower central part of the inscription, of these unmeaning and half-effaced scrawls, which can be construed, at most, into half a dozen alphabetic characters, is a very narrow basis to erect a theory upon. The present age has seen marvels accomplished in the art of deciphering; witness the labors of Mr. Layard, Col. Rawlinson, and Dr.

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Hinckes at Nineveh and Behistun. But really the laborers upon the Dighton rock ought to remember that an inscription cannot be deciphered, even by the greatest learning and skill, if it be not certain that an alphabetic inscription exists.

Mr. Schoolcraft has unwittingly furnished evidence, in this very work, that his hypothesis of the alphabetic character of a part of the Dighton inscription is untenable. He has furnished engraved copies of several other rude inscriptions upon rock, unquestionably of Indian origin, which have been found at different places in the interior of the country. These are certainly pictographic, being such rude outlines of familiar objects as a child three years old will scrawl upon a slate. One of them, quite perfectly preserved, has been recently discovered upon a rock on the south side of Cunningham's Island, Lake Erie. It is larger and more distinct than the Dighton inscription, for most of the objects which it was intended to delineate can be clearly made out; but is not a whit more artistic. Mr. Schoolcraft justly gives it a recent date, as he thinks that figures intended to represent Europeans can be detected in it. Had it been exposed a century longer to atmospheric influences, and also to abrasion and accretion from the ebb and flow of a tide, the indistinct remains of it would have formed a very faithful counterpart to the Dighton inscription. As it is, our author rightly observes that "its leading symbols are readily interpreted." But the following account of them is rather magniloquent and imaginative. "The human figures, pipes, smoking groups, the presents and other figures, denote bribes, negotiations, *crimes, turmoils, which tell a story of thrilling interest, in which the whiteman or European plays a part.*" Another of these rude scrawls on rock is copied in an elaborate engraving from a spot near Esopus Landing, on Hudson River. It is unquestionably Indian, and must have been made at a time subsequent to the landing of the whites. It represents a single human figure, wearing two feathers, and holding a gun. A white, though a schoolboy, would not have had patience enough to carve such a figure in so stubborn a material.

When Mr. Schoolcraft was at Mackinaw, he showed an engraved copy of the Dighton inscription to an Indian of that

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neighborhood whom he had observed to have a taste for drawing signs and figures, and who was reputed to be an expert in interpreting Indian pictography, and requested him to decipher it to the best of his ability. The savage readily complied, and furnished an interpretation which we must consider as far more probable than that of the Copenhagen antiquaries. Taking it piecemeal, he explained each portion either as a rude semblance or arbitrary symbol of some object or event familiar to the red men. He made no attempt to connect these together as parts of one legend, though he affected to consider the whole as the memorial of a contest between two hostile tribes. Among the objects or figures which he identified were those of a pipe, a dart, a chief and his sister, a sweating lodge, a war-club, symbols of the sun and moon, and many others. We commend this interpretation, made by the Algonquin priest, Chingwauk, to the serious attention of all learned European antiquaries, who are prone to find Runic inscriptions in the rude scrawls of savages, and to add a new chapter to the history of the world upon the strength of them.

Children and savages are equally fond of gaudy pictures. It is this taste, in its lowest stage, which leads the latter to paint their bodies and faces so hideously when they go out to war, or upon any other grand occasion. Advanced one step farther in the cultivation of the art, if art it can be called, they draw rude outlines of familiar objects, sometimes on the rock, as in the cases we have just examined, and sometimes on skins, the bark of trees, or the trees themselves; and these they smear with the same bright pigments which they use to *dis*figure their faces. At times, when a particular animal is taken as the symbol or *totem* of a tribe, these representations come to have a symbolic character. In a similar manner, a *hatchet* comes to signify *war*, and the *calumet* is the token of *peace*. With a few of the tribe, especially with the priests, these figures may be applied, to a small extent, to mnemonic uses, or, when used for the purposes of a message, may darkly indicate a menace which the sender is unwilling to pronounce distinctly. But savages who have made so little progress as our North American Indians stop here, and sel-

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dom accomplish even as much as this in their attempts to communicate ideas by other means than speech. Mr. Schoolcraft grossly exaggerates when he claims for "the art" the term of picture-writing; and we think only of "the art" of bookmaking when we find over a hundred pages, and about a score of colored engravings, devoted to a detailed exposition and discussion of this profitless theme. Sheet after sheet, covered with sprawling outlines of man, bird, and beast, smeared with bright yellow or dirty red, add nothing to our knowledge of Indian character or Indian history. Engraved copies of Egyptian hieroglyphics and specimens of Mexican picture-writing, introduced ostensibly for comparison, do not enrich or dignify the barren subject; this whole series of plates, and the letter-press with which they are accompanied, might afford amusement to infants, but certainly could impart no instruction to a child five years old.

Indeed, we are compelled to believe that one of the principal objects in getting up the work was to afford a profitable job to the engravers. There are seventy-six plates in the first volume, and most of them are of such common objects as arrow-heads, axes, tomahawks, beads, amulets, spear-heads, gorgets, pipes, and other articles of Indian manufacture, all of which can be found in the national collection at Washington, and in almost every museum in the country. The same purpose, to patronize the engraver, is still more glaringly exhibited in the second and third volumes. In all seriousness, we ask, what useful end is answered by multiplying costly line engravings of such fanciful scenes as those of the landing of the Whites in Virginia in 1584, the Interview of Hendrick Hudson with the Indians in 1609, the Interview of Massasoit with the Pilgrims in 1620, the Defeat of Vasquez D'Ayllon by the Chicoreans in 1518, and De Soto with his party at Tampa Bay, Florida, in 1539? If the object had been to illustrate an annual or gift-book, such engravings might seem appropriate, especially if accompanied by some indifferent stanzas in further commemoration of the scene represented in them. But here they have no historic or antiquarian significance or verity. It will not be contended, we suppose, that the costumes either of the Indians or European actors in these

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ancient scenes, or any of the circumstances attending them, are here depicted with historic accuracy. They are just as fanciful as Raphael's painting of St. Cecilia singing so divinely, that the heavens above her open and display a choir of seraphs, duly equipped with fiddles and psalm-books, who sing and play an accompaniment. Equally impertinent for the ostensible objects of this work are the engraved views of the Valley of the St. Peters, the Ruins of Old Fort Mackinac, Esopus Landing on the Hudson River, Pittsburg as it appeared in 1790, and Humboldt Landing, California.

As to the relations preserved between the author and the engravers, we are compelled to believe, in most of the cases, that the text was written in order to illustrate the plates, instead of the plates being designed to elucidate the writer's meaning. Some account has already been given of the manner in which heterogeneous topics are huddled together in the first volume. But the method therein pursued seems order itself when compared with the "confusion worse confounded" of the Second and Third Parts. The want of system is the more conspicuous, as Mr. Schoolcraft seems to have a clear idea of the benefits of a scientific arrangement, and prints, at the commencement of the volumes, a list of the generic divisions of the subject, to which the subsequent matter is to be referred. But the arrangement seems to be made only for the purpose of being departed from. The whole work forms only a huge repertory, in which are jumbled together all the materials that the editor can lay his hands upon, — letters from correspondents, abstracts of old books, vocabularies, statistics, independent essays on general subjects, any matter to illustrate a fine engraving, etc. A reference, near or remote, to the North American Indians is generally perceptible, but not always. Here, for instance, is an essay three pages long, by the editor himself, on the "Importance of the Pastoral State on Races of Men;" and it is followed by one, four pages in length, from the pen of John Johnston, Esq., on the "Means of Melioration." Some notices of the natural caves in the Sioux country, taken from the posthumous papers of Mr. Nicolet, precede a diary kept by Lieut. Whipple while surveying the southern boundary line of California. What distinct

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information respecting the "History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes" can be gathered from so miscellaneous a selection, or collection, of papers as this, we leave our readers to imagine.

As Mr. Schoolcraft has passed a large portion of his life among the aborigines of this continent, with whom he has also connected himself by marriage, we were led to hope that he might at least have gathered from them some interesting traditions of their former state and the vicissitudes through which they have passed, and some distinct knowledge of their religious belief and modes of worship. But even this hope was disappointed, the information given upon these points being meagre and fragmentary to the last degree. The few legends and mythical stories that are narrated, seem to have received so much factitious embellishment in the translation, that they throw little light upon the history or the intellectual habits of those among whom they originated. But our readers shall judge for themselves, as the following is one of the best that is reported. It is entitled "Mondamin, or the Origin of the Zea Maize, a Chippewa Allegory," and purports to have been gathered from the oral traditions of this tribe during the author's residence among them at the Sault Ste. Marie.

"A poor Indian was living with his wife and children in a beautiful part of the country. His children were too young to give him any assistance in hunting; and he had but ill luck himself. But he was thankful for all he received from the forest, and although he was very poor, he was very contented.

"His elder son inherited the same disposition, and had ever been obedient to his parents. He had now reached the age at which it is proper to make the initial fast, which the Indian lads all do at about fourteen or fifteen. As soon as the spring arrived, his mother built him a little fasting-lodge in a retired spot, where he would not be disturbed; and when it was finished, he went in and began his fast. He amused himself for a few mornings by rambling about in the vicinity, looking at the shrubs and wild-flowers, (for he had a taste for such things,) and brought great bunches of them along in his hands, which led him often to think on the goodness of the Great Spirit in providing all kinds of fruits and herbs for the use of man. This idea quite took possession of his mind, and he earnestly prayed that he might dream of something to benefit his people; for he had often seen them suffering for the want of food.

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"On the third day he became too weak and faint to walk about, and kept his bed. He fancied, while thus lying in a dreamy state, that he saw a handsome young man, drest in green robes, and with green plumes on his head, advancing towards him. The visitor said: 'I am sent to you, my friend, by the Great Spirit, who made all things. He has observed you. He sees that you desire to procure a benefit to your people. Listen to my words, and follow my instructions.' He then told the young man to rise and wrestle with him. Weak as he was, he tottered to his feet and began, but after a long trial, the handsome stranger said, 'My friend, it is enough for once; I will come again.' He then vanished.

"On the next day the celestial visitor reappeared, and renewed the trial. The young man knew that his physical strength was even less than the day before; but as this declined, he felt that his mind became stronger and clearer. Perceiving this, the stranger in plumes again spoke to him. 'To-morrow,' he said, 'will be your last trial. Be strong and courageous; it is the only way in which you can obtain the boon you seek.' He then departed.

"On the third day, as the young faster lay on his pallet weak and exhausted, the pleasing visitor returned; and as he renewed the contest, he looked more beautiful than ever. The young man grasped him, and seemed to feel new strength imparted to his body, while that of his antagonist grew weaker.

"At length the stranger cried out, 'It is enough, — I am beaten. You will win your desire from the Great Spirit. To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last of your trials. Your father will bring you food, which will recruit you. I shall then visit you for the last time, and I foresee that you are destined to prevail. As soon as you have thrown me down, strip off my garments, and bury me on the spot. Visit the place, and keep the earth clean and soft. Let no weeds grow there. I shall soon come to life, and reappear with all the wrappings of my garments and my waving plumes. Once a month cover my roots with fresh earth; and by following these directions your triumph will be complete.' He then disappeared.

Next morning the youth's father came with food, but he asked him to set it by, for a particular reason, till the sun went down. Meantime the sky-visitor came for his final trial, and although the young man had not partaken of his father's offer of food, he engaged in the combat with his visitor with a feeling of supernatural strength. He threw him down. He then stripped off his garments and plumes. He buried his body in the earth, carefully preparing the ground, and removing every weed; and then returned to his father's lodge. He

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kept every thing to himself, revealing nothing to denote his vision or trials. He partook sparingly of food, and soon recovered his perfect strength. But he never for a moment forgot the burial-place of his friend. He carefully visited it, and would not let even a wild-flower grow there. Soon he saw the tops of the green plumes coming out of the ground, at first in spiral points, then expanding into broad leaves, and rising in green stalks; and finally assuming their silken fringes and yellow tassels.

"The spring and summer had now passed; when one day, towards evening, he requested his father to visit the lonely spot where he had fasted. The old man stood in amazement. The lodge was gone, and in its place stood a tall, graceful, and majestic plant, waving its taper leaves, and displaying its bright-colored plumes and tassels. But what most attracted his admiration was its cluster of golden ears. 'It is the friend of my dreams and visions,' said the youth. 'It is *Mon-da-min*, it is the spirit's grain,' said the father. And this is the origin of the Indian corn." Part ii. pp. 230 – 232.

Various statistical returns occupy a portion of each of these volumes. We turned to these with some curiosity, hoping that they might contain definite and precise information, specially collected for the purposes of the work, on which interesting conclusions might be founded, or which might serve at any rate as specific facts for record in the history of the red race. But again we were wholly disappointed. A plan seems to have been drawn out, of great pretensions and even absurd minuteness, for taking a census of all the Indian tribes within the limits of the United States, together with their "Vital and Industrial Statistics." But the courage and patience of the investigator seem to have failed him, after completing the easiest and smallest portion of his task, — the census of the feeble remnant of the Iroquois confederacy, amounting in all to less than 6000 souls, most of whom still reside within the limits of New York and Pennsylvania. A few particulars are also given respecting some members of the Algonquin Group. But the skeleton of the plan is printed at great length, even for those tribes or bands, and in those particulars, in respect to which no information has been obtained. Thus we have page after page of blank columns, or of statistical returns in which the statistics are omitted. For what purpose these were inserted in the volume, if not to give "a fat job" to the printer

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or compositor, we cannot imagine. We find, for instance, 176 different columns, or specific heads of inquiry, arrayed against each member of the Algonquin Group; and in reference to twenty-seven such members, just *five* of these columns are filled up, and 171 are left blank. To obtain space for arraying these blank columns in proper order, the names of the twenty-seven Algonquin tribes or bands are printed ten times over, on as many distinct pages. Thus we have one third of a page of actual statistics, and nine pages and two thirds of blanks. Perhaps these numbers indicate very fairly the ratio between the information promised, and the information actually supplied, by these three ponderous quartos. The second and third volumes of the work do not indicate that any progress has been made in completing this magnificent plan of a Census of the Indians; the statistical portion of them consists mainly of a reprint of some forgotten papers, fished up in great part from old Congressional documents, containing estimates or very imperfect enumerations of the Indian Tribes at different epochs.

But we need not carry the examination of these bulky and pretentious volumes any farther; the reader can now form a fair judgment of their character and merits. We have spoken very plainly about them, but not from any feeling of unkindness towards their author or editor, who has gained some reputation for his extensive acquaintance with Indian affairs, and some credit for his former publications. If Mr. Schoolcraft alone had been responsible for the work, and had defrayed its expenses from his own resources, we should have allowed him and his publisher to obtain wisdom by experience; it would have been quite superfluous to caution the public against purchasing the book. Even if this had been an ordinary case of the abuse of government patronage, we should not have meddled with it; as it is no business of ours to look after the peccadilloes of politicians or the peculations of public contractors. But this is a work of lofty pretensions upon a matter of great interest to men of science. If allowed to go forth to the world unchallenged, it will be the means of casting a reproach upon American science, or of impeaching the faithfulness or the fearlessness of those who are set to guard

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its interests. Those who are engaged in the study of ethnography, and its kindred sciences, whether at home or abroad, will seek with eagerness to consult a work upon such a subject, got up by the authority of Congress, and published in a style of great magnificence, at the expense of the American government; but after a brief examination, they will probably close the volume, as we have done, with a feeling of impatience and disgust. On this point, we have something more than conjecture to offer. We have the highest authority for stating that Baron Humboldt, having had occasion to examine the work, expressed in strong terms his opinion that it was a crude and worthless compilation, and his great surprise that it should be allowed to appear with the sanction and at the expense of the government of the United States. The aid which Congress can offer to scientific and literary enterprises of a national character ought at once to be liberal, and to be watched with jealous care. If the work really deserves patronage, and is at the same time national in its objects, hardly any appropriation for its encouragement can be deemed excessive. Every government of a civilized people acknowledges its obligations to do something for the advancement of science and the diffusion of knowledge, something for arts, letters, and education. Truly scientific reports of surveys that have been executed for government purposes ought to be published in a liberal style, and to be widely and gratuitously distributed. The people will gladly welcome the information that is thus placed before them, and will not grudge the trifling burden to the national treasury. But in order that this source of patronage for science and letters may not be wholly dried up, its treasures should not be drawn off without a careful scrutiny of the character of the work to which they are to be devoted. The appropriation of nearly thirty thousand dollars a volume for the ill-digested and valueless compilation that lies before us, rich though it be in its exterior and costly in its illustrations, is enough to discredit the whole system of publishing works at the government expense. We have done our share in exposing the nature of the evil; it is for Congress to do the rest.

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